

THE
IMPRESSIONS OF THE MIND:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

SOME REMARKS

ON

CHURCH AND STATE DISCIPLINE,

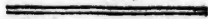
AND THE

ACTING PRINCIPLES OF LIFE.



BY DAVID WILLSON;

Founder of a sect
EAST GWILLIMBURY, COUNTY OF YORK, AND PROVINCE OF UPPER CANADA.



TORONTO:

—
1835.

E R R A T A.

PAGE 15, 10th line from bottom, a period should be after *God*, and not after *remembrance* in the preceding line.

- 21, 21st line from top, for "cannot," read *can*.
- 32, 11th do. bottom, for "ground," read *rose*.
- 37, 23d do. top, for "slumber," read *slumbered*.
- 40, 5th do. do. for "is the earth," read *is in the earth*.
- 46, 8th do. do. for "plead," read *feed*.
- 57, 21st do. do. for "receive," read *relieve*.
- 63, 27th do. do. for "creature's," read *Creator's*.
- 65, 2nd do. do. for "waywarks," read *waymarks*.
- 66, 15th do. bottom, for "those doth," read *thou dost*.
- 111, 9th do. top, for "robe," read *Rabbi*.
- 119, 1st line of prose, omit the word *not*.
- 123, 8th line from top, for "are," read *or*.
- 138, 18th do. do. for "better," read *bitter*.
- 155, last line, 2nd verse, for "thine," read *there*.
- 196, 4th line from bottom, for "The," read *There*.
- 207, 3rd do. top, for "and the storm," read *when the storm*.
- 213, 7th do. do. for "from," read *for*.
- 232, 15th do. do. for "shall seek," read *shall not seek*.
- 237, 2nd do. bottom, for "a universal," read *in a universal*.
- 268, 24th do. top, omit the *period* after the word *government*.
- 290, 13th do. bottom, after "mountains," insert *falling*.
- 330, 12th do. do. for "~~nest~~," read *rest*. *nest seems preferable*
- 343, 13th do. top, for "these a with," read *these as with*.

1. The first part of the book is a general introduction to the subject of the history of the United States. It covers the period from the discovery of the continent to the present time.

2. The second part of the book is a detailed account of the early history of the United States. It covers the period from the discovery of the continent to the establishment of the first colonies.

3. The third part of the book is a detailed account of the middle history of the United States. It covers the period from the establishment of the first colonies to the American Revolution.

4. The fourth part of the book is a detailed account of the late history of the United States. It covers the period from the American Revolution to the present time.

5. The fifth part of the book is a detailed account of the future of the United States. It covers the period from the present time to the future.

OBSERVATIONS TO THE READER.

THE want of literary qualifications will be seen by every observing reader in the following pages. I have not set out to please the learned, nor supplicate the great. My object in the publication of these few broken hints to the world, hath been to improve the small measure given, that, in the end, I may lay down my head in peace with God. I have drawn the following lines from the mind; and, where an error in sentiment is discovered, I have published the weakness of my own mind. I trust a divided world will excuse me for my singular deviations in Church and State Government, as a diversity of sentiment is much in fashion in our age. I am neither partially affected to either Church or Nation,—as I have neither interest or honour from either of them. It will be observed that my mind is in favour of ancient simplicity and plainness of speech. The want of education and literary skill has made my sentences but few on various subjects, and left the cause naked that I have taken in hand. Perhaps the learned may clothe the same sentiments with a more pleasing language, and the Truth may live.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE MIND.

OCTOBER 9th, 1832.

Lord, where the sun hath never shone,
And where the line was never drawn,
Where thy great name was never known,
To thence my mournful spirit's gone.

Dark are the regions of the dead,
They 're these that perish in their sins,
To thence my mournful spirit fled,
And thence my mournful song begins.

Lord, I attend with list'ning ears,
With hope thy solemn voice to hear ;
My spirit looks with watchful eyes,
Where nothing, nothing doth appear.

My hands O God, are spread abroad,
But nothing, nothing can I feel ;
I move my feet to find the way,
That thy great absence doth conceal.

There's life in death, and hope is there ;
These watchful eyes shall ever see :
And God in mercy will appear,
My spirit, he will come to thee.

OCTOBER 14th, 1832.

Oh Lord, afar I see thy name,
Bright in the eastern skies ;
From thence at first my spirit came,
Thence will thy glory rise.

▲

My spirit is a pris'ner, here,
 I struggle in my chain,
 I often shed the languid tear,
 While bolts and bars remain.
 As criminals in thy courts doth stand,
 I live amidst my foes,
 I only wait for thy command,
 From whence my spirit rose.
 Oh Israel's name afar I see,
 Both priests and prophets there ;
 The house of Jacob waits for thee,
 And I'm with them in prayer.

OCTOBER 15th, 1832.

OH LORD, thou hast shewn forth marvelous light in thy decrees ; they are as the sun and stars unchangeable with thee. Thy sons and servants are of unnumbered value to us ; they are appointed to teach all nations forevermore.

Thou hast made thy son Jesus, EMANUEL, to be as the sun amidst stars. So he appeared amidst thy servants, glorifying the deeds of ancient days. Blessed be thy name, my Redeemer liveth,—thou art God over all of them.

Thou canst add or diminish the number of thy servants as thou wilt. Thy mercy is ever found by them that seek after it in a needful time, i. e., in a time of action.

Thou made conditional covenants with the world, by thy son Jesus Christ ; and thou keepest thy word—thou fulfillest them. Thou brought me O God, from the ends of the earth into thy vineyard. Thou anointest mine eyes with the light of thy grace, 'till I see more and more.

Therefore my tongue and pen continue for thee, to glorify thy cause, and to exalt thy name. I am a servant of thy servants, at thy command. My spirit is older than any that have been in the world, because it hath ever been with thee, and is not known only as deeds express to a beholding world. Thy servants hath been a staff to my soul in a needful time—a shield to my heart, and turned the arrows of the archers aside from ending my deeds in everlasting destruction. I am indebted to them for my past life, and preservation. Thou madest them my staff and my shield. I leaned upon them, and made use of their deeds in my defence. I find they were true weapons, and to be trusted in. In thy name I fought, and fell not a victim to my foes ; they were many but they came not out in thy name—or I had been slain, as by an arrow thou hadst sent.

I now set down to reward thy children the prophets, with such things as thou hast given me ; trusting in thy grace I shall be able to stand alone hereafter, and do for myself, when my honest debts are paid.

These were born before me, and have acted, and taught for my reformation—and all that may live hereafter.

I have no desire to exceed or excel them in deeds : my only prayer is to be as one of them, and it is enough. These Oh God ! were children led in thy hand, and governed by thy laws—they lived by the words of thy mouth, and were not the children of invention, but servants of justice unto thee. Here I see my prayer accomplished in them. Why may I not receive also my God, my Saviour and my King. These taught Kings and Councils, and were not afraid. These clothed themselves with thy name, as with a mantle, and shunned not the storm, these were prophets of old. These furnished thy son the (christian Messiah) with lessons to repeat, so did thy servant David, and Isaiah thy son ; for his spirit was of thee, teaching these things that came to pass.

A remnant of the Jews were saved. Thy son Jesus, that great prophet knowing all things from first to last, hath said, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob should be seen in the kingdom of God—with all thy servants the prophets.

Now if these have entered through the gates, into the city ; why not follow them, Christ hath given them a good title, viz : worthy of the kingdom of God. This light we receive from thy Son, that is, that the spirit of these thy servants, that he hath named are justified of thee.

Can I doubt in their measure ? No, forbid it O God, that I should cast the least stain on bread thou hast given the world. Thy Son came to justify the characters of these people, for this purpose he was sent of thee. He foreknew that false people would arise and despise their reverend heads ; therefore he placed a diadem upon them that no false heart can take away, their title is as good to the kingdom of heaven as any names on earth. I will now talk with the world of restoration in thy presence, and give these titles to the ancients which is justly their due. Israel, scattered Israel has only to come to the sacred writings, and they are a redeemed people as sure as the sun rises in the eastern world. These things O God thou hast hidden from their eyes, till the day of thine appointments, when thy Son shall return and restore a kingdom to Israel. He hath appeared as a prophet unto them, but not as a Saviour, or they had seen his day and been glad and rejoiced with Abraham their father. Parental knowledge was lost by the Jews, and not restored by us, or we could make the pathway plain before their eyes. By the light of a Redeemer, Israel shall appear in his ancient glory, that is fitted for

the kingdom of God. The servants of God in Israel knew Christ far better than ourselves—and hath declared his purpose and the event of his coming. He went away with a desire to save, this thirst of his was not quenched, for they were not saved,—he will return unto them when sent of God. The Christian world is little or no happier than the Jews, for as Jews cheat Christians, so Christians cheat one another. As they sought high stations, so do these I have last named; as Jews are scattered unto all the earth, so are Christians in spirit divided one against the other.

As for that salvation, that came by Christ Jesus it is not on earth. Now who dare say, who will be first restored to a peaceable kingdom—or whether any. I will now take the liberty of expressing my belief, and leave it with God to accomplish the same, enable this public declaration to appear false or true.

If we who are Christians, or bear the title of believing in that body that was born of the Virgin Mary, being the Saviour of the world, why do we not keep his words? nothing is more certain, we do not believe in them or truly we would obey; we are preaching to these Jews to believe in this very bread we cast away, and institute substitutes in place thereof, and live on the imagination of our own brain and human reason; and let me add, the Jews never will be restored to this Christian race as long as the sun rises in the East and sets in the West.

The Jew saith *our Messiah is to come*, the Christian saith our Messiah hath come, and may justly add, “and we are not saved.” Now the former is better than the latter disposition. If our Saviour has come, and we believe not in his words to practice them, we are as far from the kingdom of God as the darkened Jew, and in my opinion will enter after them; these will become the gates of the city, and through their means, we shall enter there. The Lord hath good tidings in store for them,—he hath not cast them off forever, but only until his purposes are fulfilled with the Christian race, and then the house of Jacob shall enter there. We are perpetual crucifiers of a Redeemer’s will, and have a right to that ever memorable prayer, “Father forgive them, they know not what they do.” Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is the way to the kingdom of heaven. The life of Christ, that sun of righteousness hath shone upon them, and told us so.

I believe in Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the prophets, and that Christ came to justify their days, and be a light to the whole earth by his precepts, and counsels he hath given unto men. Why should I not believe that Israel shall be saved, and thousands follow them? If the love of God is not to them, why doth my spirit bear witness of their ancient spirit? I have said mine is still older because it hath been contained in the treasures of the Lord until now. I bear no man’s testimony, nor no other man bears mine. We receive no

proof by this, that I am alone, or that my testimony is not true. I believe also in the Apostles equally with the Prophets, both believed in Christ, and consequently are saved. To as many as believed in his name, he was perfectly the Saviour. The Prophets that hath testified of him, were actually followers of his spirit before his person was born, and the Apostles followed afterwards, which maketh no difference between the two, that is, children of the former and latter days.

I am not a stranger to these, though I seemingly follow these sacred words alone. I speak personally and not spiritually, my person is acting in a station where there is none living to take part with me, I am sent to justify the ancients and proceed forward to my calling as a child to the commandments of God. I know there is hidden treasure in store for my spirit, and I must seek after it, it is bread for my soul. I have been fed by Priests and Kings of ancient days, but when I shall have rewarded them for their deeds, I shall be free, and wait for God's command as a child waiting at the gates to enter into the city. Stars of direction have they been to my feet, a compass to my spirit in the night season, the Lord hath brought them to my remembrance when I was weary, and gave me rest. He hath made their blood as water to me by the way side, that my spirit might drink when she was thirsty and near to faint, then their blood was as wine to my soul, the Lord hath cheered me with their blood till I became intoxicated with joy, and became among my fellows (according to the flesh) as a drunken man, that standeth not upright unto the Lord. The Lord hath caused this pool to go dry unto me, though a spring of living water to all that live after me, and thirst therefor, that is to drink the blood of ancient days as wine to cheer the fainting soul. I sought and I found the spring of living water, it hath not gone dry, there is sufficient for all the earth. All flesh will find consolation in the blood of Israel. I cannot do justice to God, and to his chosen people except I declare these things—that which I have received, I have known; but I am now about to leave this living spring, and inherit a thirsty land, my spirit hath stolen away as one in the night season, and where she is gone no one knoweth, but God alone. It is where the Prophet never saw, and she hath no evidence but the deeds of my person that may arise from the direction of my spirit, whom I trust this day is with God and a Redeemer. Great are thy works O God that are unrevealed, thou wilt appear as the morning—as the dawning of the day without clouds, so shall the coming of thy spirit be unto Israel thy chosen one, from the foundations of the world. Thou wilt give light to his eyes and shoes for his feet, and rings for his fingers, and jewels for his ears, and lead him to the land thou hast promised to Israel thy son, and unto Abraham his father. Abraham will be restored to his, Isaac to his house, and

Jacob to his own. This is not comprehending Jews only, but these that love and fear the Lord, leave the world and glorify the life of Abraham.

Oh let my spirit rise and sing,
For Israel hath a Priest and King,
And a deep Jordan to go through,
And they'll receive the land anew.

Oh Israel's God hath love in store,
And bread for him forevermore ;
A Saviour will his God appear,
And all his sons attend to hear.

Decrees are made, the lines are drawn
In darkness, where my spirit's gone,
And none are given eyes to see
What is their part or God's decree.

In Eastern worlds will God appear,
He'll cleanse me from my doubts and fear,
He'll oil my tongue, and bid me tell,
My soul's beyond the gates of hell.

He bids mine eyes to see the land,
The pillars where his house shall stand ;
He bids mine eye-lids rise and see
His great design, his good decree.

That all believing though we're lost,
Shall see the stream that Israel cross'd ;
And all that can his burden bear,
Their feet shall walk and enter there.

If Israel brought forth a Saviour to the world, and salvation is of the Jews, why look we for another people ? Their system was pure, but the people transgressed, yet as many as believed in Christ and the prophets, he liberated from the bondages of the law. When we have fulfilled the sacred laws of God given unto us, we shall be liberated from these bonds, and not sin. Behold we cast off the fetters, and do sin, and bring shame to the house of Israel. The pathway of Israel is cast up for us to walk in ; then should we receive his glory and be not a few, but the human brain is full of invention and we are continually trying new ways, and defer his mercies from the house of the Lord. What are these ? they are salvation for all the world, behold how extensive are the plans ! These are the pillars of the house—peace with all the earth, and a reconciliation with Israel of old ; thither is my spirit gone, and she will not return. The Lord

will make a peaceable mansion for her in the bosom of the Jews. Though my body shall never see that day, there my spirit will be found at perfect rest in the bosom of the God of Israel. I am tired of the transgressing Christian world, that profess thrice more than they fulfil, and not one of the Christians I see are now at rest. She may court Christian Missionaries to enjoy her rests, but I am not an heir of them, these have neither lot nor part with me in the work; and as to my soul, there is no temptation in a Christian church. I had rather be with ten Jews, that keep their laws, than ten thousand transgressing Christians; for the vengeance of the Lord is in store for the transgressor, but his love and mercy for them that do well.

By the laws of Israel Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, entered the kingdom of God; are there better laws than these? I do not allude particularly to the hand-writing of Moses, but what God impressed on the minds of these dear children before Moses was born. It was only a loss of faith, that was the cause why Moses wrote his law. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, saw the apostolic age, as bright and glorious as it ever will be seen: for they lived by faith, and brought forth fruits of the spirit of God. The new testament was only written for this dark age, that God foresaw would come on the world. And the old Testament is to restore Israel to the spirit of their fathers; and the new Testament to restore the world or Christians to the Apostolic faith, and then their great mission and appointment of God is done; but like the sword of David or Goliath, they will be laid up in the house of the Lord forever.

Time will shew whether I have any measure of this faith, and whether I can live alone and bring forth fruits of God's spirit without scripture, or stand in the storm without this ancient staff to lean upon. I am forewarned by them to boast not of to-morrow, as I know not what the day will bring forth, but to improve to-day, and pray for bread the morrow. I am satisfied I have heard the voice of the Lord in the garden, as did my father that sinned against God—by his measures I have sinned also, and have a right to his decrees; it was promised him that God would help him, and do by him according to his deeds. Now I am confident many were restored to God before scriptures were written, by believing in the promises of God, and the virtue of his in speaking word. I believe I am heir of this promise—it was by these means that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob entered into the kingdom of God, and by these means my soul will enter a kingdom here and be at rest. Who can rise above these means, or who can be happy, and fall below them?

It is God's design to make this literary world a spiritual world, as it was before Moses took up the pen to reveal his will, or write down his decrees. Oh, my soul, be not the last to believe these

things, nor wait till the gates are shut that exclude thee from the City, but run in haste and bring tidings to thy brethren, for God is there: that is a spirit and not letters. This is the last testimony I shall leave of these things, and it was my first hand writing. My spirit now goeth forth to show the world that my Redeemer liveth and bringeth forth from the Spirit of God, receiveth the impressions of the mind that was common before Scripture, and believeth in them, and practiseth God's daily command.

Deep were the waters, Lord, I know,
That ancient Israel passed through;
Both the deep rivers and the sea
Are now, are now, prepared by thee.

God of my life, my feet prepare,
And let my footsteps lead me there!
And let mine eyes thy promise see,
What is for Israel—thy decree.

Hast thou forbid his feet to move,
Or sworn his land he'll not improve?
Or hast thou love for him in store,
To be revealed for evermore?

My children shall the fountain find,
A living spring amidst the mind;
Though monarchs fall and princes die,
This spring, this spring, shall never dry.

I've mark'd good Israel for mine own,
And in his tent I've laid the stone
That never, never, will remove;
There I attend with deeds of love.

Let not thine heart attend to fear,
Nor kindred nations be so near
As to my ancient son despise,
For he's the eldest and most wise.

Thy spirits in the darkened tomb
From thence will rise, as sun at noon,
And when the clouds doth flee away,
Thine eye shall see good Israel's day.

OCTOBER 18th, 1832.

God and his holy angels are obscure from us, and afford room for extensive argument, and abundant human reasoning, still adding no proof on the subject, nor deciding what is the truth of this hidden kingdom—the residence of God. If I can add light to darkness, I am bound so to do, in my duty towards God, and my love and good will to men.

I believe in no atmosphere of angels, but the mind. That spirits subsist amongst the clouds more visible than they do amidst the waves of the sea, I believe not. The mind is a spirit, and her attendants are such. We never see a spirit with our personal eyes, it is the spiritual man only that knoweth the things of God, for it is the soul that discerneth them. That appearances were seen in days of old, I dispute not; and that God gave them to confirm the feeble and unbelieving mind—not only so, but to manifest his dignity and power to the world,—that John who wrote the Revelation saw many visions, I dispute not. But that they were written to confirm our weak and feeble minds, I believe also. He believed long ere that day. But they were given to John to make a book of, that we may read and believe in a Deity as did this dignified servant of the Lord.

That the Virgin Mary saw not the likeness of God's Spirit by Gabriel's name, I believe not, but that she did really see, and hear, and understand; and although it is the mind that conceives the spiritual Son of God, yet I really believe her person did conceive, and that God formed this Emanuel within the bounds of her body or person, and that he was born like another child into the world. I also believe that his mind conceived of God; as true it is that I believe that Mary received his person from a Divine original. Now if I could end a disputed matter, I think I am doing well in so doing. Arguing and not gaining is like seeking and not finding,—like travelling and never coming to the city,—like toiling and receiving no wages; for the world is farther from the knowledge of God in these days than in times that are past: viz. the patriarchal age, before the Son of God was born of his Virgin mother. All received of one God whether judgment or mercy. It is singular to repeat, but no more so than is true, that is before the Scriptures, all the godly Patriarchs of old believed in one God, and one word, and were agreed these days God will restore to the world in the resurrection of the dead. These shall appear with Messiah our Saviour. It is all the attributes and merits of God that compose a Saviour. I have said Christ that was born received of God, but he that is to come is God. A holy spirit then will our past Messiah appear again, I mean

the deeds done in his person. His person also will be brought to remembrance and glorified on earth. He that is to come is God, and cannot conceive of another, then will he make use of a Redeemer's heart or mind to redeem the world. Cain the son of Adam was and is counted one of the worst of men because he killed his brother. There is a singular testimony in scripture of him, and that is, that he knew he was worthy of death, according to the laws of Moses, and consequently our laws this day. But God forbade the vengeance of men upon their brother. Cain knew his crime and that was enough in the sight of God, he said his burden was more than he could bear. Here let us learn that he had to borrow of God, a back to bear the burden or a heart to feel the stripes and yet live. Cain was a vessel of his own choice, as a stone in a building. His life forms part in the written books of Moses. Now, if this hard-hearted man could be made sensible by the convicting voice of God, that he was guilty of sin, he was nearer the kingdom of Heaven than many in this day that sin and know it not.

In him God has pleased to display the power of his wrath and yet save his soul alive. The soul or spirit of Cain liveth, or he could not feel and testify of the anger of God. Now if God showed mercy to Cain, to whom shall we not shew mercy? Cain's neighbours let him live, for God swore that he would be avenged of them that rose up to be their brother's Judge, and lay on the stripes according to their unforeseeing mind in the extensive purposes of God.

We will now describe a Deity as we can prove—and not leave our lines in darkness for blind men to dispute about, (for so we all are, till God gives us light the second time from heaven,) the sun in the firmament is our first light, when we are born into the world; but this clouded and unclouded light lets us know little or nothing of a spiritual kingdom or world to come. It is but an allusion though really necessary for our personal benefit, that is as the sun in the skies—teacheth us how to procure for the person, so doth that sun within, that tells us we must provide for the soul, or she will perish like one wanting bread.

To measure spiritual things by these that are natural is with me impossible; if we could see all, if we could comprehend all, we are yet short of this kingdom, where the spirit forever is at rest. The philosopher and star-gazer is far short of the kingdom of God. Jacob saw more in his vision of the ladder, the descending and ascending of angels, than all the philosophers in the world; for he saw the Lord above, but they only see herbs and plants below; rocks, seas, and insects, globical apparitions with stars above; but Jacob saw the Lord. Jacob could not discover this to another,—it was his own bread from heaven. He could testify of God and angels, but could not give this illumination to the world; and that is all that earthly Divines can do, from that day to this.

These things were bread for his own soul, and it induced him to erect a memorial to the Lord; he could not write, and therefore erected his memorial of stone, a well chosen material, because it decayeth not. A Deity is power above us, to whom we can neither give form, shape, nor size; but whosoever hath seen the creation by visions of heavenly light, hath seen the body or person of the Lord. If he is not in every thing created I am mistaken; and this is where the natural philosopher comes short of describing a Deity to the world. I form no disputes with any person, because I covet not, I envy not, neither am I afraid that another will prove stronger and take my crown away,—not a crown as a king,—but that which God hath given, I place uppermost on my head. To me it is a diadem of chief delights, the author of all my joys.

Whosoever hath received the words of conviction into his soul from an offended God, has seen God, has known God; and him that believeth sets to his seal that God is true, though we are sinners. This way we receive the living God into the mind, and we know that his testimony is true, for it is stronger than all in us, and the most powerful; and in that hour we have received an angry God into the mind. Thus Cain knew the Lord long before Scripture; and thus my stubborn soul may know him when I know Scripture no more: *i. e.* when other men's deeds shall or may be forgotten, and I shall be swallowed up in mine own, whether they are deeds of sin or righteousness. Cain's heart became a kingdom of hell to him; but he could not bear the convicting flame without expression. If I have had my share in this kingdom, shall I not speak also, and add to his testimony by saying, I know how his spirit did feel within him; every body hated him for his crime; to him the earth was comfortless for a time. We know not but God abated the flame before he built the city, or enjoyed society, or embraced a female companion in life; for we never read that he sinned afterward, but was prosperous in this world. If he had been cut off by men according to our designs, he could not have shewn the chastising hand of God and such marks of forgiveness as he hath done. But these deeds form precious lines in the hand-writing of Moses, and are God's favours unto us. God was more powerful than him. Though of a hard heart and of an unmerciful mind, yet he was brought to confession before the Lord, whom we suppose might be accounted as one of the worst of sinners.

These written lines afford more knowledge of God to the world than all the Newtons and Miltons that ever put pen to paper. Here we have marks of God's superiority: that is to say, he is too strong in judgment for the worst of men, and his fiery darts or arrows of conviction can convince the hardest heart of sin, and set the whole kingdom on fire within us that we rest not. Now my opinion of

salvation is this,—that a man's bitter heart or mind of woes, where the whole creation is cursed to him and comfort not, can be changed from this convicting and consuming flame to which all must yield, can be changed by repentance, and the forgiveness of God, till that heart or soul that burned in the convicting flame and yet died not, can be re-changed to be a kingdom of joys. Thus we know that God is powerful by the changes of the mind, more than the atmosphere, or all the herbs, plants, trees, or seas and tides that ebb and flow below the sun. It is the mind that is the mediator; the mind of Emanuel was placed between God and my sins. His soul was in hell for them; that is, suffered judgment for sin, that sinned not, and was translated from the kingdom of hell or conviction (for this kingdom is composed of spiritual fire, that is, the wrath of God that reaches our spirit, which no material fires can do) to the kingdom of heaven, where all is peace, and the spirit rests justified of our deeds, which are according to command. As sin is counter thereunto, here we see God's pre-eminence; he is over both kingdoms, binds and releases as he will, and we are but the subjects of his will, and are not even master over our own souls.

God is invisible to the human eye, but plainly known to the spirit within us, which is the mind. It came from God, and knoweth the parent, when he speaks to it by his loud sentences of conviction which wakes the dead comparatively speaking; i. e. if I am in the spirit of my wicked father, or a child of the spirit of Cain, though he were dead, his spirit will come to judgment in me: for without repentance it is unpardonable with God.

Thus Christ suffered a painful death for the whole world. All sins or sinners received conviction in him; and this was the hell of spirits he suffered in, when his darkened foes railed around him and rejoiced in their victory. Thus it is said is the way to the kingdom of heaven,—it lieth by the gates of hell,—the pool of repentance to the sinner, the liberation of the spirit of the just.

The flame is forever,—as long as God is angry with us the fire burns unceasingly; but when he sees our spirit in a right temper to serve the Lord and glorify his name, he liberates the captive and sets the bondsman free.

All these things I have known for many years; and believing it to be my duty to live a lonesome life in years to come, excluded from the world and the cares thereof, I leave this written testimony for them that may live after me, as my knowledge of God may be strengthening to some one weak in faith. For the same purpose these lines are drawn to strengthen men, and be a lasting confirmation to the mind.

I have engaged the world alone,—spoke that which hath not been revealed, and written that which hath not been seen. Nevertheless

these declarations are true. Moses and the Prophets will shine on them in years to come; as the sun reacheth the western hills by morning light, so the day dawneth when these things will appear, a little above my brethren of the age. As to the appearance of God and angels, God the great Deity of the world appeareth by his word. Whatever is seen, or hath been seen, is only a confirmation to the human mind, to strengthen the belief of him that otherwise might be an unbeliever and reject the truths of God. Him that knoweth God by his word, knoweth as much as ever will be known, or hath been known by the appearance of angels, or all the visions of light that ever hath shone below the sun.

OCTOBER 19th, 1832.

BRIGHT are the rays of heavenly light,
Like to the morning sun,
These lead my footsteps from the night,
To months and years to come.

With bright allusions lead me on,
To place my feet secure;
I've Israel for my stepping stone,
His blood my wounds to cure.

Jehovah's great eternal name
Broke through the eastern sky,
The prophet sang, the angel came,
Emanuel was nigh;

Then I awoke, with great surprise,
To see my God so nigh;
Then tears o'erflowed my weeping eyes,
That in despair were dry.

My heart affords a living spring,
From thence my tears doth flow;
My soul rejoices in her King,
And triumphs o'er her foe.

These tears of joy, like Aaron's oil,
From day to day descend:
Adam was made to dress the soil,
And I'm made for this end.

OCTOBER 28th, 1832.

THE POWER AND VIRTUE OF THE WORD OF GOD.

Oh God! I have heard thy word, and bear witness thereunto. Thy word is my salvation, the bread of my soul, water to quench my thirst, and the pathway of eternal life, because there is no end. It is wine to cheer my spirit, strength to my limbs, the physician of my disease, and the bonds of peace. It proceedeth out from thee, whom I know not, neither can I, for thou art unbounded by heaven, earth, or sea. All that are created contain thee not; thy magnitude is beyond men and angels, and yet the earth is full of thee. The seas declare thy glory, and the heavens show forth thy wondrous name.

I now write for thee by the measures thou hast given, and cease not to give thee praise. Thou madest a covenant with my soul when she was young, and as a faithful friend thou now makest good thy word. It is written in the past records of my life that I should write for thee, which promise this solemn moment of my life thou by thy justifying spirit enablest me to do. I am but a worm before thee. Thou art all, to whom be honour and glory given forevermore. Thy word is the pillar of the earth, the extent of the skies and stars in the firmament of heaven. My soul or spirit is of thy word. As the child knoweth the affectionate parent, so my soul knoweth thee, and through thee can testify of thy wondrous works.

What is man?—he is but a worm, his days a span, and he is known no more. I must die, and who shall live after me I know not, or into whose hands these lines are falling I cannot tell. I am yet alive, and indebted to thee for thy mercies and favours thou hast bestowed on a poor worm of dust, not worthy to be numbered with men, or claim a title to the workmanship of thine hand. Nevertheless I must confess I was made by thee, and I cannot change my being; I have said I must die, because it is appointed to all men to turn to dust and be no more. Thus I mark my pathway down to the tomb, and many thousands will walk therein after me who hath no desire to live. My soul this day hath desired the depths of the sea, or the heart of the earth, more than the estate of kings or the diadem of princes. I shall die naturally, but spiritually I shall never die; neither shall my spirit leave the earth. These things the word of the Lord hath spoken in mine ears; my spirit is ordained to live and see deep sorrows here below. Pleasure has fled from my garden, there is no flower of pleasant smell; my heart is filled with thorns and thistles,—the afflictions of men are engraven there.

As thou writest Almighty God upon my heart, so transcribe I to paper. I am a frail man; it is all that I can do to write after thee; of myself I can do nothing.

Thou gavest me light in darkness; thou commanded mine ear to hear thy word, and mine eyes to see thy salvation; and mine ear and mine eyes obeyed thee. Thou walkedst before me in truth: I followed after thee, as through the depths of the sea; and men nor angels knew it not. Thou dwelt with me alone in the dead watches of the night, and taught my soul in the secret corners of the globe, where men never saw. Thou gavest unto me a sun of light whereby I could see thy name, and direct my pen for thee.

Thou planted a hedge on my right hand and on my left, to save my soul from the gates of hell and the bondages of the pit, to which there is no end. Thou took fast hold on my right hand by mighty strength; for I have seen thy hands fairer than the hands of maidens. Thou took fast hold on mine. Thou gave to my heart spirits like wine, and I sang the songs of the Lord. Thou writest and blottest out again upon my soul, and every day I come to nothing before thee. Thou rebuildest my spirit by thy might, and by thy power. Thou ledest into dark places, such as I can endure and live; but trouble is yet to come. Then will I write the deeper lessons. When thou ledest me by the more mysterious way, then will I show more plainly the wonders of thy name, and mercies of my soul that thou hast given. Thy will, O Lord, is like a country yet unknown. There are hidden treasures with thee that thou hast never shewn unto men. I thirst this day O God for springs of living water, and bread to strengthen my spirit; she is weak before thee, and faintest as a maiden in despair. Reach forth thine hand O God, and feel my necessities; behold they are not a few. My spirit is clothed with thy children as a garment; they look up to me, and I am lean to feed thy flocks. Lead me to pastures that will never fail, to springs that never dry: and my soul shall honour thee forever.

The day is dark, my spirit is in the desert; she hath no sun, there is no compass for my soul. Former favours hath passed away; thy goodness is not known save by remembrance, Oh my Saviour and my God! Behold thy sun hath risen in the eastern world, and thereunto shall thy feet attend and find rest. More than Israel and Jacob of old shalt thou receive at my hand, for thy peace is forevermore, thy pastures fail not, neither doth the spring dry that comforts thy soul. Thou art in the ways of Israel, and his soul shall be found of thee, and his spirit joined with thine to live forever. Thy sun shall never set, nor the morning of thy days be forgotten, because thou hast builded altars to the Lord, and sacrificed thereon at my command without the laws of Israel. Life is in store for thee, and bread forever.

Thy spirit shall sing songs that never were sung, nor committed to the world since the sun rose from the mighty deep, where light was clouded without me forevermore.

My spirit shall be as the sun to thee, and these lines this day shall be as a seal to my former covenants when I promised to thee,—thou shouldst do that thou then couldst not do.

Thine heart shall be as the tables of the Lord, on which are written the commandments of men, or bread that I shall give unto them forever. Thy spirit shall not ascend above or descend below, but shall remain unchangeable and immoveable between me and my people; and these things to which the earth is a stranger shall be seen of thee. Thy person is a tabernacle built of clay, that will not soon consume, or deform, or moulder back to dust. Years will declare for thee, and months reveal that which is unknown. The storm shall beat in vain on thine house, and death go empty away. The purposes of this world shall be fulfilled in thee, and darkness brought to light which is hidden in the shades of the night and the shadow of death.

Death shall be as a shadow unto the removing, and not slaying the person in which thou dwells. Thine hearing shall be strong and thine eye-sight clear; thou shalt see beyond the grave and faint not. The eastern world shall be as a garden to thee; the west is the beginning of thy pilgrimage full of sorrow, and pregnant with bonds. The prison doors and keepers would receive thee; but I have bolted them and barred them with double bars: they cannot be opened. The rich of this world shall hate thee, and thou shalt endure the burden cast upon thee. Thou shalt groan beneath the heavy load and cease not; thy tongue shall tell, and thy feet shall run to the tents of Jacob and the house of Israel, for there in store is thine everlasting peace. Thou shalt convince many of their sins, and redeem a few to be the sons and daughters of the Most High God. I will slay after thee: I will execute judgment in my wrath, and few shall escape the sorrows of ancient days. I will overthrow every false temple in the earth where my name is not written.

That house shall moulder as clay to the ground. I am full of love to the world saith the Lord; but the earth is not fit for my embracing, to receive the counsels of my lips or receive the servants I shall send unto them. I will send unto Israel of old, saith the Lord, the Son of my power and glory; he shall appear in thee in spirit, and the Lord on his right hand to justify his cause forevermore.

I will terribly scourge the earth, ere the inhabitants will be saved. They are as intoxicated people, with the spirit of this world. Kings and princes stand not upright to the Lord.

Priests have become hired servants, and serve the world for wages. This is Babylon of old. Her queen shall be slain; it is

prophesied by my servant John in the sacred records, and will surely come to pass. I will have a new name and a people, that the world knoweth not; and not these that have sworn to idols, and made covenants with the gods of the earth, and serve princes for their favours. Behold the eastern sun is now risen; I will put evil far from my tents and tabernacles. Israel shall serve the Lord in fulness of spirit; he hath only ceased, to live again,—lain down to sleep, to arise in the fulness of his strength. Mine arm is stretched forth full of ancient power; my covenants are with the just, and them that fear the Lord. I will make the mountains of great men (in this world) as hills of sand that run into the sea, and are known no more.

I have not written of myself, but of the words of the Lord, revealed in the secret watches of the night, and in the garden where no man walketh but God alone.

Great is the name of the Lord, above all the mountains where he appeared to Israel of old; for more he will reveal to the world than hath already been. My soul seeketh there for day and night, and fainteth not, because the arm of the Lord is my support, and in him I put my trust forevermore.

I am not a brute that I should not know his name. He hath made man worthy of his presence; and he will be seen of me, not a likeness of mine own, or any thing in heaven, earth or sea, but the peace and salvation of the whole earth. I delight in his name. I love to toil for wages. His justification is the bread of life, and never failing spring that ceaseth not to flow, and giveth unto my soul sweet waters. None knoweth the Lord save these that walk after him; these behold his miracles in the soul and are acquainted with his wondrous works. Now I must testify of the Lord until this day and then cease. He hath formed my spirit with his right hand, he hath said unto my soul live, he hath opened a way before me and bid me walk therein. He hath given me jewels of gold, and made me rich through his mercies. He has given that which none can take away, he hath established my feet in the way they should go, he hath set a mark upon me that no man shall hurt me with his hands or deform my spirit, he hath laid a heavy burden upon me and bid me bear it up. He hath strengthened my hope, and brought years to come near unto my soul. He hath bid me look afar off and behold his name written. He hath endured me with patience in tribulation that I faint not. He hath set the whole army of saints and servants before me, and bid me run and overtake them, for they are travelling to the city of God. These pass on with a slow but steady step, waiting for the redemption of the world, ere their spirit can enter into perfect rest. He hastens my step; his commandments are to bid adieu to men. There is no time to be lost; delay not

with the sluggard, nor wait for them that are slothful in spirit. He bids me run alone and stumble not; he will be my staff by morning light, he will arise before the sun and lead me forward, he will place a diadem upon my head, as were of old, and I shall dwell in the tents of Israel. Heaven is before mine eyes; her gates or portals are open here below. It is my last end if I endure. Strengthened by the promises of the Lord, I seal the services of the day with love to God my Creator and Redeemer.

No love O God can exceed the tender affections of my spirit that I bear to thee; wine cannot cheer me, nor lands be a comfort to my soul,—the smiles of this world are as an empty bubble for thy sake. The joys of a wicked world is bitter as gall to my spirit; I hate them and love them not. A drop of ancient blood is strength to my sinews and oil to my joints. Thou hast preserved the blood of the prophets in cups of gold, and now and then I have tasted with my tongue; this blood is for cleansed vessels, and them that love the Lord with their whole hearts and with an upright mind. It is precious in thine eyes, and not one drop thereof shall fall to the ground. This is oil for the eyes of Israel; this will be poured on the heads of their chief men. It is not spilt to be lost, but is in store with thee, till Israel shall call loudly on thy name. Thy love O God is the banqueting house of my soul; there she receives at thy table and is glad. O God, I have loved thee more than the ancient hills. Sion will not compare with thee, nor Sinai half declare thy name. My hope is in thee, my life is in thine hands. The sun in the firmament is setting, and I must close up this testimony and engage the watches of the night. Thou hast been near me O God in the night season, and talked with me when all flesh slumbered on their pillows. Thou hast been with me by morning light, confirming me by the voice of thy truth,—wherein I was doubtful, thou hast led me, when I was ready to stumble and turned my spirit aside from the bonds of despair. My heart is thine O Lord, and all that I have is thine. Thy treasures are in trust with me, these things which thou hast given, thou commandest the whole earth by thy word. It is the bounds of the sea, the line of the storm—the direction of the clouds, the rising and setting sun is commanded thereby, and thou art the God of the whole earth. Expose me no more to the world O God I pray thee, but let me write of thy sacred truths, and my name be hid forever. It is hard for me to give that which thou hast given.

Mockers will mock me, and the present divines will despise my name. Clothe my soul as with a mantle O God!—my spirit in a cloud, that I am not seen, that thy glory only may light the world forevermore. Deeper than the seas are thy wisdom. Wisdom dwells in unsearchable depths, bring her up O God from deep waters, as thou calledst the sun to rise as revealed to thy servant

Moses. Enable her to hear twins O Lord unto Moses and unto Christ, the pillars of thine house below. Let my name be blotted out O Lord under the sun, that thou may have all glory; for honour belongeth unto thee. Build up the tents and tabernacles of ancient days; dwell therein, and make thy name glorious below the sun.

Thou hast heard my prayer O Lord. I shall be no more revealed to the world: my spirit will dwell with thee forever.

OCTOBER 29th, 1832.

KEEP thou O Lord my harp in tune,
Both every string and cord;
Nor let my trembling heart presume,
To stand before the Lord.

If that strong mountain Sinai shook,
That did receive thy laws,
Oh how shall I presume to look
On God or on his cause?

Veil me with clouds O God obscure,
And let me dwell alone:
If rocks and mountains can't endure,
Can I see things unknown?

Oh Lord to heaven lift up mine eyes;
Thou dwells where none can see,
Thou 'st made a mantle of the skies,
My spirit's feet for thee.

Thou 'st made my heart to burdens bear,
And laid the load thereon;
Thou 'st took my person in thy care,
And I'm forever gone.

My name is but a shadow here,
In haste prepares to flee,
Soon shall my person disappear,
And I'll be found with thee.

NOVEMBER 1st, 1832.

THE Lord is not in fetters, neither are his hands in chains, nor his spirit directed by the prayers of men. He will pour out his blessings on people of his own choosing, and commit his will to vessels of his love. His grace and goods shall be in trust with them to commit to

the world in due season, in the appointed time that is only known in heaven above. I am confirmed that a change will take place in the earth, and such as has not been since the first rising of the sun. If God is well pleased with the earth, why doth sorrow remain or infants go down to an untimely grave?

Let us meditate on the things of God, and be sober. It is a dreadful day indeed when we have to live every hour in the fear of death and terror of the grave. So the last summer hath been to all that beheld the unconfined chastising hand of God upon the earth. The grave-yards were cultivated as the fallow-ground for the seed; the grave-diggers were as so many gardeners preparing the ground for the dead,—men that had not lived half their days. If we who are spared from this dreadful and seemingly untimely calamity, and are nothing the better of this sore chastisement on our brethren who hath passed the gates of death, truly his hand will be drawn a little nearer unto us, till we can see his vengeance written thereon; for in the very community to which we as brethren belong, doth not disputes remain with us? doth not temporal interest inspire to grief, and are we not in close communion and fellowship with all the world? Then when we see the limbs thereof falling into the earth like untimely figs, we know the tree is shaken by him that first laid the pillars of the earth. Who can control the storm? who can command the sea? No, not one, but the word of God. Then are all things at his command; and he is an unlimited God, both in his judgments and his mercy. He will water the earth with his blessings; he will smile upon his people. My son and my daughter, come away from the broad way of the earth; there is danger therein,—a lion is in this way: the Lord will appear before, strong and unconquerable, if thou pursuest the pathway of men, or vain glory in the house of the Lord. The bosom of the Lord is filled with wine for his people; he will make them joyful in his own inheritance, the house he hath chosen for their dwelling.

The Lord is strong, there is no binding him. We cannot mock his decrees and go unpunished. He hath the fires of hell in store for them that mock his name. The disobedient shall wander as lost sheep from the house of Israel and find no rest.

Feed with the flocks my son and my daughter: the banqueting house is in the midst of them. There thy thirst shall be satisfied and offend not the Lord, neither wilt thou become a stumbling-block to his people. Fear to offend, Oh son and daughter, lest ye offend the living God. It is a dangerous thing to offend these that believe in God, but no sin to receive offences with patience.

There is a new day dawning on the world. The Spirit of the Lord hath arisen in the east, and shineth on the western world; and by the rays of this sun, we behold the power and glory of ancient

days. No man can govern the Lord; he cannot be bound: he will have his own way in the earth. And these are the latter days when the Lord shall appear as he now doth,—clothed with judgment and with mercy.

Seek no victory amongst men: for so doth the crowns and princes in this world. Seek it not, it shall be taken from thee, and lost by them; for God will be our all. He will give us that we sought not for; and these things the eye hath never seen are yet to come.

There is no danger in the counsels of the Lord. The will of the Lord is as a strong fortress for his people, which none can take away. The house of his blessings is rising, composed of all the kindred of the earth. He will reconcile all into one body, save the rebel; he shall become the footstool of his wrath, heavy laden with more than he can bear. His soul shall cry out before the Lord, when his children shall rejoice in the vineyard of his pleasure, gathering the lawful clusters of the vine, and joys appointed from the foundations of the earth.

Hearken to the voice of the Lord my son, my daughter, the child of my bosom, attend to hear, (there thou wast conceived and brought forth into the earth to have a being amongst men.) The Lord talketh with thee through a loud trumpet from above; who can hear and not understand? None, save these who have closed up their ears, and refuse to be converted from the wicked and sinful paths of life, which lead our footsteps down to hell, where there is weeping and wailing forevermore,—where the tears cease not to flow, neither is the fire of conviction quenched till the captive cometh forth captured by victory. Oh shun this doleful pit! The howling of beasts are there: that is, our nature crying for relief, and is unheard until repentance is offered to God for a sacrifice for sin.

It is yet the morning of the day; fathers and mothers enter not in at the gates of despair. She courts you with open arms and kisses you with fond embraces. Partake not of her spirit. I am acquainted with her; I have been with her in the night season. She will lull you to sleep in her arms, and feed you at her hopeless breast, and bind your hands from labour. Hope is stronger than her; make her thy kinswoman. She arises by morning light. Her sparkling eyes behold the first dawning of the day, she is early shod and prepared to travel; she is waiting for command, she leaneth on the pillars of the Lord's house, and her staff faileth not in a day of trouble; her breasts are full of joy, the Spirit of the Lord abideth there, the comfort of nations, kings and princes will come forth and taste of her wine, and become as little children, and be saved in the latter days, behold the sun riseth higher, farther and farther doth these spiritual rays descend.

Behold the vineyard of the Lord increases; the pastures are enlarged, and there is water in the stream to quench the thirst of the thirsting flocks of Israel. The grape is on the vine, the figs are on the trees, and in the midst of her are the words of life, and whosoever partaketh thereof shall never die. These are the commandments of the Lord, springs of living water, the rivers thereof leadeth all flesh to the city of God. This is the station of never ending joys, where the fire of conviction is quenched with the tears of the penitent and the heart offered to God.

Continuing fire is where misery doth not abate; which is God's wrath for want of repentance, and this is the universal station of the western world. She is clothed with tears, but barren as sands to repentance, and therefore sorrow remains. Come out of her my children, walk not after her footsteps, for she hath led her children to meet the judgments of the Lord; or why doth death's chastising hand pervade the earth? It is now the full time of his coming, he will increase sorrow; he will not be mocked with idle prayers, nor the decrees of men. He will have repentance, or consume the whole earth with fire; *i. e.* conviction shall burn as unquenchable fire on these that repent not, and the earth and the sea will abound with the bodies of dead men. Infants shall meet an untimely grave, to bring sorrow to the heart and tears from the eyes of afflicted fathers and mothers which shall abound here below, till God offers himself to be a parent to the child, and a shepherd to these that stand in need. Then will the hands of death be bound with a chain, and disease put into fetters, to prevail no more. Hell shall be closed up as in a dungeon of sorrows; none shall commune with her, neither shall her guests be farther known. These things are the love of God to his people. He will speak loudly in years to come; the trumpet is in his lips, the word of the Lord is on his tongue, and he will convince the world of sin, and clothe the earth with righteousness. Maidens have clothed themselves before him and princes put diadems upon their head, but the Lord will take them off again, and the soul of maidens shall become naked before his eyes; they shall appear as a back smitten with many stripes, and mark their pathway with tears of sorrow down to the grave. Shun her ways Oh sons and daughters; these things are in the treasures of the Lord for them that love the world and walk after her as a maiden, and give their heart unto her as an harlot for her favours. I now close the service of the day according to God's direction, whose commands hath directed me to write these things, and wait at the gates of the city, Jerusalem of old spiritualized; for this is new Jerusalem, the salvation of the world.

It is where friends and kindred meet
A happy world of joys,
Where every soul can songs repeat,
Nor bird nor brute destroys.

The temple where the Lord doth dwell,
A thousand angels round;
And I rejoice and I can tell,
Within this city's found.

God is a Spirit dwelling there,
His merits all are love;
None with his being can compare,
In earth or heaven above.

He keeps the city and the gates,
None, none can enter there;
But those whose spirit praise repeats,
And doth reject despair.

Long, long this city hath been sought,
The proud ne'er enter in;
With blood these portals all are bought,
The sacrifice for sin.

NOVEMBER 13th, 1832.

LET every creature praise thy name,
From whom the hills and mountains came,
That bounds the billows of the sea,
And bids the bird and brute agree.

Let man devote his heart to praise,
For thou 'st appointed all his ways;
And thou 'st forbid his soul to sin,
Or hell to take his spirit in.

Oh let my soul to sin refuse,
For sins the living God abuse:
I'll rise upright and form my prayer,
And God will keep me from despair.

Hell's not appointed nor ordained,
Nor by a kind Creator named;
But a dark station men hath found,
With iron bars and empty sound.

It is not numbered with the days,
 When God performed his deeds of praise;
 But unknown space the sinners due,
 That God has cursed and banished too.

To every man, to every son,
 There is no death or hell to come:
 To every creature that agrees,
 The Lord commands them as the seas,
 That every wave the Lord obeys,
 So man's ordain'd to peace and praise.

NOVEMBER 18th, 1832.

When earth doth make her bosom bare,
 She leads my footsteps to despair;
 Though princes in her bosom rest,
 The flocks of Jacob's there oppress'd.

I hate her ways and her decrees;
 She is not merciful to these:
 Proud kings doth in her bosom reign;
 They'll fall to never rise again.

Children, with patience lend an ear,
 The Lord hath come, salvation's near;
 With patience at his gates attend,
 He's come to be our peace and friend.

His name upon our books record;
 He's Jacob's Saviour and his Lord;
 His works are like the rising sun,
 He is my strength in years to come.

He lights my way and binds my foe,
 And lengthens all my days below;
 His arm is bright, his spirit's strong,
 He's my salvation and my song.

NOVEMBER 25th, 1832.

The corner and the stone is bless'd,
 That's Jacob's home and Jacob's rest;
 The stone that Israel sought to find
 Is deeply buried in the mind.

The love of God is safe in store,
For those that Israel's God adore;
The treasure 's plain, the lines are true,
There every prophet gets his due.

There 's no injustice, wrong, nor fraud,
With Israel's Saviour, Israel's God;
He weighs the nations in a scale,
Whose measure 's true and never fail.

Justice doth long the balance hold,
That weighs the time, both new and old;
And him that doth the mountains weigh,
Hath placed a star in Israel's day.

Before the morning sun arose,
Jehovah did this light disclose:
The sun will rise, salvation 's near,
The springs of Judah 's new and pure.
The corner 's sought, the stone is found,
And Jacob's God 's again renown'd;
And he will house and home restore,
And Jacob rest forevermore.

NOVEMBER 28th, 1832.

Let Israel's name forever stand,
A monument amidst the land;
And his bright sun, and his decrees,
A banner floating in the breeze.

It was from him salvation came,
To him will peace return again;
Angels of light assemble there,
Again will rise his morning star.

His Saviour sat on David's throne,
This world 's a kingdom for his own;
And all his sons from tribute free,
His banners perfect liberty.

Within his gates no tyrants reign,
His house shall never fall again;
The word of God 's the bottom stone,
And Israel ever dwells alone.

His gate 's unknown to envious foes,
His throne well washed from blood and woes;
His harp 's in tune to never cease,
His trumpets sound eternal peace.

NOVEMBER 29th, 1832.

THE LOVE OF GOD TO THE WORLD.

MUCH hath been written—but I must write ; different experience affords a different hand writing, and that which is nearest the truth will rise uppermost at last. I am persuaded to believe, but few, if any, will write on religious subjects after me—or the things of God, or the power of religion on the mind.

I shall not follow the track that others hath laid down to walk by. I have known something of myself, and this is my necessity, to testify unto the world what things I have received of God. To explain a change of heart or mind is hard to those that scarcely believe redemption needful to comfort the soul. The dread of hell and the fear of God, as far as I have known is safe ground to walk upon, and farther I will leave till another day. I know I shall agree with the evangelist—for truth is ever the same—though widely differing in form. It is still the same in virtue or effect. It was a change of mind that the Son of God sought for, what prophets and apostles sought for or desired. The scriptures hath become books and texts disputable in this world, they came from different minds, but from one God ; they are the impressions of his mind, upon the heart of man, brought into existence and remain with us. Nothing can be added to make them more plain, and nothing should be diminished, because they are the words and works of God ; but God can add more without taking from them, and as the hill of Sion or Sinai, they stand sacred with me, with which I crave no material alteration.

They first instruct us there is happiness and misery, and we proceed on from childhood to prove that such declarations are true. But how we receive the one or obtain the other, is a matter disputable in this world. I testify that the fear of God is misery to me—and this is misery I cannot shut out of my soul or spirit. The Lord the God of Jacob keeps the door, and who can hinder to enter in what will, or who can forbid the deeds of sin. There is one providential hand over all his works, I am convinced, for by trial I know that I can do no good thing. We are first made happy we know, and this we know without scripture—but in tribulation we may forget there is a happy stage of life, and cease to hope for the salvation of the soul. It is therefore recorded that man was once happy of great liberty and almost unbounded wisdom. God commanded a loss of these things ; not by appointments, but by the event of action.

These things are ordained to come to pass, for this great purpose—that man may be sensible there is two kingdoms in God's power, misery and joy ; it is not appointed that man shall remain in the first or latter kingdoms, till he is capable of choosing for himself, whether

he had rather sin and die, or repent and live. No man or mind is capable of choice or choosing these kingdoms to himself, without experience, therefore experience is expedient for the salvation of the soul. To the hungry soul the bitter herb is sweet, but the soul loaths honey, the sweetest of meat.

How wonderful are the works of God in the creation; how wise his words, for the salvation of the mind. There are but few men or women on earth, but know of being unhappy, and perhaps as few that know of being redeemed from it; such cannot read the scriptures through—nor write a correct line of direction for others, but go on apace like a man in youthful follies, and then get lost from the way that leads to heaven and God—fall into confused arguments that never hath been decided, about testimonies written in the sacred lines. I am resolved in pursuing my own understanding and argue with none. Strong contesting and argument is productive of an equality of sentiment, but we ought always to prove ourselves the servant or the master, and so proceed on our heavenly way, for experience is a journey or pilgrimage, as from one kingdom to another; we all prove to the world we have known the kingdom of darkness, and the regions of the dead, or death that bringeth forth no light nor salvation to the world: consequently, no rest to our limbs or troubled mind. Miserable is man in this lower world, full of mistaken notions, for want of light he guesses at many objects in this darkness in which he is deceived, and most grossly disappointed. The miser flatters himself he has found the compass that leads to rest, a piece of shining gold. The scriptures plainly tell him he is a liar, and in the end he finds they are true—which his life disputed before. The love of God shines brighter to me than gold, and the scripture is to my soul as the anointing oil of salvation. Some say that joy consists in eating, and drinking, much idleness and mirth; but death blots out these records from the book of remembrance, and in sickness, the shadow of death, they comfort nothing. But if I make myself miserable to comfort another, my reward is sure, and faileth not in the hour of death, for thus God hath commanded the soul. A man in bonds is weak, he can do but little for himself; but him that is free is swift on the race, and strong in the battle. We are all captives that serve this world, and the things thereof; these comfort no man that hungers for the bread of life, and the springs of living water, that never fail to quench a weary thirsting mind; these are pearls to be bought, we have sold them when we sold our birthright to the kingdom of God; this I call the world to come, or worlds above; as they can be sold, they can be bought, providence offers them at a price, not with money can they be bought, but with a change of heart. The unredeemed will say, who can change his own mind? he may as well still

the beating waves of the sea. If God hath made salvation impossible it is in vain to try. I know that peace cannot be bought with money, but we could lose and we can find; we have sold and we can buy; and with me there is no disputing about the price of our salvation. My soul hath cast off her fears and speaks loudly to the world, and not with timidity, as though she was a servant to priests and kings that bare rule in this world, and still blind to the salvation of these that serve under them. My spirit is a servant of a noble prince here below, and of God above; he brings glad tidings to my spirit, and that which I once feared I fear no more. I fear no hell for what is past—and all my dread is to not offend for years to come. Who hid death and hell from mine eyes, till I dread the grave no more than the child in the cradle.

I shall be stigmatized for presumption, if the Lord hath cast away my fear what shall I say—shall I lie to please the world, to make them think my spirit is like theirs? No, not for all the earth affords, or these in Heaven enjoy. I will give God his due, and breathe out his glory to the ends of the world. I have paid the price, and then God found it in his holy heart to give.

I am a man of trouble, but my dwelling is in safety from the temptations of this world, because the arm of the Lord is about me. I have made the choice that is acceptable to his own heart; why should he cast me into hell any more? Death and hell hath fulfilled their office in my spirit, why should they return? they are in chains, they are bound with a cord; but these have been profitable to me, the Lord hath appointed them for the sinner's meat, and the drink of the slothful. These hath affected my mind to flee from everlasting burning; and as I have known the goodness of God—Israel's Saviour, and Jacob's Redeemer, I must write to the world of what groweth upon mine own vine, and bear testimony with the prophet and evangelist of old, who brought forth scripture from their own mind.

Oh Lord, shall I presume to tell,
The heights of heaven or depths of hell:
Or shall my spirit loudly sing,
Of my Redemer and my King?

My rest is where no foe invade,
I bought it when I tribute paid,
For when I was in bonds and fears,
I quenched this burning with my tears.

Jehovah saw me far astray,
The horrid pit where long I lay;
But he commands the flame to cease,
And bought me with eternal peace.

He plac'd salvation on my head
And bid me lead—'twas captive led,
He bid me sorrow, mourn, and pray,
For these that blindly lead astray.

He bid the powers of death to cease,
And never more to hurt my peace ;
He bid my spirit write and rest,
With these that are forever blest't.

THE VENGEANCE OF GOD, OR THE SORROWS OF SIN.

IF we can only testify of one kingdom, we acknowledge by such an omission, the deformity of the mind, or inability of the soul. Some describe hell with a thousand terrors, and affright people with a shadow, which is not truth, and seldom or ever proves of lasting benefit to the world. Every mind should taste their own meat, and him that leads into the path of experience, leads the only right way. Hell is where we are alienated to God, where the sweetest of meat is bitter; where nothing comforts the mind, where wine and mirth is vain to fallen spirits. This is but hungering and thirsting in the flame, this is teaching us where we are—it is not redeeming us, nor releasing the bonds, we must be brought submissively passive before God—this is the use of the affecting furnace. The hardness of the heart must be melted as clay fitted for the workman's use. The whole heart must say, make of me what thou wilt, save, release me from these bonds. These are symptoms of a preparation to leave this lower kingdom, where thousands of the gentry of this age are now dwelling, beyond the power of meat or wine to comfort them, nay, nothing will do but the unmerited mercies of a Redeemer—nothing short of the whole heart is the price of our salvation. God will not receive a blemished or an unsanctified offering. The furnace will burn in this world 'till many thousands are prepared for the kingdom of God; and Death will throw his arrows 'till he will bring forth salvation in the soul, and then he will be bound for a little season. I write extensively in opinion, for writing is my last testimony to the Christian world, with which I am not well pleased. It affords so many patterns of distinction in big men, that are called Lords of the earth; their example is so corrupt, it leads many thousands down to the chambers of death, but a little farther to go, 'till the soul sinks into everlasting ruin and despair. They are loudly called upon in this age of life to exercise mercy, where they have

ruled with judgment over poor captivated creature man. It is right they should be called upon, but not deny ; consider how the Christian world doth suffer, to support pride and luxury.

Oh blind guides who have thought to be happy with the bread of this lower kingdom ! There is far better bread in worlds above, the blessing of God to the weary, a drop of water to quench the thirst of these whose spirits burn in the vengeance of God, and he that receiveth enjoyeth more than princes, and her that receiveth, more than queens espoused to kings and potentates of the earth. These hunger nor thirst for nothing better,—honey is not half so sweet. These love the giver, the flame abates, and the redeemed place their affections on the delivering hand. These know the sorrows of the pit, where not a crumb of bread or a cup of cold water was received with a blessing to the mind.

Great men receive their patrimony and are still poor, quarreling with the world to serve, hungering for tributes of this world, unwilling to give to a man that which is his own, for whom they can do nothing. Oh that I could convince the world that the kingdoms of this world hath become the kingdom of hell, and there is no peace in them. What we enjoy to-day is gone to-morrow, and our personal joys flee from us, and leave a bitter sting behind—a heart clothed with sorrow or broken with grief. I do not dread my years to come. I have no appointment from God, but to make the world happy as I can, and my rewards are sure, therefore I toil without fear. If I sought wages as I work, I should be as the hireling, on every every evening and morning receiving wages, but these are in store for me—and they are not small, and are measurably manifest in this world, whose servant am I, the Lord, Jacob's God excepted. If I am not in necessity to borrow wisdom of the dignitaries, am I not rich ? that is not to say I know much, but that I can accomplish my appointments, which are God's designs, without injustice calling any man Lord, that rules a kingdom here below. To whom do I look as father ? to God only, my Redeemer. It was not the arm of flesh, that drew me upward from the pit, but God saw my soul, that I was passive in his hands, for so the fires of hell wrought upon me, it turned my stubbornness into clay, and my heart melted within me, and I know not but I am that that God would I should be. If providence is with me, whom shall I fear ? If he hath set me free from the bonds of the endless pit—who can bind—who can trouble my spirit ? It is not in the power of men to afflict more than is profitable, but many may offend to tell the world how sinful the soul is that is within them, and how far their spirit dwells from God. He that too often offends the world reveals that his soul is in

the pit, he is not satisfied, and would that the world would change its course for his relief. Poor creature, blind and unjustifiable, our salvation is not of the world, but of God. A man is not bound under obligations to redeem the world for his release, but pay the debt,—the uttermost farthing—and I testify unto him, the prison door will be set open, he may walk out though ten thousand unrepenting captives remain behind in bonds. Pay the debt, and our election is sure.

God requires an offering of this world, that kings and princes will have to make before the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of God and Christ. There is no peace where sin remaineth. Righteousness is a perfect liberty. I am bound to no man, though I am not clean before the Lord; but as there are but few more so, it hath pleased God to make me more free than the dignitaries of this world, who seemingly depend altogether on their subjects to make them happy; these begin to refuse their tribute, kings and priests begin to mourn. Happy man am I, I had none to lose, nor never knew that I needed any, I only want a crumb of bread and a cup of water with justification from the hand of God, and my spirit is happier than the souls of princes on whom the wrath of God abides—Why is the earth sorrowful? because of tributes—because it is the sorrows of sin, the downfall of pride and luxury, therefore the servants of these practices that God hath forbid, mourn; there is a worm at the root of their joys, I know of none at the root of mine; I have nothing in this world to glory in but tribulation, and this keeps me out of temptation, and is proper bread for years to come. The more I seek the more I find, the more I ask the more is given: as my great thirst is pasture for the flocks, and not for mine own spirit, for I am rich while I seek, and inherit while I am sorrowful; for I think myself safe in the hands of him that drew me upward from the pit, and bid the flame abate, and now I have said much this day, and committed these lines to memory.

Where is the witness of these things? I write of myself independent of other men—I must produce mine own witness as an introduction to believe these things which I have written. I appeal to God, and publish to men, that I never seek for dominion over my fellow worm, yet, dominion to me is given by the strength of reason, and power of understanding, and powers and princes cannot take it away. I never murmur because of a low station of life, for I enjoy all that earth affords, and more than courts and counsels can contain. My life is without disputing, and from me the reasoner is far away. No man can call me servant, nor say I am under obligations to come at his command. I have not robbed these young

in experience, nor have I been chargeable to the house of the Lord.

I have not been slack on the race; nor swift for wages, who hath been my example in latter days? Or who but God shall I call the Lord? He hath quenched the flames of his wrath, cooled the burning vengeance, and bid me write, their purposes and appointments as I have known in my soul, for these are his decrees after me, and his appointments from the foundations of the world. The flame abates with every repenting sinner; but with the wicked, hell is forever, and the burning flames thereof hath no end.

Oh how can I delay?
My spirit loudly sings,
Far from the flame she's borne away,
And rides on angel's wings.

The love of God is strong,
No towers half so high,
He lets me see my journey's long,
Nor in it's fears to die.

Death's bounded with a chain,
And all his arrows still,
And long in bonds will he remain,
For he's forbid to kill.

The fields around are green,
And mine's a shepherd's care,
And large and hung'ring flocks are seen,
Ready to enter there.

My soul's a living spring,
That pleasures doth afford,
Where flocks doth meet and maidens sing,
The comforts of the Lord.

The gentle dews descend,
Upon the spreading ~~ground~~, *rose*
It is where Jacob's sorrows end,
And he commands his foes

Where widow's tears doth cease,
Nor her small orphans cry:
It's like unto the land of peace
Where springs doth never dry.

It's Jacob's fold of rest,
No brute can enter there;
The home where all his flocks are bless'd,
And safe in David's care.

LET THE EARTH HEAR, AND THE INHABITANTS OF THE WORLD GIVE AUDIENCE.

The Lord will make a new covenant with the house of Jacob and Israel his son, he will redeem the children of this world to hear his word, to worship and adore his statutes day by day; these shall be written in their hearts to do them, and keep them in remembrance forever. He hath drawn a line between his own, and the children of this world, these are they whose own decrees are the laws of their heart, and by these sin against God in word and deed, and profane the sacred laws of the most righteous. I am confirmed in these opinions, or sentiments of mind, and record them here to be read hereafter when I shall be no more. The Lord is breaking up the peace of this world. Kings and kingdoms tremble at his command. Death is an arrow sprung from the bow of his vengeance, and regardeth not the inhabitants of the earth. Flee my soul to the ancient hills where God embraced his people, leave the kingdoms of this world in haste, they are tossed as the billows of the sea, the wicked shall find no rest, every pillow shall prove false to them by night, and their sun shall be darkened by day, and the moon and stars shall refuse to guide, because of the pride and wantonness that darkens the soul, and binds understanding in a prison that she walks not the streets by day neither is her balance seen in the earth. Now we will begin to speak of titles and begin at the house of Jacob, the dream that God gave to Joseph, the same is truth and is wonderful to mine eyes. His father compares with the Sun—his mother with the Moon, and his brethren with stars, eleven in number, himself the twelfth; as the stars and constellations of Heaven see where God hath placed these ancient characters on earth, and then number the man that can remove them; there is none, no not one. I plead for the house of Jacob because it is the tabernacle of God, and giveth light to the world that never will decay, all the Prophets and the Son are of this. Think ye the house will be destroyed, and these live? nay root and branch shall be saved, and my soul is as a limb of Jacob that hath fallen to the earth from the kingdom of God, not fallen into sin but hath arisen in Jacob's name to plead his cause, which pride and superstition, bigotry and zeal hath almost blotted out. It never will decay—herein is the singular difference between me and other labouring servants of the age. I am for the covenant that God hath made with his people of old, to be renewed, and others are for exalting the Christian dispensation; to the destruction and abolition of the covenant of old with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the Son of God.

Invariable are the works of God, all days have their measures and their blessings. I believe in a union and equality of the covenants that God hath made. With him all days are alike. Abraham was as acceptable to God in his day, age, and generation, as any Prophet or Apostle in the world.

Why should we veil that which God hath bles't? Let all the earth attend to hear, let every lamp burn that God hath lighted, and ministering servants, despise them not, for those that try to blow them out will spend their breath in vain. Israel will be restored and the Christian world unite with the house of Jacob and own his sons to be apostles of the Lord. I write these things to inform the mind of my bretheren to be wise in action—for you see my kindred and my friends, that kings and priests are running their ship or church on shore, and destruction rather than peace appears. The spirit of this world inspires to action and self-importance, holds the reins of government, but God will not be mocked, he will have a new covenant. Run not after these, for them that run will fall.

The east will be a land of trouble for many years, and thence Jacob's name will arise in it, for God will restore government unto Abraham and Moses again, I say not unto dead men but their spirit will prevail in this world, (and this is the resurrection of the dead spoken of in scripture) and their foes will be subdued by the strength of their wisdom. The arm of the Lord is in their favour to raise them up, and my soul will have place with them on that day, and my spirit dwell in the midst of the house of Jacob—and in the tents of Israel.

Fear not the approaching hours, our name will not be blotted out, though there will be great tribulation in the land, for the God of Jacob is not preparing the trumpet to speak peace to the world, but to sound an alarm. Give audience, the truth is plain. Hath not the morning star already risen, do we not see as we once saw not? Look not for a greater confirmation that God will change the heart of this world, and make the inhabitants his own.

The heart of the bridegroom now faileth in the bride, and the heart of the bride in the bridegroom. The harvests of this world are growing lean, the Fig tree casts her figs out of season, the Corn ripeneth not with the usual blessing, the comforts of this world are blasted and blasting because the Lord hath smitten the Christian world with a curse of much trouble—and sorrows still attend our gates. House is dividing against house, subjects against their rulers and disciples against their priests—and flocks rise up against their their shepherds, because their banks are bare, and the springs of water faileth them, their consolation is drank up in wine, and Governors feast on their crumbs of bread, their basket is light, and their flocks without number. And woe to the priests of this age, they have

led the Christian world to the land of sorrow—and her inhabitants to desolation—till the flocks are starving for crumbs of bread. I pledge mine own heart in the hand of God, and my reputation amongst men, that there will be a new covenant with the house of Jacob and Israel his son. And the above written instances are the signs of the coming thereof.

Hail happy day that I shall see,
Hail happy year the jubilee,
That takes the captive from his bands,
And breaks the iron from his hands.

No foe shall rise his feet to bind,
No adder shall the compass find,
To lead his pen or lead his tongue,
To where the jubilee is sung.

Oh bless the morning of our days,
All ye that join the house of praise,
With harp, good Abraham's God adore,
And sing his praise forevermore.

DECEMBER 2nd.

Though kindred sleep and friends decay,
And shining suns decline,
My spirit seeks her hidden way
Through sorrow and through time.

Veil'd deep in sorrow truth doth lie,
With servants in the grave ;
For they at first were born to die,
And rise, the world to save.

Come prophets to my spirit come,
Your deeds to me apply ;
Tell me how you such favors won,
Such pleasures when you die.

Leave me not long in dull delay,
Where I too long have been ;
Come, come and bear my soul away,
My spirit clothe unseen.

Let fruit upon the vine appear,
Lord let my spirit bear ;
Call children home and shepherds near,
To gather pleasures there.

Let fruit be seen upon the vine,
And waters in the spring ;
Let bread appear for flocks of thine,
And David Israel's King.

DECEMBER 5th.

HUMILITY IN ROYAL APPAREL.

FAIR one, my soul smiles to behold thy glory, my spirit is thirsty for thy embraces ; come unto me, and take up thy rest in mine habitation. Why shouldest thou travel all the day in the heat of the sun and then not reach thy desired habitation by the evening shade ? I will go out into the street to salute thee with love, and court thy favours, with the prayers and supplications of my spirit. Thou wast the bride of the apostles, and the consort of prophets, thou took up thy rest in the chambers with priests of old ; but now thou art forsaken, and mourns as a widow. Thou hast come down from Israel's God—Jacob's Saviour, to seek a habitation here below, and shew the glory of thy fair breast—and the fruit of thy bosom unto an exalted world.

I have seen, and I will declare of thee these excellent things or pearls that thou containest, and then if possible count thy affections with groans and sighs, that thou will make the bounds of my spirit, now and then a resting place for thy weary feet, and my bosom or heart a refuge from the beating storm. The sons and daughters of pride throw their arrows at thee, thou art often wounded and art without defence. Let the arrows of the wicked, Oh God, that are aimed at the breast of this fair one, be thrown at my soul, that my heart may shield her bosom from their deadly wounds. Priests profess her in this age, but she is used as an harlot by them : they borrow her name, but practice not her precept. Her name is a staff for them to lean upon ; but their delight and chief joys, are with the deluding and alluring daughters of an unreformed world ; they embrace them in the street, they ride with them in gaudy apparel, they take them to their homes, and embrace them in the secret place. These are the temptations of time, prevalent with us all, without denial they reign over us as gods in the earth. Oh humility, these are no guests for thee, neither doth their servants embrace thy love !

Oh that I might be found worthy of thine affections, thou fair one the mother of truth, plainness of speech and of royal apparel. Truth is in thy courts, justice rules and reigns on thy right hand. Thy countenance is fair as the Sun, thy character is without blemish

before the Lord. Thy sparkling eyes are as the morning light, thou ornamentest the western sky with the rays of thy justice. Thy spirit is from God, thou sittest upon the highest throne with him—thy days are forever, and thy years without end. Oh that I could behold thy hands, and the direction of thy fingers for my soul—for then she could act and not be condemned, and plant where none could remove. Humility, I am more in want of thee than my natural food, and more art thou to be desired than the court of kings.

Prepare my heart O God, for this fair one, make bare my bosom to receive her embraces, for she awaits in the streets all the day for a calling; she offers not unto the world as the sons and daughters of temptation do; she is worthy to be courted, hailed and saluted with the best and most tender affections of this world. She maketh the whole house happy, the place of her abode. She is dressed in new garments, the world knew her not, she has passed by the court of kings, and the throne of princes, she is traveling to the western sky. Hail her all ye my bretheren, and despise her not, as her kindred hath done in the East. She planted a vineyard in the East in the morning of her days, and committed it to the care of priest and kings. These were not content with the tender grapes that grew upon the vine, nor the Fig trees that were lawful for them. These grew careless, and left open the gates thereof by day, neither did they watch upon her walls by night. The sons and daughters the offspring of temptation broke through, and did steal, they clothed themselves with her name, and shewed her apparel on earth; but the blood of the prophets were not within them, neither were their heart clothed in scarlet, the blood of the saints, and these forgot to watch, and slumber on the bed of ease, and reaped the harvests of the earth. These became as a traitorous husband to humility, who would have been their continuing bride, and filled their heart and house with everlasting joys.

Nay, this covenant with humiliation was not sufficient, the priests of almost every description went out a courting the daughters of this world; they entered into covenants that were not lawful for them, and kept not to the line of the Apostles of the Lamb, or prophets of old; but took for their example the tithe gatherers in Israel, which was lawful for them, but not for priests of the everlasting covenant, the gospel of eternal truth. They committed fornication, and humility hath forsaken them, and the priests are found with unlawful rights and pleasures, like so many mariners with a band of harlots.

Now they have to settle the debt with God, and men; they are called to an account by these of whom they have received unlawful tribute; and by God for what they have done with the vineyard committed to their trust—the glorious reformations of the East—

New Testament doctrines with many faithful martyrs that were committed to their trust. If they spoke against their superstition, ignorance and bigotry, they must be slain; and if they avowed against their worldly interest they were found worthy of scourging, imprisonment and bonds. This generation of teachers have all these deeds to answer for to the living God; for it is the year of accounts, and then cometh the jubilee that will remove no more. Come humility, be not ashamed of me, I will embrace thy feet, I will lead thee in with tender hands, if thou will come with me. I know thou art worthy of supplication and prayer. Thou art the daughter of the most high God committed to the souls of men, for thy everlasting rest. I am ready,—I am willing to receive thy embraces—break covenants with the earth—and follow thee. Behold my soul, oh friend of my salvation! point thine holy hands to the spots and blemishes that thou beholdest, they will remove at thy commands,—my love is to thee more than the throne of princes,—to thee will I perform my vows,—with thee will I not not break covenants forevermore.

Thy robes are scarlet and they're white,
 No human eye can see;
 The beaming rays by morning light,
 That doth descend from thee.

Thy hands are as the lillies are,
 Thy eyes are as the dove;
 No vine on earth with thee compare,
 No breast so filled with love.

No tower can be half so high,
 No mantle half so red;
 Thy feet are where the saints did die,
 And where the prophets bled.

Thy mantle's white in prophets' blood,
 Wash'd from the direful slain,
 Descending from the living God,
 Forever to remain.

A partner for my beating breast,
 Thou art designed to be;
 Thine hands the pillars of my rest,
 My spirit feet for thee.

EXALTATION NAKED TO THE WORLD.

ON daughter of deceit, thine heart is dark as the midnight shade, thy sorrows hath no end, and thou art never still. Thy prayers are never accomplished; the Lord is deaf to thy supplication, and Jacob's God to hear thy cries. Thou dwellest in the corners of the streets all the day long—thou hast courted priests, and these have embraced thee for wages. Thou hast given to thy princes and nobles the highest places in the world. Thou hast oppressed the poor, with a hand of iron from thy dark heart, which is as clay in the midst of the tomb. Death is written in thy forehead—thou hast ten thousand enemies—the poor and the humble hath cursed thee with ten thousand curses, and sealed thee with an everlasting seal, to rise no more. Thou art indebted to men, and hath not wherewith to pay.

Thy priests are as dogs whose teeth are worn—they cannot hold the prey, they are hated—and not beloved in all the earth. Thy countenance is falling, and is as the evening shade—thy sun is setting to rise no more. Thou art as a naked harlot in the street and without a garment to cover thy shame from the world. Thou hast led little ones captive,—thou art the destruction of children, and lead parents down to hell. Thou art near-sighted, and seeth not that which is to come—and is decreed of God. Thy books all consist of the present moment of time. Reward is hid in them from thine eyes. Thou hast courted kings and kingdoms, to thy breast; they have drawn their wine therefrom, and became as drunkards in the day time—thy judges reel in courts as a drunken man, and thy juries are blind to justice—and false are all thy decrees. Thy name is blotted out under Heaven—thy offspring will be weak in years to come, and wandering long to find their rest. Thy springs of consolation are gone dry—the inhabitants of thy bosom are angry, because their time is short here below. Jesus saw thy prince fall from glory, and exceeding angry in the earth because his kingdom hath an end. Thou inspirest to pride, and to oppression; the poor mourn beneath the burden of thine hand and cast floods of tears at thy feet to affect thine eyes; all are dark with thee. Thou dwellest in the regions of darkness, the sun never shone upon thee, nor moon nor stars hath ever given thee light. Thou art the daughter of distress, the bride of princes, the concubine of kings, the harlot of priests; thou hast deceived. Thou took the hireling into thy chamber for wages, he will return naked to the world, and long repenting of ever tasting or drinking at the springs of thy false consolation. Thou hast made him poor that sought to be rich. Thou hast robbed the world of his wages, and clothed thy beloved with the wages of sin. Thy flocks

cry loudly unto thee, but thou cannot answer their bleating. Reason is far from thee and justice is unknown to thy guests. How wilt thou feed, poor one! the children of God demand their own, thou hast gathered the grapes for many years, but a greater than thou art is the earth, the hand of the living God, and the balance of justice.

The same arose not in thy courts, but far from thee but as an army that rose between the setting and the rising sun, so hath justice made her appearance, and found thee unarmed, the world rejoices at thy downfall, thou harlot of oppression, that led churches captive with thy delights. The widow and the fatherless mourn because of thee, while thou art drunken with wine, and clothed with deceit. Thou stole the priest's robes that were of old, to cover thy nakedness, and in these garments thou hast destroyed the peace and tranquility of this world. Thousands have bled for thee, free-born children have stained the earth and the sea with their blood for thy support; thou art fallen at last, thou hast no resting place in the mind of this world, thou art hated because of priests thou hast sent abroad, thou filled their lips with decrees, and then bid strangers welcome in; and when members came within thy gates, thou shut to the door upon them, thou blindfolded them, and then reached forth thine iron hands in darkness, to the spoiling of the goods of the poor to thy support. Thy feet are on false pillars, and all thine house is sand, mouldering down to dust and there to lie in everlasting ruins. Who will mourn for thee? the inhabitants of the earth will rejoice in thy disease, thy priests and princes may wear sackcloth forever. Kings and councils may mourn over thee, that thou hast deceived. Little children will come short of thy forbidden breast, thy springs are turning dry, and it will be well if the waters thereof are not turning into blood, and thy attendants fight for thy cause. Oh deceiver of the world, I behold thee this morning as thou art, and what thou hast done to the sons and daughters of men, the powers of heaven are against thee, and thou art hated with a perfect hatred here below; thy drink is made bitter as gall, thy meat as wormwood, and thou partakest with a curse from this world. No son of justice reaches forth his hand to thy support,—thy fall is appointed and decreed, and will assuredly come to pass. The inhabitants of the earth are against thy standing, they stone thee, and thou hast no defence, thy looks are pale as ashes, thy countenance burns with indignation, the fires of hell are in thy bosom, and thou hast nothing to heir to them that are looking up to thee,—thou art cursed of the most high God. Thy shame covers the whole earth, thy garments are divided with the world, and thy rewards are a curse for thy distribution. Thou hast taken from one, and given to another; these things that belonged not to thee from the foundations of the world. Thou art a criminal in courts—thou walkest in chains, and irons are on thine hands, thou art condemned, and crowns nor princes

cannot release thee ; thy place of execution is over hell,—thou wilt be remembered with indignation for evermore. Thy stain is of a deep die. Thy blood is darker than the shades of the night ; to these God has given moon and stars, but thou hast no light at all ; thou art as a body without a soul, thy guests are bodies of clay, their end is with the dead, they never placed a compass on earth for the feet of men, nor lighted a lamp in the ^{aut} season,—they were born to sorrow, and their lives to decay ; their station, the most miserable amongst men ; for their disease, there is no physician, there is no help, they rose to fall by thy invitation ; they exalted themselves above the prophets, and the saints. Oh thy blind eyes have proved their ruin ! Oh that my soul may ever behold thee as I do this day ! and shun thy invitations, as the gates of hell, for thine end is in the silent chambers of death. The brutes will rejoice over thy grave, they have swiftly carried thee from place to place, and thy sons to battle—when in justice they should enjoy a quiet rest. Thou art the misery of man and beast, a tyrannical oppressor of the poor, the blindness of kings and princes, the delusion of priests and the miseries of the world ; thy bread is bitter in years to come, and thy wine is mingled with gall that thou hast in store for thy beloveds : strangers will hate thy bosom and pass thee by, thy sun is setting to rise no more. Thy evening sun is clouded with blood ; there will be wars and blood concerning thee ; and many bodies untimely buried in the ground. Disease will visit the nations because of thy decrees, and the physician flee from the terrific sound of death. Poor creature ! who would have made thyself rich on the spoils of others, and have placed thy banners as high as the sun in the skies ; thou would have illuminated the whole world with thy false light, but God and Christ would not suffer thee to reign. The voice of the prophet is raised up against thee, thou hast disquieted the tombs of the dead. The ancient lawgivers in Israel curse thy name, and crucify thee without the gates of a New Jerusalem descending from God out of heaven. Thou art neither numbered with the prophets nor apostles, Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob—where wilt thou dwell ? Flee to the desert to hide thy shame, and perish in everlasting darkness ; it is decreed for thee, and binding chains for thy feet. Thou art unworthy to live or dwell with the children of men ; thou hast arisen in the days of our childhood, and deceived many, but thy decree is to reign no more. Humility is established in thy place to reign forever. Thou art dethroned, thou art forever done, thine end is with the dead, there never will be a resurrection of thy power. Thou ruined Israel of old, and thou art the downfall of the christian world. The heathen will not receive thee, thy character is darkness in all the earth, a queen thou hast been (but now a widow) exalted above Sinai. Horeb was not good enough for thy dwelling, thou *placed thy feet on Zion,*

and from thence is thy downfall forever. Thou hast dwelt in the bosom and spirit of priests, the highest station in life, but now thou art forever done, so saith my soul. Amen.

Oh widow who can mourn for thee,
Though long and loud thine offspring cry?
Parentless is thy family;
For they were only born to die.

No joys nor life ne'er marked thy tomb,
For death's in chains where thou doth lie.
A cloud o'ershadowed thee at noon;
Thine angels doth in darkness fly.

Death is engraven on their wings,
The hand of God is writing there,
An end to priests, an end to kings,
Jehovah in his wrath doth swear.

Humility is called to rise,
From the deep tomb where long she's lain,
Shine as the sun amidst the skies,
And on her wings a Saviour's name.

DECEMBER 6th, 1832.

WHEN time to come spread out her wings,
I saw her golden name;
She sorrow to my bosom brings,
And fills my heart with pain.

She early from the tomb arose,
And took her flight by day;
She's restless in a world of woes,
Deep sorrows to obey.

By night she to my bosom came,
And found my soul in prayer;
Then on my heart she wrote her name,
And cloth'd me with despair.

On her bright wings I saw my name,
She spread them forth as gold;
And from the tomb she early came,
The mournful days of old.

Her wings were stain'd with prophets' blood,
She bid my soul arise;
Oh then her name I understood,
My spirit heard her cries:
She bid me move from hill to hill,
Her bosom to declare;
A thousand smiles her face did fill,
And her sweet bosoms bare.

DECEMBER 7th, 1832.

THE BLESSING OF GOD TO SINNERS.

THE mercies of God are incalculable, and his ways past finding out; his wisdom as the depths of the sea, and his love to the world without end. He beholdeth in darkness where we see not, and he seeketh after the soul that is lost; he meeteth the humble with kind embraces, he stumbleth the exalted sinner in his ways. He foundeth the integrity of the exalted; he maketh his steps broken, and his own hands layeth a snare for his own feet. These things he hath determined in his everlasting counsels, and his decrees will have no end. Sinners, look upon these lines with me; let us behold our own image and fear to die, for with us God is not well pleased. I have part with you in experience, but I am not at present partaker with you in your guilt. I am a friend to sinners in the hands of God, forgiving many and loudly accusing the world of falling short in God's glorious purposes in the creation. A man that is lost knoweth not what to do, nor where to go; for he knoweth not where heaven is, nor that the darkness of the lost is about his feet. He wanders to and fro, and findeth no rest. Heaven is hid from his eyes, and repentance is obscured from his soul. God appears in mercies to him like the rising of the sun from the shades of the night, and he declareth unto him in positive terms,—“I am the way.” What doth he desire of us, save that we should be happy (for this is the purpose of our election) and praise him for our redemption forevermore. He seeketh after us for our own soul's sake, which he hath given, and breathed into us when we breathed the breath of life. Now let us contemplate upon his goodness, and see if reasons can be given why we should not obey. Doth the earth contain more than heaven hath to give? Can we be comforted without his favors? No, not one. Where is wisdom to be found but in the bosom of the Lord? Where is direction for our feet but in the tabernacles of his grace? Where can the mind rest but in his presence? Who hath sold his counsels and have somewhat to

boast? Oh foolish man, (because he will be so,) is there not power in heaven to convince men of error? and convert the mind to choose the commands of God for the paths of life? He hath not written to blot out, nor draw lines to condemn; they are to assist men in wisdom, and make his daughters wise. A child left to himself is a prey to this world; self is not to be trusted in. Nature is not corrupt in itself, but never was made to dwell alone. As a brute without eyes, so is a man without the presence of the Lord; he runneth into the fire or into the water, and drowns his soul in affliction. How can he see peace where the Deity hath not appointed it? There is none,—vain man, the space is empty to comfort, and there the world mourns this day,—thence we meet with untimely deaths, there nothing is sure. Let me entreat thee, vain man, to be wise, and my children to forsake the paths of folly. The end is eternzi ruin; there is no recovery from the pit when the tree is once fallen.

What inspires me to plead? If I am saved, what will all the rest of the world be to me? Let me tell you, and attend to hear, it is a Redeemer's love in my soul for the whole world. I have no interest here for pleading; but great are my rewards in heaven if I continue till the end doth come.

I know of the goodness of God, and speak with confidence. I know his love to increase, and his anger to abate; and this he has given me for them that hear. My heart is as free from indignation to men, as the water spring is of the blood of saints.

Many things are required of me that are hard to give. The chiefest of these are to write a path of salvation for the sons and daughters of men; not hard if I can be passive in the hand of God, and keep my rebellious will in subjection, till the hand of God doeth the work. Him that knoweth not cannot draw the line; but him that is led to the fountain of mercies can tell the truth, and err not in the path of direction. I dare not say come with me, for this is a command that belongeth to God only, and pertaineth not unto the children of men. If every priest or scribe in this age would assume the title of command, the world would be torn in a thousand parts like a garment that none can mend.

I assume no direction to the mind, but speak freely of the deeds of life, that enables the mind to become an acceptable sacrifice or offering to God. Given to him for his direction, therefore, as to what pertaineth both to the deeds of a civil and religious life, I say, *Come with freedom.*

Behold the mercies of our God, and be at peace; there is but one God, and all men are created to serve. Is not the wages of a righteous life sufficient to tempt thee to leave thy sins? What is the end of our temptations to sin? The servants of God hath said, "The wages of sin is death." If we leave this text without explanation,

we shall gain nothing by the quotation ; and as Scripture is too often used, it would only be a repetition without the addition or explanation of sense. Therefore, let us say as death is the most terrifying messenger sent from God, and is styled the king of terrors, so are the consequences of our sins : they are received with groans, and the giving up of the ghost. We have to yield our hope to God that directed us in the hour of temptation, and fall far short of our expected joys. This is a day of Judgment indeed : it brings temptation to the test ; and the experienced hath compared it to vital death, that destroys the hope and comfort of the soul that is within us. Can we believe no body, and yet continue to sin ? Do we not act as though the Scripture were lies, and the prophets fools, and the saints vain talkers about the things of God ? I persuade you to hear them ; their spirit is with me, although they are personally not here. I am not sent to blot out their work, or to increase the family of infidels. I think I have heard their word in my soul. I think the prophets hath prophecied to me, and I shall see the event ; the saints hath called me, and I attend to hear, and I am persuaded that which hath been so good for me would be good for you also. Is not the cup placed to your lips ? why will ye not drink ? Is not bread from heaven spread on the table before you ? Can the temptations of a few moments of time here below be sufficient to offer to God as an excuse for not partaking these blessings ? If I had partaken, and become an idiot in the land, it would have recommended you to have shunned the fountain where I have partaken. Have I not received talent enough to encourage you forward ? Am I not strengthened by this daily bread, in many respects to be an example of self-denial to the world, to promote God's honour ? For this is the purpose of the creation, and the eternal interest of the soul, and a treasure laid up where death never comes ; neither can the terrors of the grave, like the pleasures of this world, take these things away.

I am sincere, and cannot lie,
To flatter I'm afraid ;
The time is short till we shall die,
And is our tribute paid ?

A thousand debts to God we owe,
To us his kingdom came ;
Our spirit us'd him as a foe,
His will was never done.

Oh sinful race of human kind,
The danger's deep before ;
Come read salvation in my mind,
And sin nor seek no more.

The sun arose from nightly shades,
 'T was long in sackcloth clad,
 And shone upon our sinful heads,—
 Such light none others had.

My soul, a stranger from afar,
 Came to your gates to plead,
 For I beheld the morning star,
 —God's tender hand to ~~plead~~ *feed*

THE JOYS OF THE PENITENT.

I am alone, saith the Reformer, and none tasteth the cup with me; mine eyes behold that—that the sinner cannot see. The waters are sufficient for my thirst, and the Spirit of God as wine to cheer my thirsting soul. My bread is equal to my necessity, and I know no want, but there is meat to supply. I cannot give to another, I alone am the heir of these things. I cannot comfort the wicked, nor put the taste of honey to their lips; but I can tell them where it is to sell, and how my kindred and friends can buy. The poor in this world hath admittance there, and they are invited to the tables of the Lord. He requires the wedding garment, and then the guest is ready. Clothe yourselves with other repenting sinners that hath lived before you, and the mercies of God are ever ready; the fountain hath not ceased to flow, neither is the store house of the Lord broken up. Offer the offering and obtain, for every reformer testifieth it is good. Who cannot believe? Who can be so foolish in their choice as to refuse the overflowing favours of the mercies of our God? Who hath tasted and wants to turn to the world again? These that fall in religion are no temptation to my feet to run after them. They not only lose character here below, but blessings in heaven above; they are ever mocked of sinners, and laughed to scorn by an uplifted world. Oh my soul, shun the pit where they fall in; they seldom or ever rise any more. These are they that turn aside in the heat of the day; they are not willing to suffer stripes for religion, unconsidering that these are conviction for sin, a just mantle for the heart. These that cannot endure never teach rightly, they cannot strengthen that give way themselves, and the want of experience leaves them blind, and they turn aside from the way that leads to heaven and God. No true reformer doeth this, he counts his interest dear, and his life cheap; he has set out on the race to win the prize. If the pride and glory of this fading world runs faster in his mind than his religious exercises and righteous deeds of life, he is a fallen captive. He that giveth back after tasting God's mercies seldom recovers.

I wish our own particular vineyard would consider this, as we have such standing evidences among us. Like the angel that stood with one foot on the sea, and the other on the land, they have a name to religion, while their soul rests on the things of the earth, the glorious angel above quoted, expressing by this standing position, or attitude, that he come to command the land and the sea, and swear by him in heaven—to us time should be no more. Oh shocking sentence to a sinful soul! I do not write these things with pleasure, but turn to my own mind; the fountain there is not exhausted, neither is the spring gone dry. I cannot live by the experience of John that saw these things. I must work out my salvation and partake also. Great are thy mercies O God to my spirit. Thou taught me that knew nothing, and I can teach the young and inexperienced in this world, and prove that I have been with thee by these little lessons I strew in thy vineyard here below. Forsake me not, my Saviour and my God; conduct me on: thy name is truth, light and life. Who has titles like unto thee? none but thou alone, my Saviour and my God. Hold up my head above the waters of affliction, suffer not the beating waves to drown my soul; for thee I was born into the world, fulfil thy purpose in me, and let me live for thee. Send me to and fro in the world, seeking that which is lost, meeting those that are weary, lightening the burden of those that are afflicted, and speaking peace to those that glorify thy name, and seek for thee more than hidden treasures. Light my lamp O God never to go out, place water in the cistern that will never fail, that I may adore thee all my life long, and speak peace to the world, when time with me shall be no more. These are the reformer's joys; victory over hell, and the pride of this world,—conqueror through faith in the arm of power. The spirit of religion is the only source that makes the man glorious here below, that washes the spots from his character, puts rings on his hands and shoes on his feet. This is the spirit that leads him to the feast of fat things. Who can boast above me, my kindred and my friends, that hath taken any other way, or hath chosen the things of this world, that I have denied for the kingdom of God? Who is my master to give me command? Who can draw my pathway with a pen? What scribe hath taught me to pen the line of experience? Who hath been with me in the desert? or hath been my judge at court? He that entered into the office came down with shame.

My life is with the poor and afflicted, my spirit drinketh with them. The pools of the haughty are long dry to my soul, and I thirst for them no more. Day and night increaseth my wisdom, and mine understanding. Come with me in action, and lean on the bosom of the Lord. This love is not exhausted, the springs overflow for the repenting sinner. Come, I am not afraid. Serve the Lord as he

engraves upon thy mind, from one Sabbath to another. I know no want but God's continuing mercy, his love faileth not, and my pen never ceaseth, my tongue repeats his goodness, till all is fulfilled, then to you I shall be no more. There is a rest in the East for my spirit. It is not particular about a point of compass, but the rest of the ancients is for my spirit, I toil with them--their spirit is my spirit, I am not wise nor strong, but as the child increaseth in strength at the mother's breast, so doth my spirit at the bosom of the Lord. Sing with me an everlasting song, my praise ceaseth not, and my prayer continues for the redemption of the world. Delay not, death is near, delay cometh not from the bosom of wisdom, but from the lips of deceit; put other beloveds by to embrace wisdom, she will not deceive thee, she is worthy to be thy sister, thy kinswoman, thy bride, and thy friend; she stands in the gates all the day and calleth to thee: her breasts are filled with love, and her embraces are sweeter than honey, come away from that which is common and unclean, and furnish her table with a guest.

Fair as the lillies grow,
Bright as the morning sun,
Wisdom's fair hands are here below,
Unto our gates they come.

Kindred arise and see,
Her breast and bosoms fair;
Her saints are there at liberty,
Her children bowed in prayer.

There the sweet clusters grow,
She is the yielding vine;
Her tongue doth conquer every foe,
Her stars in glory shine.

Her head's above the skies,
Her feet stands on the sea;
She bids the billows, and they rise,
And winds and waves agree.

She makes eternal peace,
Engraving with her hands;
Her tongue doth speak and never cease,
To give her guest commands.

Her hands hath fixed the stars,
She bids the planets roll;
She puts an end to blood and wars,
And peace she gives the soul.

JANUARY 7th, 1833.

THE MERCIES OF GOD TO THE WORLD.

I have tried the mercies of God ; I have proved him, I have given my heart to him, when I was a sinner of deep die and of crimson stain. I became burdened with my sins, and cast my soul at his feet ; I sought not for great things, but to be released from the burden of my guilt, for I have found sin to be a heavy load, and to impede my way to heaven. I was bowed in spirit before the Lord ; I cast up my necessities before him ; he heard my cry, and was not slow to remove my complaint from whence it came, and cast death and hell into the lake that burneth with brimstone and fire. He separated my soul from guilt, and set the captive free. His love did not cease when he had done this, he awakened my sleeping eyes to time to come. I beheld him afar off, with the son of peace in his bosom, my soul could hear him whisper in the ear,—and my heart became acquainted with his spirit—he began to teach my limbs to move, as he awakened mine eyes to see, and my hands and feet began to praise the Lord.

He began to send me on little errands abroad, like a child in his father's care, for without him I could do nothing. In time he cut the strings of my lisping tongue, and I could begin to speak with men, and reason with them, concerning the divine law, or will of the Lord,—I revealed unto them, that my soul had been at school with the Lord, in the secret place, or that my spirit had seen the Lord. I looked over the broad space of the earth according to the measures of my grace, and I could see no master, but God alone. I had given him my whole heart, the love of gold became weak in me, as the intoxicated drunkard staggering and reeling, fell to the ground and could not rise alone, and all that crowns and councils can enjoy would not tempt me to love the world again. This world (unblessed) is as a treacherous woman, she makes my rest as coals of fire, and lulls me to sleep within a pace of hell—I hate her decrees, and renounce her friendship, she is the mother of despair, her offspring are the judgements of the Lords, her ways are inviting, her reward is death, and the end of her days are in hell, and she cannot deliver her captives from the bonds of death. All these things have I seen with mine eyes, my spirit knoweth them, because I was a captive in her chains, and my spirit terrified with the voice of death. Marvel not, my kindred, that I turn from her gates, her sweets are bitter, and her embraces as wormwood to the lips. I saw Heaven afar off as one seeth a distant land from the mountain of the Lord, even Zion within

the soul. I got me down from the hills in secret. I hid my spirit at the foot of the mountain, till I was found of the Lord. My hand is now the evangelist of my spirit : who can write for me, there is none knoweth me, not one, it is given me to write, and to speak of the Lord, to shew forth Heaven and hell, to the world of men, as I have known in my own breast—here the line is drawn, both the upward and the downward road. The Lord awoke me in time ere I embraced the dying pillow, and all the remaining days I owe to the Lord, and more than I can do. He saved my soul from death, and my spirit from a burning hell. I can speak without Moses and the Prophets through the spirit of the Lord. His tongue hath become intelligible, and his words the law of mine heart, and by these I daily live, though the world know it not. Therefore of necessity I write unto them these things they have not seen, neither heard in the ear, nor entered into the heart of them that doth not know the Lord. The Lord awakened me with a pleasant song, his blessings won my love from the world, I found him worthy of mine whole heart, and offered him mine all as a sacrifice for sin. The Lord accepted mine offering, and I was glad of heart, and my spirit began to sing with the spirit of the Lord, and we rejoiced together in the secret place and he embraced me with his love, he drew me near his bosom as his own offspring, and bid me rest, for I was weary beneath a heavy burden, and rest was to my soul as the honey-comb, and more than kings and councils could afford. I had found the bosom of the Lord, as the lost that had strayed from his rest. I laid up all my treasures there, that I may be comforted when I am weary, and drink when I thirst. He recorded mine offerings in his remembrance, which to me is the book of life. If my name is therein written it cannot be blotted out, for the Lord, is of greater dignity than to alter his decree. He put to my lips the cup of the wicked, and I began to weep like an infant far astray, for that which I had known. Oh then I began to know the Lord—and that there is heaven and hell of a truth, I received it from him that cannot lie—conviction began to rise about me as an unabated flame. I could not quench the burning flame with tears, nor could I dispel this shining light, with sighs as the light of the lamp depart. I was a prisoner in the hand of the Lord, the chain was too strong for me, it would not part for my struggles. I sought for cause, and found none. Oh how I wept before the Lord, I sought him in the solitary place and found him not—whosoever I placed my feet, an afflicted conscience was burning in my breast, and I had no offering for the Lord that would abate the flame—Oh then I read through the sinner's life, and saw his mournful end, and if any priest or judge should say unto me, thy soul has not been in hell, with confidence I could return, he is a liar, and knoweth not the Lord.

I began to read in the book of experience, and turn over page after page, till I fear the world no more, nor the delusions of the self-conceited doctrine there is in it. I know of a truth, and it is not in the power of men to put out my lamp, so great are the mercies of the Lord. When I had endured as much as my spiritual strength could bear, the hand of the Lord would relieve me from this spiritual Jordan, ere despair took hold on me, to release no more, and I should begin to curse the Lord. He drew me home as a lost soul, from a far country, he drew me near unto his breast, and that which had been as milk to me, became wine to my spirit, and I grew up before the Lord, in spirit, and no one knew thereof,—he gave me a strange tongue to this world, and the Elders in Israel began to pour forth their wrath, as floods of water, and I hid from their eyes as one in the wilderness of the land. The Lord forsook me not, he fed me in secret, and now I shew forth openly his mercies to my soul, and write for the whole earth, to fear the Lord, give glory to his name, and extol his praises above the heavens, for he is the life and the light of men. My pen shall never cease to give him praise, nor my tongue to declare that he is good. I cannot write forever, but my hand writing shall ever praise the Lord and be added to the house of my fathers, and these that have slept in Israel.

Continue Lord, thy mercies still,
My tongue shall give thee praise;
My cup doth empty and doth fill,
And so pass on my days.

My soul sometimes in highest strains,
Too loud declares thy love;
Sometimes she's bound with prison chains,
And's mournful as the dove.

Prolong my days, my spirit cries,
'Till all thou wouldst is done;
Increase salvation in the skies,
And hope through years to come.

Uphold me when the billows rise,
When loud the tempest roar;
When this proud world, her peace denies,
Make mine election sure.

Place thou my feet upon a rock,
That death nor hell can move;
And when the powers of hell are broke,
With saints I'll sing thy love.

Thou drew me upwards from the pit,
 ("Twas in thy power to spare.)
 I ne'er thy mercies can forget,
 Nor yet distrust thy care.

Hope's beaming rays supports my soul,
 Where tides doth ebb and flow;
 Though calms appear or billows roll,
 I'm thine, I'm thine below.

THE ANGER OF GOD TO THE WORLD.

THE wicked walk on pillars of sand all their days, and at last fall into conviction, to rise no more; the rewards of the wicked are as visible as the clouds. As a sky purified from darkness, the deeds of the righteous are as stars in their character, that shine forever, so is the righteousness of the ancients. When will the light of the patriarchs, prophets and apostles be extinguished from the world? I answer with confidence, never: they may be added to, but not abolished more than the stars can be removed from the firmament of heaven. When will the evil of the past ages receive praise of God, or give light to the world? I answer with the same confirmation, never. If we add to these transgression, can we benefit the world? I answer no, but make hell the hotter, or increase the flame. We are judged according to our measures, the more is given, the more is required, can we plead excuses when so many lines are written, so many stars of magnitude hath shone unto us? Our only excuse that we can offer unto God, is this—we were called, but would not obey. Now let this sentence close up, and turn to the times in which we live. Is there no marks of God's providence visible on the world? yea, in abundance, let us read the history of the times and be wise, —scarcely a king on the throne, but what trembles with fear, lest his dominions be taken away and given to another more worthy than himself. This spark of terror rose out of hell. The flame will follow, except men repent of their evil, and turn to the Lord with their whole heart. What terrifies the world? the fear of the event of our deeds. Why hath famine and pestilence visited many in our days? These are marks of displeasure of the Lord, his wrath is in store for the rich and the poor that live a sinful life; if she hath lain a few, to terrify the remaining part of the world, receive the same as a sign that God is angry with us. Men neither rule nor serve according to his will—he is an angry God, and will not be disappointed in his offering. Misers may give their mind to Estate—and Crowns to honour, the youth to mirth, and the aged to the enjoy-

ments of life. But the Lord requires that which the world hath not in store to give. Is he an unreasonable God, requiring that we cannot perform? no, he is both reasonable and right—he gave unto man his life and breath, and hath a just right to demand them again. Can a man give his heart to God that hath given the same to another? Therefore God requires that which the world hath not in store to give; until the miser withdraws his mind from gold, and the king his heart from his personal honour, God will not receive the offerings of this world. Give him his due, and his anger will abate. Though we should offer kingdoms to the Lord in a dying day, it would not cool his wrath against our sins, it is righteousness that God requires as a recompence for our sins with which we have offended God. And him that looks for peace through a change of political government will be deceived. Our peace is in store, and is in heaven with God, but we are unworthy to receive, we have not offered him the heart as a purified vessel to contain these joys. Where shall he bestow? in the fold with the beast? No, the mind of a brute cannot contain them, they are designed for the heart and bosom of the man; and no where under heaven will God bestow his favours but in the mind of his creature man. If he has enlightened my mind to walk before the Lord, reveal truths to the world, or make bare the hidden way,—am I not in the pathway of his favours? I measurably earn his blessing when I write, and more fully when I speak, for he hath promised to all his servants. None can counterfeit his seal or signet, his words are truth, and his blessings sure. I can write without the direction of any parent on earth, or limb of flesh under the sun; he has given me work to do, and I must be doing. His spirit directs my pen. I have no personal copy before me when I write, and when I speak, it is from his name alone. Can I leave my employ to serve the world? no, not for all the gold the hills contain. What have I to yield to temptation? I have given my heart to God, and nothing is mine own, but a moment of time from day to day, and have signed and sealed my covenant with him, that time with me shall not be lost, neither shall my days win the cursing of God to be poured out on the earth—I speak the truth, because the truth is in me. I write plain because my path is clear. The cloud removed through repentance, and the sun arose to my soul, as in the watches of the night. I have nothing to relate but the mercies of the Lord, and the terror of his vengeance, therefore I continue to explain the vengeance of God to be worse than the terrors of hell, for this is the flame itself, consuming our joys, destroying our hope, and cutting us off from the pleasures of life. Turn from the gates of hell; the world is in danger; if we die in our sins who can save us? Are we sure the door will not open the day, or the morrow, and take us in? If the sinner is not sure, the penitent is; his joys are to come, and hope is present

with him. Cease to sin, sin darkens the world as the clouds doth the heavens, that the sun may shine not upon the earth. The deeds of sin are as spots of darkness in the skies, and not as stars of everlasting light. If I could teach my brother to refrain I would rejoice with him in the day of salvation, I would share with him the cup of his blessings and increase my rest in worlds below, the Lord teaches he is equal to our necessity, he is neither too fast nor too slow. He called me to awake in a needful time, and come while he had bread in store for me. If we come with a world of sinners, and strive to enter in with the lamb of God, (our works not coming to judgment before the dying day,) his words are to us as the piercing sword, that cleaves the loins assunder, and our inside is poured out on the earth. Oh, sinners! behold sinners, how dark they are; how their deeds vary from the righteous, too slothful to save their own souls and care not that their kindred go down to hell. Their spirit seemeth to lie secure in death, shall they not lift up their eyes in hell, as him that passeth by in the night season shall relate to his neighbor thine house is on fire, arise and abate the flame. If I could write forever or speak to the end of my days, I could not repent for another. Making atonement for sin, is bringing that down from Heaven of which we stand in need, or God commanding through us the acceptable offering for our brother's sins. No man can abate the flame and leave his brother in sin. Past atonements are, praying to God, and preaching to teach the world the paths of error and the paths of peace. No soul that sinneth enters into Heaven till he is clean, not one.

We read of ancient blood being spilt upon the earth, I wish not to borrow but to relate: Priest and Prophet hath poured out their lives before the Lord, that we thereby might be saved—they feared God and loved us, they knew of cursing and blessing. How they did beseech, mourn and pray that men would forsake their sins, and flee the burning vengeance of the Lord! for they knew his anger to be terrible to the soul, and consuming to all the pleasures both of a natural and spiritual life. I am not depending on the world for her joys, and therefore court her not, I have once known her false consolation nor covet more at her hands. The thrones of kings are but as sand hills before the Lord, the Lord will beat them down in a tempest that serve him not. He will take from some and give unto others, till government rest on whom he will, but the reward of the righteous shall not be taken away. The praise of the Lord is worthy, and well pleasing in his sight; the harp shall not cease that is offered to the Lord, but the music of kings and their courts shall fail, there shall be mourning and not mirth in our present Christian Israel. The feet of the wicked shall fail, their steps are on the sand, and in a tempest they will remove.

Be constant in prayer, my brethren. The Lord will try all the earth. Trouble is as rain over us in the clouds of Heaven. The righteous and the sinner shall mourn together—the one shall rise and the other fall, for the mercies of the Lord are to the just, and from the wicked they are already taken away.

Blessings we know Oh God's thy due,
Conviction gives us light;
Thine own shall tread the journey thro',
And shun the shades of night.

Although we for a moment cry,
Thine ears attend to hear;
Through love thou brings salvation nigh,
And casts away our fear.

Although the highest mountains move,
Are lost and seen no more;
The comforts of thy tender love,
Will reach the distant shore,

Altho' these gulfs we're passing through,
Is unpleasant to the mind,
Our feet are sure, thy promise true,
If rest we seek to find.

Unto the proud thou hast forbid,
Their feet shall enter there;
Thy bosom thou hast deeply hid,
And covered with despair.

A mantle covers o'er the skies,
Of these that seek for gold;
And hell is naked to their eyes,
As all thy servants told.

JANUARY 8th, 1833.

HOPE IN MOURNING.

HOPE is a companion of the just, and the weary man's friend. She is near in a time of need to these that are deserving of her embraces and salutation; she deceives the wicked in their pride, and leaves them in distress; she walks hand in hand with despair,—and these two sisters inhabit the whole earth. Hope mourns when her designs are not accomplished, but she is never disappointed in

her own. The soul that entered into marriage with her is in safe keeping: his spirit is with the Lord. Now I speak for the spirit of these that receive her embraces with confidence; from these she never departs: she absents herself for a moment to give place to her sister dear air, and then she returns in welcome to her house again, or the mind of a man. It is hard to distinguish these spirits by figures; but as they cannot be seen more than the sun by the blind, we must make use of similitudes to convey their likeness to the mind. I doubt not but I am as well acquainted with these impressions of mind as but few of my age; and I have found it in my heart to draw a few lines, such as have not been written concerning these operations that are so frequent in the world. There is a false hope, there is no doubt, and a lying despair, that tells us not the truth; and terribly the mind is troubled with this false visitor, and tossed to and fro like the waves in a tempest. What can deliver us in such an hour? The truth, and nothing but the truth. Like the mariner in the storm, many give way in despair, and conclude it is no longer possible to bear up against the floods of discouragement that come in our way. The Son of God ere he went to the grave had a taste of these bitter waters. No follower of God's word can escape this troubled stream; it must be passed through, and is a Jordan to the soul. If this cup is avoidable by the sons and daughters of men, then writing for their confirmation is vain. Perhaps no man of this latter age has wrestled with these spirits as I have, for I have been quite alone in my religious progression, and was forbidden the arm of flesh to my assistance, and had to engage the powers of hell alone. My mind has been more than the Scriptures to me, and the Spirit of the Lord than patriarchs of old. These have been my staff amongst men, and through their help I have not been confounded. There is none wiser than they are; and I commend all young travellers in religion to lean upon them, and the aged to forget them not, lest they go astray and their last end be not like unto them, *i. e.* the patriarchs of old. It is proper I should give some account of my mind; there has been more written there than in all the books in the world for my salvation and improvement. I do not say I am wiser than others; no man can be wiser than this, that is to save his soul from the burning vengeance of an angry God: and it is through tribulation we obtain the prize. Every soul or spirit has its measures of sorrow. Let us not disappoint the world by teaching them we can go to heaven by any easy way, or that salvation is cheap to the mind. It cannot be bought too dear, and is everlastingly worth more than the value given.

Scripture might be applicable in this place, but I will try my mind; and wherein I come short, borrow of these that hath lived before me, if necessity requires further explanation to reveal the truth.

False hope is the only deceiver and flatterer of mankind, and truth is the only hope of dependance and our compass through the storm. There is no hell that is eternal but despair. Hell is a visitor to us in life; we partake her bitter drugs and cry for a release; we partake of the joys of heaven, but cannot remain: so the mind or the spirit of the man is tossed up and down in life. The truth is over all these measures, and can set us free from doubting, and consequently release us from despair. We first hope in things we see and hear; flattery tells us the world is sweet and the fruit it bears. Is this spirit a liar?—not a wilful liar, for it knows no better. It rules in the heart of children and fools, but is in perfect subjection in the mind of a man that is a servant of the Lord. It repeats lies because it knoweth not the truth, and is ruling in the mind of kings, priests, and judges. The truth prophecies to this spirit to be still, and let the word of prophecy reign or ascend in the mind. We may plead inability; but a master can put a tenant or servant out of his house: so my hands and feet can refrain to obey this exalted spirit. When overthrown it becomes despair, and the servants of this world fall with their prince and are an unhappy people. Hope mourns over them; she was not accepted,—what can she do for them? She beholds them lost; she will not *relieve* them, because they will not put their trust in heavenly things. Her visitations are vain; they will cleave to the world and endeavour to rise again. They will hear to flattery a thousand times, and a few guineas will receive such captives as these from despair; and the same hope will renew in them that flatters us from the beginning, and so we go on trying the world all our days, and the virtue of her trees to make us happy, and in this way come short of the salvation of the truth till we fall to rise no more, and the cold grave close us in her arms to see no release. Now if there is not another way, hope in God is vain; but I can contradict this language,—there is another way, and my soul knoweth it.

A few falls is enough to convince a child he is not a man, and he taketh hold on his father's hand to bear him up; so man receiveth the truth, and puts the follies of youth away from his heart, i. e. he embraces not the spirit that invites him into the broad space of the earth for pleasure. He has been there already. Whom did he see? He was affrighted with the terrors of death and the mournful dread of the grave. Are there a happy guest? are these sweet kindred or companions? If not, come away from them; receive a word of advice and live. The truth reaches beyond the grave,—*this is hope in heavenly things*,—this visitor banishes fear from the heart, and leads death the king of terrors captive in a chain; she holds despair in one hand, and the pleasures of life in the other. God is the truth and knoweth all things, and deceiveth not his creature man. Man is

his own deceiver: he makes a master of his own thoughts, despises counsel, and runs headlong into error. It is the first time he prays in all his life. He may desire the things of this world, but he cannot release his feet from bonds, nor his soul from guilt; and he begins to acknowledge there is one greater than himself, called the Lord. The Lord lends unto him for a moment that strength for which he stands in need; his thoughts renew,—he sins again. The sooner we get enough of these draughts, the better it is for us; the sooner we will refrain to sin, and embrace the truth. This is false hope to an end; the reign is done when we forsake her ways: for nothing can rule over and govern us, except we serve. We are not the meanest of beings that we should be flattered by our eyes and ears to run after them: that is, partaking every thing that is pleasant to our eyes, and running after that which delights the ear. The soul has a companion, direction, and truth within itself. The endowments of God grow up in us with the strength of the mind, and we are capable of doing for ourselves, were there not a contradiction in our own breast inviting us to leave the needful work undone. This is the foe of man from the foundation of the world, and he is made able through God to conquer (if he will,) and take his dominion from him and give to another. This is giving the mind to God over and above all other objects in life. I have known my will to resign and become captive and yet live, and is loosed now and then for a little season, but sin not; for God has given my will space and time to act in, but resign to the will of God to give up my tongue, my hands and feet. This is the man in subjection; and now my will can resign without stripes, and is measurably in the kingdom of heaven, or Eden, from whence it came.

Now I sing my songs with pleasure,
Not a limb is left behind,
Every spirit has their measure,
All my heart's to peace inclin'd.

Now I cease my ill disputing,
Now I know the worm must die;
Truth is all my ways refuting,
Humble sinners captive lie.

Oh my God that did forsake me!
How thou left my soul to mourn;
She wept and slept, but thou did wake me,
Welcome Lord was thy return.

Life and truth from darkness risen,
Lights O God the darkest sky;

'Tis thou that doth release from prison,
'Tis thou ascends the soul so high.

Hope, most fair and beauteous creature,
Sought me when I would embrace,
Descending from a wise Creator,
Met me with a smiling face.

She bid me place my thoughts on heaven,
Oh then her bosom she made bare,
She said my sins were all forgiven,
And bid my spirit enter there.

DESPAIR IN DISTRESS.

The changes of the mind are applicable to us all ; and I think no soul can be quite a stranger to these things I am writing. Hope in God is an infallible trust ; but hope subsists on the deeds of life. If we hope in God, and still continue in our sins, our hope is false, and will disappoint us in our trust. We must be subject to the Lord ; he hath not made us the master, and himself the subject. We must serve, and our rewards are sure. He has offered enough for all the world to serve him : why do we delay ? because a fool is our master, and we are captives in his hand.

Hope in this world doth not continue always ; at farthest, it departs at the appearance of death, and all her flattering means give way. Death is a strong prison in the hands of the Lord : who can break his bars and see release ? None, till the door is opened, can be relieved from his chains. This is a change in life that brings all things to the test ; in truth, it is the scale that weighs the man. We are often terrified with the shadow. He taketh away our sons and daughters, removes our wives and children, obscures the field with a cloud, and casts a veil over all our works, leaves the widow to mourn in the solitary place, and anoints the eyes of the fatherless with tears to weep for friends. Why is he at all in the earth ? His terrors are the wages of our sins, and a restoration casts them away. Hope bears up the mind of these that serve the Lord, but despair casts the soul into hell, and is not satisfied ; her arms are extended for more, and her bosom is bare to receive them.

The bounds of hell are measured by the space of the earth ; as far as sin is extended, her hidden flame is spread below. The sinner is never safe ; his mind is subject to trouble, and as the mariner in the storm, he knoweth not what will be the event. His thoughts are as the billows of the sea : he knoweth not how soon his hope will

sink, and all his thoughts descend downwards to the gates of hell. This is an unhappy soul. I write for those that dwell in the body, but not for those that have gone out of it. What I have known in spirit is in the person, and not out of it,—and farther I cannot tell. These things are not required of me that are not given. I write to manifest the changes of the mind. If hope bears me up through death and the terrors of hell, I expect to receive no more in the body: for this is a perfect comfort to the mind. The wicked are far short of this constant pleasure which the penitent enjoys; but it lies at every man's gates,—why will he not receive it? why will he not take the stranger in? He is possessed of a doubtful, lying fear, that if he would receive the word of God he could no more enjoy wine or wealth,—he must begin to give to the poor, and feel the necessities of the naked, and part his fine mantles to clothe them. All these things are done for a reward. Oh foolish man! is not the employer the Lord able to pay for all this, and restore thee more in a day of Judgment than thou hast to give? We are afraid to trust, saith fear, the second time; we will labour for the harvest of the field, and make our winter's stock secure; we will leave salvation at the gates,—we will call him in when we are old and near to die. The Lord sendeth in death to bring such a servant out to him; he leaves his wife comfortless, and his offspring to mourn. He has not fed them with bread from heaven. It matters not how soon they have another shepherd,—they can scarcely have a worse. So we are parted in the bonds of death, and cannot meet again. Doth not despair become the heir of his habitation, and distress fill all his house? What profit has he in all his labour? He has lost his own soul, or the peace of it, and the earth and all her joys comfort not; therefore, death is stronger than the pleasures of life, and taketh them away,—taketh the soul a prisoner down to the gates of hell, and hell awaits to take him in. This is everlasting despair. This we may know in the person when the shadow of death passeth over us, and we behold ourselves with the dead, our wives with widows, and our children with orphans; our house without a parent, brother without sister, and sister without brother. So death divides the kindred of this world; but there is a place of embracing, of being assembled into one: this is beyond the gates of hell, or terrors of the grave. It is beyond the Jordan of our personal afflictions, where every brother gives evidence to the sister that he has passed from the bonds of temptation and sin to live with God. Peace is written on his heart. He bought the hand writing by repentance. When he poured out his heart before the Lord, as blood runneth from the veins, he acknowledged his guilt, and offered his heart to God a sacrifice for sin. God accepted the gift as his own; he gave it to man, and it is in his power to give to God again. This is leaving

despair in distress and the heart set free from the prison gate. He bid peace welcome to his soul. He wishes to try the world no more ; she hath deceived many. Why should we disbelieve the evidences that God has given us ? Who has seen the wicked happy, or of continuing joys ?

We proceed farther to relate something in imitation of the truth. Death is stronger than the joys of life or the stolen pleasures of Eden ; but the truth binds death with a chain, conquers all his terrors, and leaves them captives at the prison gate. Oh that I could persuade my friends to serve the truth, and distrust flattering lies. I know what I have written, and I am here with you. I have written for the Lord and for his purposes, and surely these are his gifts to men that are herein written. He administers all in a needful time ; and we might know much by these changes of the mind if we would embrace them.

I am not cut off from one pleasure in life, and yet serve the Lord. Sin is no pleasure to the righteous. Him that forbears to sin separates himself from distress, and enters a garden of joys, where all that God has created is lawful for him ; and he partakes without sin, and doth not offend the Lord. The Lord rejoices in our pleasures. The comforts of the righteous—they are for us—and it is his pleasure to give, if we choose to receive them. We must embrace them through his law, written in the mind,—we must not steal them, lest we boast of self-sufficiency. Therefore he hath prepared despair to take them away, and to make the honeycomb bitter to the lips of the robber that steals. We must know God to be a giver, and man the receiver with a thankful heart. Then at what a low price do we receive the joys of life ? It is then indeed we know our sacrifice, whatever it is to be, well sold.

Oh could I see that happy place,
 Could I from hell arise,
 I'd meet the Lord with shame of face,
 Nor hide my sacrifice.

I'd stand upright my guilt to own
 With all my mantle—shame ;
 I'd not forbear to weep alone,
 I'd not from prayer refrain.

At yonder space the distant hill,
 Is naked to mine eyes,
 Behold ! I see my saviour's will,
 Spread over all the skies.

Oh Father make my mind like these,
 Where all thy works adore,

The Sun, the Moon, the Stars agree,
Nor change forever more.

Peace thou commands in every part,
Where thy bless'd hands were spread;
Write down thy name amidst my heart,
And raise me from the dead.

Command my feeble soul to rise,
And give her wings to fly,
Alone, alone to thee she cries,
And thou shalt not deny.

Give me a mantle for my breast,
'Twill cover all my shame,
Receive me to eternal rest,
Never to sin again.

I have written the truth; my mind is covered up as the maiden conceals her bosom, and my hand is at rest. My mind rests as still waters before the Lord; my mind is not prepared for stripes but for the joys of heaven. A moment's rest on earth is a blessing to the soul. Was it not for the courses of life, I might imagine my days might be long, and my years not a few. There is no terror in the grave to them that repent of their sins, and our stay is but waiting for the greater salvation. This body is but a load to them that want to go hence, and is wearisome to the righteous. I am not righteous according to the measure of the world, but I am nearly equal with mine own, and my soul is at peace with all men, and comforted with God; his blessings are as the drops of dew upon the rose, so is rest to the weary spirit. Shorten or lengthen Oh God but at thy pleasure—righteousness with me is to be resigned. Remember Israel thy son for whom I mourn; comfort him and I will be satisfied here below. I covet not gold, nor long to live but that these that mourn be comforted, and him that is lowest in the valley, be set on the highest hill.

Let Zion appear with her guest—let peace arise. Time is far spent and Israel is not redeemed—thy chosen one and Jacob thy people—thou wilt call Israel in Jacob; and in Abraham shall thy seed rejoice. The hills wait for their coming, the Sun will not set till Israel is at rest; thou wilt turn the light of this world back on the dial, till Israel reach his fold, and thou art at rest with him. Israel shall come forth from thy bosom, and inhabit the earth, where they have been captives. Shall thy songs be sung, for thou art truly his great reward, his harp shall not cease to praise, nor his bow be unstrung till his foes are captive, and the banners of wisdom rule over them; then all the earth shall see the Lord and Israel's name forevermore.

FEBRUARY 2nd, 1833.

THE LIFE OF A REDEEMER IN THE MIND.

God possesses the hearts of those that love him; if he hath redeemed us from vain and transitory enjoyments he possesses the whole mind, and this is altogether the pillars of the man, and the principles of action. The mind is a combination of our numerous thoughts. It is these that compose the mind; and there is one Judge over us to comfort or confound all the imaginations of the heart. We are not to believe that God teaches those that *will not receive*, or that he poureth out his judgments on the heart of a stone: he chastizes where there is feeling, and where there is life, and uses the rod where it will touch the heart. He feeds where they are hungry, and conceals the bread of life from the exalted of the age. He waters where they are thirsty, and leads where they have no way—he embraces those with love who turn from their sins, but leaves fools to enjoy the imagination of their own thoughts. Our thoughts are in as much want of a God to govern them, as the beast is in want of a master, without, without which, he is good for nothing—the hardest stone can be broken—and rocks did rend and the earth trembled when the Son of God gave up the ghost—an alarming circumstance. I receive these figures as a word of prophecy of what was to follow our Redeemer's groans. His end shall be multiplied unto all flesh—the distant hills shall know his name, and tremble; the hardest heart shall fear the Lord. When the heart fears and trembles the whole man is in danger; the frame of nature shakes when the pillars tremble, and human invention will return to the ground, and become as dust in a ~~creature's~~ hand, the judgments of the Lord are in the earth. I would if possible teach the human family 'till they know these things; but my desires are beyond bounds, and limited by a wise Creator that governs all his work. He hath reserved that in his own power that none can do, and will reveal himself glorious to the children of men. My heart fears the Lord because I know that he is terrible in judgment, and that his convicting word doth reach the mind. God forms his image in the soul of those that love the Lord, and giveth unto him the whole heart; and the man becomes as passive clay, and the mind as still waters before the Lord. He has destroyed the old world in such a mind, as sure as the flood overspread the hills. He hath consumed the exalted mountains with fire, he hath smitten the earth with a curse, (this is a Redeemer's baptism;) the life of God in the soul doeth this—puts every exalted thought under his feet, as the brute in chains, they are imprisoned captives of the Lord. He binds and

Creator's

releases according to his own good will, and resistance fleeth as a shadow before the wind; the man hath nothing to glory in; he knoweth that another mightier than himself doeth the work: and this is a most solemn and true information why every humble mind is clothed with humility, and exaltation disappears as spots or stains from the garment well washed in a Redeemer's blood—blood is but a figure that implies life—it is impossible to wash a spirit in blood, but it is not impossible for a spirit to reform and change the mind. There are numerous contests up and down in life about figures and types; but where the word of God has made an impression on the mind, we read plainly; and the chastizing hand of God blots out disputes, erases fears and doubts from the mind, and refills the space with faith, and the bosom bursts with love to a Redeemer. These never rest without declaring the works of God. In their deeds, some are strictly honest, some abundantly charitable, and others run to redeem through the great abilities that God has given. I have sat me down to count the numerous objects that are now before redeemers, and I declare before God that temptations are set in their way; they run for a false prize and lose the true riches intended of God.

The more we enjoy of this world, the less of the kingdom of heaven; for which sense I have returned hearty thanks to my Redeemer, that he hath made me a child of trouble, and the joys of men bitter to my soul. We will not drink much gall because we love it not, neither do I the common pleasures of men. God keep me so. For instance, the soul has bounds, there are ten thousand things that our thoughts cannot reach, this is wisdom without the soul, why do we not receive it, it is in the bosom of God to give, and wisdom and works are the offspring of his own heart. If a gallon measure is full it will contain no more, because it hath its bounds; if our souls are filled up with folly, and longing desires for a few flattering enjoyments of life, they will hold no more; wisdom remains outside of us, and she will bring forth by another that will receive her tidings, and leave us as a stock or stone by the way side; like a man waiting for the judgments of God to be overthrown by his power in a future day, there he stands, showing to the world her engravings and titles, and exhibiting to travellers what the world has engraven upon his heart. One says a thousand pounds a year of this world's goods, and the things of time; we pass a little farther and read twice the sum on another; another tells us great education, he has been to school with men, and he is worthy of a title; and the next corner we see *Bishop* written in the forehead of a man, with his arm leaning on the crown of England, or some other nation—the king's head is lower than his, he teaches at court, and reveals the will of God on the Sabbath, and I believe him to be as far from being a redeemer as a

bullock is from being cheese ; but we must look what follows, we have not yet come to the end of waymarks : Behold a numerous parcel of boys are putting on priests garments, their eyes are fixed on the bishop as they draw on their mantles, he is fat with the good things of life ; kings and nations serve him, gold itself ornaments his character, his work is easy and his burden light, and who may not follow him ? The priest has become the honourable man, that was once abused, whose heart was well acquainted with the smarting scourges of sin. I have now seen enough to fill my heart with unbelief, that God hath ever sent worldly minded men to redeem his children from these disappointing enjoyments here below. Keep my heart Oh God from these things, and forbid my spirit to trust in them. I saw a man that had been to church ; he returned hungry and full of sorrow, the will of God was not revealed unto him, he leaned upon his staff and said our priests are poor, they are without bread from heaven, our flocks are going astray, and there is none to save, he shed a tear and departed from me. I wept before the Lord and was silent, for I am too young in spirit to hail him with the truth, I sought the bosom of the Lord, and was comforted, he told me that suns should rise from still waters or from a deep mind—I renewed my hope in God my saviour, he multiplied my strength, increased my faith and I uttered a few sentences in the name of the Lord ; the hearer rejoiced, the city was glad, the heart ran over, the cup was full, and the people at peace ; these are shadows of things to come, for I fear not to speak in the name of the Lord, for his words are truth.

We now come to the point in hand, and give a full explanation of the life of God in the soul or a redeemer in the mind. God disquiets the still waters, he breathes upon the mind, he sets our thoughts in motion as the billows of the sea, and at his command alone are they still. My spaces of rest are exceeding short, but as day and night succeed each other, so are the sorrows of my soul, for I am a troubled man. The vineyard is great committed to my trust, the labourers are few, and I behold myself alone before the Lord. I have no staff but his name, and I am afraid that humanity will betray me, and that I shall be forsaken of the Lord, and fall to rise no more. The fear of this event clothes me as a mantle, and I wear it all the days of my life ; this world hath given me this. I see so many worms worrying in the earth, trying to make holes in the ground like the miner for gold, I fear that I shall fall into one of these pits also, and become a servant of pleasure, and hated of God. But I know other things than these, and my heart is clothed with a covering that I never have shown to the world, nor ever will, except it is known in deeds. I have confidence that God will keep me, as I deny temptations, for this is his written word and his Spirit is the truth of the things written.

I now come to the office of the priest, and compare his heart with mine, and put the two in the balance together, and our deeds shall balance for us, and him that can testify the most plain truths of a redeemer will find the greatest acceptance in the world, and the most numerous favours of God. A redeemer in the mind, is as a strong man that removes hills and mountains and casts them into the sea. He maketh the path of his servants plain, their light clear, their morning without clouds, and embraces them with the light of the sun. The spirit of truth brings the Son of God to remembrance; Moses, Aaron, and the holy prophets, David and the saints; and these are such evidences for the believer, though he were alone in this age, that he standeth upright before God; he hath chosen these for his staff, that hath received great favours. What is a title without substance or a mind without works? All the godly patriarchs of old evince by the deeds of life that the word of God was with them, writing in the heart these righteous deeds that came to light. These were men of sorrow, sons of love, and vessels of great joy, for they contained the pleasures of the Lord. The Lord enlarged the mind, as the infant groweth up from small to great, and made the minds of these men the habitations of wisdom, and these enjoyed her embraces in the secret place, when the waters were still before the Lord, then did they drink the sentence of "well done." Lord, make my heart like these, let wisdom be my wealth, and my joys the income of life; and thy smiles will fill my whole heart. Thy conviction maketh way in the heart for a superior guest in life—destroys the title of Kings and Bishops—consumes the exalted station, and sinks gold to the depths of the sea, where it can be seen nor known no more by all the servants of God. As the furnace purifieth from dross, so thy word doth cleanse the vessel from temptation, stains the pride and glories of life, and sets the wandering and deluded captive free. Thou assumest the mind to thyself O God, as thine house or tabernacle here below; ~~these doth not despise~~ the heart of man—thou hast made it for thine own dwelling, this is where thou showest thyself to man, it is all thine, all must bow before thee, all must confess thine is the inheritance, and must give way, all must remove at thy command, and turn to earth again; we receive them from the earth and to thence they must return. They enter in by the gates of temptation, and false representations, and unto dust they must return; they appear false to evidence that God is true, and that the truths of his word are forever.

Him that God loveth hath a living soul, fear hath perfect place therein, and affects the mind against temptations. Love is her sister and embraces the world of men with friendship, and courts the world as a maiden, to win salvation to sinners, and this is the priest's prize, to win souls from eternal death by the word of his lips, expounding the law the Lord hath written upon his heart.

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Oh Lord how lonesome and how few,
Are these that seek thy name;
They sorrow, sigh, and travel too,
The wandering soul to gain.

They pray, to win them to thy love,
Their heart is all sincere;
These lead the soul to heaven above,
These see the pathway clear.

These knew a dear Redeemer's prayer,
And God that doth redeem;
Their days doth with thy sons compare,
In the same path they're seen.

Their words are lamps of endless light,
They place their feet by day;
They have both Heaven and hell in sight,
And shun the dangerous way.

Gold is to them as harlot's bait,
That takes the stranger in;
They'r loudly crying at the gate,
To save the world from sin.

FEBRUARY 3rd, 1833.

THE SALVATION OF THE WORLD.

God destroys to build again—he maketh us sorrowful and glad, these are the changes of his hand upon the hidden mind. We can mourn in secret, and rejoice alone; it is not all lost that is not seen, nor all forgotten that we have not revealed to our friends; we may hear one day and speak another, receive at night and shew forth in the the morning. I continue to write because the spring hath not gone dry, or because the Spirit of revelation ceaseth not to reveal; but when I have written all I shall write, it is no more than the heart contains, and the numerous figures the Lord hath given, of which I know the substance, and can explain to the critic the substance of which these lines contain.

I was never a mocker or despiser of my father whose feet was placed in the happy station, Eden, and slid out of it; neither do I believe that his enjoyments or reward ever inspired me to sin. For

instance, though a man should never read the bible or history of his life, he will find it in his mind to do as he did, partake of pleasures contrary to the will of the Lord.

There is scarcely a being created, man or beast, but God has endowed with a sense (if it may be so called) that he has a superior, and will flee from him. Adam fled from the presence of the Lord, he was not ready to come to judgment. It is the first time that we read that he feared the Lord. He had lost his friend, broken the ties of society, and strove to hide himself alone, for him and his were one flesh and blood, one was made of the other, and both were limbs of one body, whom I suppose to have been the clothing of the Lord. The sinner begins to embrace misery after transgression. I should not have taken up the works of creation to assist the revelation of my thoughts save for this reason, that through these means I could make my heart more plain to the world. There is no person content in childhood, nor youthful days; the very infant will cry for help like a repenting sinner. Is it not right in the sight of Heaven that the soul should not remain in this crying and craving disposition? As the mother feeds the child, God grants to men their request; to prove that their desires are incorrect, he makes that which is sweet, as honey to the lips, bitter to the soul. It was in his power to keep Adam from the forbidden tree; but he had no experience to build his house upon, the fear of the Lord was not about him, no more than the sucking babe fears the mother. He made himself equal with God, and set to work to execute his own designs, and make himself happy by the deeds of his hands. If he had succeeded, reason teaches us there would have been no God, but man, nor angels but our thoughts to direct us in life. But God covered him with a mantle shewing forth his capacity—with the low mantle of the skins of beasts, teaching us thereby that he put in practice the disposition of a beast. Whose abilities are capable of their own direction, save these that are servants unto men? He placed him far off, he sought him when he was lost, he convicted the works of his hand, by so doing he fits and prepares our heart to receive the wisdom of God. Think ye that Adam rejoiced in the old woman's fruit, which she said was so good untried? Here we see the whole follies of youth in one man, and one woman. And I believe that Moses the writer knew this way in his own soul, as I believe the brute knoweth the stall or place of watering. What is food to these that are not hungry? It is tasteless to their lips. What is water to them that never thirst? Not worthy of notice. What is the word of God to them that are full of the joys of life?

Adam was in trouble before God spake with him; as he had invented one action, he thought he could find a cover; what he had done did not fit the heart. The hand-writing of God was there, and he

observed a broken law and a disconsolate mind ; there is no hiding from the presence of the Lord. He will not accept of our excuses or covering—he provides a cover that fits the mind, and generally speaking, men appear no great things in the spirit of the Lord. I do not believe if Adam had found one of our Bishops among the trees, that he would have been tailor enough to have clothed him to please the Lord. So, it is God that covers us with blessing or cursing, as he will. He is well acquainted with man in all his thoughts, there is nothing secret or hidden from his eyes—he could as well have spoken to Adam the moment he received the fruit as afterwards, he could save the world from sin without sorrow, but it is not his will and pleasure so to do. He speaketh to us in trouble, he sheweth us how we come there, and that it is by breaking some good law or advice previously given to save the soul from sin. For instance, no mother can keep the infant free from transgressing counsel or the laws of the Lord. She cannot retain the comforts of her breast to her sucking babe, the little infant will rise from it, and through their own deeds bring that unwelcome visitor, trouble, to their own young and tender minds. God follows them because of love, and tells them how it came. They have a mind in them to search after hidden things or forbidden trees ; he tells them his word and will is greater than the whole heart, and must be obeyed. Now if it were in our power, we would save our darlings from such bitter cups ; but there is no other way provided to introduce fear into a hard heart, but by and through the gates of sorrow, and then it reaches effectually and doeth more than the parent can do, or angels from Heaven. Therefore sorrow, grief, woe, disappointment, groans and tears are all servants of the Lord, sent to redeem man from trusting in invention, and inviting him to put confidence in the will of God his creator, adviser and law. Therefore, it is the weary only that are prepared for rest ; those that are tired of invention and making coverings, and choosing fruit, that will come forth openly, naked as they were born, and own their sins before the Lord, and uncover their shame to the whole earth ; God receiveth such as children of his love. He taketh off the skin of the beast, and putteth the robe upon him as becometh the man, the best in the whole world, for he is the most noble creature of all his works, he leadeth and guideth him by his words—he maketh his heart as the angels in Heaven. He maketh his body a perfect garment for the soul, and the deeds of the man sheweth forth the works of God in the mind, and through man he reveals his will to the whole earth. This mind craves no higher station—he can teach men, he hath bread in store to give from the hands of the Lord. Gold becomes of none effect, the will of God becomes to him as the mother's breast and more, for his soul in the bosom of the Lord knoweth no want.

Oh happy man from pleasures free,
That hills and mountains doth afford,
Kindred and brothers unto me,
Whom God in mercy hath restored.

His soul has put new mantles on,
Such as the Prophets knew before,
Like unto these that's dead and gone,
But such as never hath been wore.

Each one's a mantle of his own,
Such as the Lord in mercy saw,
On whom the sun hath never shone,
His hands doth clothe them with his law.

He makes their path a stream of blood,
The simple cannot err therein;
And he's an ornament to God,
That's weary and forsakes his sin.

The hills and mountains give him rest,
The river overruns with joys;
The mountain and the valley's blest,
Where neither time nor age destroys.

FEBRUARY 4th, 1833.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN, OR THE PATHS OF PEACE.

It is not the wise and prudent man that finds the hidden way, the learned nor the great; it is not the general, priest, or king, but the plain, simple, true, and upright man: his deeds hath acceptance with the Lord, and heaven is his great reward. Peace doth not consist in wealth or honour, country or kingdom; but in the will of the Lord revealed to man. We have now the pillars laid, and will build upward according to wisdom given. God hath a will for us to perform on earth.

The will of the Lord is the law of men. As for men inventing peace through the imagination of the mind, it is impossible; God hath made it so for the purpose of his own glory. The waters of the most distant and remote spring can find the bosom of the sea. Why cannot man find the city of God, if God hath so formed the water course, and the liquid stream can trace his will to the fountain of the great deep? Is the mind weaker than water? Cannot the mind know the appointments of the Lord? The water hath but one

way and cannot miss the course, but the mind of man hath two ways : the one is temptation, and the other is to refrain. All wise men have chosen the latter, but fools embrace the first invitation. The earth affords pleasure of which we are unworthy till we work righteousness. From hence the pleasures of the life are our great reward. We may in justice say the saints and prophets have been unhappy men. The paths of experience are ways of tribulation, and every anointed son of God partakes of death or the wages of sin before he moves his tongue to declare of the city of God. He that is troubled and not for his own sins, is buying wisdom for others, and receiving bread from heaven to feed the flocks, or teach to men below. It is a singular thing to me that priests are ordained to preach without experience, and sent out to teach about a kingdom they never knew. They might as well say meat was sweet they never tasted, and that hell was a place of misery ; their father told them so, and they must be sure not to go there. We have Scripture proof to confirm experience, that the soul or spirit of the Son of God was in hell, but not to remain. Likewise Job, David, Jonah, and I believe ten thousand others unknown, these servants knew something ; they had been to school, and of such a one as never man taught, the great irresistible hand of God. Cast the spirit of these men into a consuming flame ; there all resistance is destroyed that is against the will of God. There the will of man consumes into passiveness, and resists the will of God no more.

When God has answered his great and victorious purpose in the hour of judgment, he abates the flame, and grants the prisoner relief. These know the mercies of the Lord ; and as true it is that Enoch, Elijah and Christ were translated, so true it is that God translates the penitent from the kingdom of hell to the kingdom of heaven : otherwise than this, how did these servants see a release in spirit ? or how was the soul of a Redeemer released from bonds ? These men knew these things of a certainty, and we must know them while in the body ; otherwise men go a teaching men how to take doves that never caught one in all their days. To send men out to teach the world how to shun the pit who never were in it, is like goats teaching children how to sing that never knew a song in their lives.

The learned in letters may do to teach the gentry, that are already happy in the things of life, but the poor man, the mourner and the blind, the hungry and the thirsty, need an experienced heart to teach them, a hand of mercy to lead them, one that hath been at the tables of the Lord, one whose feet have been in the mire, and saw a release ; one who had been thirsty, and drank at the fountain of living waters. He knoweth where the spring may be found ; he knoweth of the mire and clay ; his heart hath felt the cords. His

spirit hath been with God, and hath received from his own hand an appointment to teach men. His heart is the ways of peace, and his words footsteps to the kingdom of God. He wept that was not guilty, and mourned without a cause; his heart in *hell* made an atonement for sin, and his soul had acceptance in the kingdom of heaven.

Here is the school that makes the man the scholar; and him that hath not been there, is like one trying to drive a flock of sheep over the river where he hath made no bridge. So the worldly-minded are trying to redeem the world, driving men into heaven where they never have been themselves. Experience should go beforehand, and deeds be a light to our eyes. Never was a worldly-minded man as redeemer of men; he that pleads for mercy must be merciful, and him that saith repent, must have repented, or his doctrine is on the sand, false foundation and will remove. His doctrine may be good, but he is not the heir of it; sinners are not sent out to redeem the world. What is more plain than this? My son, let us go to the field and gather in the harvest that we have sown: or my daughter go to the fountain and draw to quench our thirst. The son can find the field; the father or parent strewed the seed, and he sendeth out the son to reap the increase. The mother saith, my daughter go to the fountain and draw, where I have found sweet peace and consolation of soul: so simple is the way to the kingdom of heaven. No, saith the youth, I have another mind than this; I will go to the ball, the race, or the games; I will take my part in the dance, or spend a night in the jovial throng. He lifts up his eyes in the kingdom of hell. Who led him there? The productions of inexperienced men. If he would hear one teaching the world of men next day, would he believe in his doctrine? No, he would know that his practice contained the sting of death; he was teaching that he never knew; therefore, publican like, let a man place his hand upon his heart, confess his sins, pray for mercy, obtain forgiveness, and then teach his fellow men. Will the daughter attend to the mother's cries? No, there is something more delightful, there is a flock at a distance just ascending the hills of pleasure. I must go with them, eat and drink in the hour of temptation, and make my heart glad. Oh silly one, thou art then descending the gulphs of thy ruin, thou art then going to draw up the unabated flame from hell about thy feet. Here thou art going to sacrifice thy glory to this consuming flame. Thy deeds are as fuel for the fire, and increase the flame about thee. It cannot be quenched with thy mother's tears, nor abated with thy father's groans. Thou hast then made the hope of thy father as barren as the desert sands, and clothed his heart with despair, and watered the breast of thy mother with tears that gave the suck.

Drink at the fountain of experience, and eat the bread of life given thee of God; and the kingdom of heaven will grow up about thee, and thou wilt know no ill. There is not a spring under heaven of which the waters thereof hath not a way to the sea. There is not a child born but there is a way for him to the city of God. So plain is the way to the kingdom of heaven, so sure are our paths of peace, if we will walk in the appointments of the Lord. I am a man of deep experience, almost unbounded in hope, and have an interest with God. My children, why will ye not hearken to my cries? Receive the bread of life, go to the field, I have strewed the seed, the harvest is ripe: gather in, and your rewards are sure. My daughter, go to the fountain of thy mother's experience, draw counsel from her breast. This will quench thy thirst. Let her words be the footsteps of life, and thy calling and thine appointment is sure; for thou art born to honour these that have lived before thee, whose feet have been in the mire, whose soul hath been in the pit. Their heart is with God, and their tongue will keep thy path-way clear.

Come children hear a parent sing,
Most mournful is the song;
The joys of life how they take wing,
And leave us in the wrong.

What blessings 'tis, oh child, to have
A parent good and kind,
That hourly mourns thy soul to save,
And seeks thy bread to find.

Whose hands have sought a fountain deep,
And found the living spring,
The waters cure the eyes that weep,
There maidens wash and sing.

Blest is that man whose harvest grows,
He tills a fruitful soil,
He stands upright amidst his foes,
And fights to save his child.

He stands amidst a beating storm,
Undaunted in his face,
And spreads abroad a tender arm,
The prisoner to release:

He makes the captive's griefs his own,
His soul he doth not spare;
He loudly calls the wandering home,
And doth their burdens bear.

THE WAY TO MISERY, OR THE HOURS OF DISTRESS.

The most wise and prudent man in life can find hours of trouble and the paths of misery, but it is the simple one that profits by experience, and sells his own for that which he hath bought. Is it not silly for a child to run twice into the fire in one day? so it is exceeding silly for wise men (so called) to practise these things that priests and prophets have forbid. He is the wise man only that fears the Lord. We think we are wise when we despise counsel; but the King hath said, it is the path of safety. A man must have a high esteem for his own imagination that will despise good doctrine, and cast the counsel of aged men behind his back. It is to these the truth is not revealed; and a child is wiser in the sight of God, that draws his food from the mother's breast, than these. They draw because they need; but what a fool most needs he most despises, because he is a fool: and that is the way with sons of the learned of our age. They need to go to the school of experience; but that would abase the man, as a mantle that doth not fit the proud and exalted mind. It would simplify their manners, make their tongue to be comprehended by the unlearned, and clothe them with the mantles of the ignorant, and like a day-labourer they would be earning bread for their household. I speak particularly of priests and of all teaching men. A distressed soul for the bread of life doth not hunger to see a priest's gown, nor a set of words difficult to explain. But like a lost man enquiring the way, he wants to know where is the city of God,—how far off, and how he can obtain admittance. The priest should have in store these deeds in his remembrance by which he found acceptance with God; for these to him are the bread of life. He should tell him where he is in danger of missing the way, and where he (the priest) fell into the pit, and only saw release through the mercies of God, the forgiver of sins. But true it is, him that knoweth not the way cannot direct another; but they can offer to Peter and John, that were preachers or teachers eighteen hundred years ago, and they can tell them all about the kingdom of God, for revelation hath now ceased; but invention is in full splendour, how to obtain the kingdoms of this world; if so, we may as well send the hungry man to the fountain for bread, or thirsty man to the baker for water, and the poor man to the almanac maker for the Gospel, as to go to the priest that has no experience. The fountain could not afford bread, neither doth the baker barter in water, nor the almanac maker in the Gospel, nor the inexperienced man in the things of God. These are the paths of misery, where a man travels and finds no consolation; and if God doth not visit his people, we are forever undone, and reveal to us from day to day the

way we should walk to obtain the city. What doth it profit a man to go to a dry fountain? if it is possible there is such a place, I know a place may be called a well without water, and a cloud without rain, and a *body* may be called a man without wisdom, and a man may be called a priest without wisdom or experience—a man may be called a doctor without medicine, and a man's mind may be called a soul without grace; and the poor man may say, when all these visits are performed, as Job did by his friends, miserable comforters are ye all, and physicians of no value. Now are not these things possible? and are they not measurably true? and are they not proper truths, to keep us from being deceived, and to assist us in opening our eyes to eternal light? Are not these the paths of misery and disappointment, the hours of distress? They are thought to be wise and prudent that look up to the learned nobility of the age, and imitate them in example. I have a mind to the reverse of this practice, and stand in opposition to them and their followers. They are a burden to the poor—in taxing, and rating, hard to them that mourn, and are not in haste to take our burden away. They are not content with wealth, but covet honor, by saying we are the way. What presumption this will do to teach the blind; but them that hath seen the Son of God and the prophets, even at a distance, (which is to say through history,) know better things than these, and God hath not committed it to their trust to deceive the world. I will take great pains to lay a block of stumbling in the way of the exalted. I will toil day and night for it, with faith, that I will lay that stone in their way, through the assistance of God, that kings nor priests cannot remove.

The administration of the nobility are the miseries of life; they first tell us they are wise, and we must pay them dearly for their wisdom. The end is they must be rich, let who will be poor. We bear the censuring load of ignorance on our shoulders, which we cannot remove without gold, which we cannot get; and here the counsel closes, they do not provide a way for us to be wise as them, but at great expense. Invention continues to impose, we cannot obtain the fee, and must therefore lose the prize. We may keep cattle and feed swine, we may attend the field, through sun and storm, while their cover and canopy is known by the name of office, and priests have an office now, and have bread to sell,—like bakers' old loaves that Peter and John gave to the world for nothing.

Bishops and priests are now gathering up the crumbs, and selling them to the world. Their basket is lean, their hearers are not satisfied. God hath looked from heaven on the simple part of the world. He hath taken my spirit to the school of distress indeed, for I gave it him. I know of being bound, and of being released. I know that iron law of conviction, and that justifying hour of consolation and my heart is not quite a fool to these things.

I do not know grammar, and upwards to the dead languages ; but I know of being released from the hours of sorrow, and whose hands hath done this ; and I know it to be the Lord. I never had a bishop to wash my feet, nor anoint my head with oil, and yet I can speak of the things of God and not be confounded ; and this is my great reward for suffering that which nature cannot endure.

The spirit of the Lord was with me in the furnace ; the flame consumed not my soul, but my foolish pride and exaltation, and these I would sacrifice to the Lord indeed, to see release. I have sealed my covenant with mine own signet ; I have signed with a willing mind—it is the service of my life to serve the Lord, if he will keep me, and give me food and raiment, I am for ever his ; I have provided for mine own house and little ones, as you see on the tables of the Lord this day, or hear in your ears ; I have been a safe adviser to the young, and the counsels of aged men—the Lord hath done this through me ; I have been a voice in the ears of them that hath heard, and a stumbling block or stone in the way of the exalted ; I have put the judge (or elder in the church) to silence, and have set the little captives free ; and through the mercy of God they cannot blot out the hand writing, because it is written of the Lord.

Some pleasant banks and morning suns
Afford an hour of rest,
And peace around our little ones ;
I see the flocks are blest.

No dread nor fear is in their way,
The block and stones remove ;
The darkness of a former day
Still vanishes with love.

God of our peace is still more near,
He moves these blocks and stones ;
Goliaths too doth disappear,
And flees our little ones.

It's rare for giants to defy,
As once in days of old ;
They sheath the sword and pass us by,
They're weary with their gold.

FEBRUARY 5th, 1833.

When I see wonders in the skies,
And sorrow in the earth below,
I'm certain suns from death will rise,
And tell us things we do not know.

There is a dreadful storm at hand,
 Before the morning sun shall rise;
 Jehovah's wrath will scourge the land,
 And make a remnant poor and wise.

He'll place the humble on a throne,
 A humble heart the scale shall hold;
 He'll build a kingdom of his own,
 On pillars that were laid of old.

Israel of old shall ever stand,
 The Lord hath mark'd them for his own;
 Their deeds shall ornament the land,
 Their prince be never overthrown.

Bright are the suns of Israel's days,
 The happy morning hastes to come;
 David shall tune his harp to praise—
 Jehovah's will shall all be done.

FEBRUARY 19th, 1833.

WHAT IS LIFE?

The answer is as intelligence from a far country. If we can come at the truth in reply to the question, life is near us, and yet at a distance; it is unmeasured and unknown to those who spend their time in idleness, and lose the purpose of their creation. Life is given to be known, but God is the interpreter; to him we must apply for the revelation of the soul, otherwise than this a man never cometh to the sense of his own mind. Our bodies of clay are but a figure of life; by life they move and have their being. The person is but a waymark to the mind, and the mind as a distant city or far country to those who do not seek to find the prize, or travel industriously to come to a sense of the man. The counsels of age and experience improve the mind for a time. A man's mind is as a wilderness; he knoweth not what it will produce until it is cultivated and improved. For a time God leaves the mind in the care of parents or guardians, but in time he assumes the whole controul over it, to bless or curse, as our deeds may be. The mind is life without dispute, because in the mind there is feeling, and feelings are effectual to life. The dead cannot feel, and is, therefore, a capacity, if we may so say, to the reverse of life, and hath no connection with the feeling sense of the mind. I am writing of the life of the man, and not of every living thing that moves by animation from the

hand of God. I conceive God is a spirit, because he cannot be seen with the human eye. I wish to build upon mine own reason, and not merely believe a thing is so because it is written, but come at the real sense of the word, to confirm my understanding in the things of God, and know what pertaineth to the man. We cannot see God any more than we can see the wind or the utmost bounds of the sky. We can see the animated being, but cannot see the animation. We can feel changes in the mind: it is subject to death as the plant is to the frost, or the tender grass to the mower, that falls before him. We cannot see death nor disease, but we plainly feel these operations on the mind, because it is life and capable of feeling. It is the mind that holds a communication with spirits, and commits to the man intelligence from God. The body is capable of feeling its own enemies; but the body can die and the soul be left alive, otherwise there is not a spirit in heaven that ever existed in man. Soul and body is a strange composition, but little known, and carelessly practised. We compare with other animated beings without improvement; but through the love of parents, and the unmerited favors of God, we rise above every other part of the creation. The mind or spirit of the man never was created, but is spirit, and was and is with God always, either in the far distant and unmeasured regions of his judgments, or compassed about by the bounds of his favours in which there is no wrong. Let our joys be ever so great, they are the pleasures of the Lord given unto man, without which he can enjoy nothing without a curse or the vengeance of a Being whom we cannot comprehend. It is life that receives pleasure. The dead are unknown to it: comfort cannot cheer the dead more than water can rejoice the heart of a stone. Death is a terror to all our temporal enjoyments, and this is the curse decreed of God to them that steal.

In the law of the Lord are the pleasures of life. If we plant in the wilderness it will produce nothing; so are these that hope for joys in an unimproved mind; they reap disappointment and cursing for their service; the end is bitter, and their hope fainteth away. These turns affect the mind, because the mind is the spirit of life—proceedeth out from a living fountain, and cannot die. The mind dieth not, but the action; the consequence affects the heart, and leaves the mind an intelligent being of the miseries received through the actions of life.

The body without the mind is clay, ready to dissolve into the formless mould from whence it rose. Life inspires all our actions. The body can feel nothing, but it touches the mind, therefore it is the man within that is the life of the body, and exists in all our limbs. There are many going up and down in the earth, telling about sin and righteousness, that knoweth not the man, but are like

post-boys or news-carriers, communicating that which Editors or others have given unto them. The heart or mind of these men may remain as a wilderness all their days, and then remain in the priest's office wearing titles or garments that never knew the mind of a man. I have found it in my heart to believe that man may attain to a more certain knowledge of himself than priests and prelates now reveal; for instance, one part of the man is a light to the other, and one part a servant to the other.

Doth not the servant know the mind of his master when his will is revealed unto him? Verily, he saith unto him, go and do this, and whatsoever is right I will give thee at thy return. Now query, if the servant could ever enjoyed the reward if he had left his master's will undone or the deeds of life unfinished? So we suffer for not doing the revealed will of God, and the mind is capable of seeing a Providence frown, or feel the convicting scourge laid on the heart for disobedience; the body suffers also, because life is in misery; the whole feeling sense of the man is distressed, and there is not one animated limb of the person that enjoys the pleasures of life; she is in prison, she is in bonds,—the chains are strong and the powers of the Lord greater than can be cheerfully borne. Thus life is destroyed through sin, and I will now speak with the priest: Is his heart with the sinner when he feels himself exalted with righteousness? Nay, he is far from the diseased in soul,—and I have no prospect that he will heal him. Priests ought to go to schools where the scholars learn the miseries of life, and be taught of God; they ought to go where conviction is master, and the iniquity of this world is visited upon them, and then their very life within them could testify of the gates of hell, atone for sin, and stand at the portals of heaven,—the very gates by which men enter into the joys of life. The priest's soul should be to them that hear, but the want of this convicted pilgrimage leaves us to be physicians of no value.

I would that God would improve the priests, and the priests the people; they are selling history to the world, instead of communicating feelings which would be far better intelligence to the man: one generation of people may improve one part of the mind, but the world is not yet perfect, there is more to do, one mechanic cannot answer all purposes; if all were cultivators, who would be the builders; if all were builders, who would till the field; if all were priests, who would hear; if the child was wise by birth, where would the parent show wisdom; if there was no temptation, the faculty of resisting would be in vain; if we were capable of ourselves of a truth, we would need no God; and the conclusion would be, the Deity would be without honour. The most humble man is possessed of the best wisdom; he that thinks least of a form of clay, readily most esteems the Lord. The mind is never empty nor never still; if the

soul is not going on towards heaven, she is travelling down to hell. She is ever walking by direction, but for want of information is exceedingly unwise in choice; like one that has never travelled, she knoweth not the way, and walking alone, or by some stolen means of our own choice, we fall into a pit, and the flames of hell arise about us. The soul is life, and who can feel these things, and communicate to the world the errors of action, and the events of sin?—We could not sin were there not a law given, neither could we resist without an object to deny, and all things are set in order for the information of the man, before he is born into the world; but a little self-confidence enables us to pass by all these way marks, and like a silly child, tells us we can walk alone. Woe to that soul that feels the want of a Creator's strengthening hand, for she is without comfort, and in the midst of the flame is relying only on the mercies of an offended God. Here self comes to an end. It is self-confidence that perishes, and not the mind; the mind knoweth self to depart as an unwelcome guest from the house, so doth pride and self-confidence leave the mind at God's command. The soul, through disobedience to revelation, becomes weak, and can do nothing for herself, and God has to do all for the lost sinner or he is forever undone. To prove that the mind is life, my spirit knoweth all these things, and that the will of God is the measures of the man, and it is less possible to go beyond our bounds than the billows of the sea.

The living hath an eye to see,
A tender heart to feel;
They have a list'ning ear to hear,
A tongue to truth reveal.

These know the mountain and the vale,
They feel the fall and rise;
Their wandering feet restored again,
A sun to light their eyes.

They know the banquet that was poor,
Because the heart can feel;
They know temptations lead astray,
For thus events reveal.

Without life hell would be no terror more than sickness is to those that are in the grave. Life is a mediator between God and man, capable of receiving from his right hand, and from his left; he chastizes with the one, and heals with the other; he casts into prison in his anger, and releases when he is satisfied. Whom should we fear but God only? His power is almighty, and his title is just. Without him we can do nothing. We make use of his precious gifts

to sin, and offend the Lord. If thou would give to thy friend the cordials of health, and he should pour them on a stone, would it not offend thee? Then be sensible, for God is intelligence to life from a far country. Doth it not grieve a father to see his child run into the fire or the water, and perish in one, or be lost in the other. It is to him as the loss of the field to the husbandman, in which he had hope. He expected to strew his counsels in his vineyard, and receive great joy, but behold, it is lost,—it is given to another by the keeper. So are the children of men, that give their heart to false commandments, and they smart for it in life—for life is given as a medium through which we shall receive great misery or endless joys. Life can feel and therefore discern the chastizing hand of Almighty God, who doeth nothing without a cause, nor injustice to the children of men. Now let us improve life, she is worthy, and we have the means; what has been left undone in past ages by the builders and cultivators, let us do in this. I have said the world is not perfect: we are visited with miserable events for sin, and without some other doctrine is practised than this we subsist upon, our sorrows will not abate. The priest nor prelate hath not kept sorrows from the earth, nor conviction from the heart of man. Let us seek farther than they have revealed. An offering is wanting that God hath not received, otherwise we would be the heirs of peace, that are now the victims of misery—and drag out our days like so many captives in bonds. Let us make trial—let us bring our offerings to the gates of the Lord's house. We will not sin in sincerely trying to do well, if we err, as simple children, the Lord that knoweth our need will teach us with pleasure, for it is an honour to the Lord to be the salvation of men. If he frowns on this day's work, we will change on the morrow, 'till we find the offering that will receive the sentence of "well done." Who hath pleased the Lord? We will put him foremost in the battle, he hath the strongest mind, because he hath been fed with meat, from the kingdom of Heaven. We will walk in his hand, till we can run alone; we will borrow of him till we have something ourselves, and thence we will burden our friend no more.

He that hath been accepted can lead us in the paths of acceptance; and that which he shall give unto us, shall be as water to the thirsty, and will quench our thirst: for we were enquiring the way to the city of God, and hath found a friend directing us onward, for his counsels are good. He placed our feet where they did not slide, and wicked spirits were subject to his word. If this is not the way to improve life, I am mistaken; it hath been my way, and I have found peace, the fountain of living waters. How can I change? The will of God is stronger in me than the will of man, and self-confidence bows in my soul as the little child beneath the burdens

of a man ; and this is the way I improve life, discerning the right hand of God from the left, and thereby shun the paths of trouble, walking in the paths of reputation, for communicating wisdom to the world. As the master is above the scholar, so are those that can teach above them that are untaught in the school of wisdom ; and who can take their crown away ? They received it from the Lord with a thankful heart, in a time of trouble, it was as wine to the thirsty, as meat to the hungering soul, and a sure mantle in the storms. These operations are the effects of life ; life is the gift of God, and is from his own bosom, as much as the child is born of his mother. The body is nothing but a covering, house, or habitation for the mind ; she removes again to the bosom of her father. Spirit cannot feed on flesh. This is the subsistence of the body ; but the spirit draws from the bosom of the Lord as the infant from the mother's love—is full and is satisfied. Do we not know what to feed upon ? Can we see the pathway to walk in, or the highway for men, and then say we know not the way, when we have daily counsels from the heart of experience, as rain descending from the city of God or gentle dews from a Creator's hand ? Oh self-confident soul ! who made thee stronger than the adviser ? who taught thee to run without a parent's care ? Whosoever hath done this, hath led thee into the ditch, and there to improve life, and the event of thine action will teach thee thou art a self-confident fool. Then thou hast known more than the priest could tell ; he could not communicate unto thee thy feelings obtained by self-confidence, but he could communicate words to thine ears to affect thy mind, to place thy feet upon, and receive them into thy house, as a guest from heaven or even the bread of life for thy soul to subsist upon. Feeling is the last teacher. He that knoweth not that the fire will burn by running into it, need not fear the gates of hell. He that can endure conviction and not feel, is fire-proof. He that can sin and not be sorrowful is the brute and not the man ; he has or is possessed of an animated life, but is a stranger to the purpose : he lives like a fool and dies like a brute. An estate was given him, a wilderness to improve, a mind to plant in, and reap the joys. No, he left these things undone, and God left him out of the kingdom of heaven, to die without fear or favour of father or friend. He has lived like an idle creature, he has gained nothing ; he has returned to dust without the honours of the Lord, and the vengeance of God will consume his character forevermore, for his name shall be despised and hated of men ; the hills shall not declare his glory, the vallies shall be a stranger to his cause ; the earth shall not bear up his name, and his remembrance shall forever cease. He became a parent without sense, his children were orphans, his wife was forever as the widow ; she lived without a friend, and wore the mantles of despair all her life. Life is the

powers of the mind, communicated unto us as intelligence from a far country, or a distant city that we can never measure. So wisdom has no end, and is more extensive than the bounds of the sea, beyond the compass of the skies, so unbounded are the measures of life, and I will seek forevermore.

And as I seek I'll find,
For life's not sought in vain;
Oh God enlarge my feeble mind,
Restore to thee again.

By thee the sun arose,
He came at thy command;
By thee we see our dangerous foes,
And their unhappy land.

We shun the hidden snare,
The pit t'would take us in;
For pris'ners long are howling there;
That doth delight to sin.

My sister, come with me,
I'll place thy feet secure;
I'll teach thine eyes the rock to see,
Thy buildings shall endure.

FEBRUARY 20th, 1833.

WHAT IS DEATH!

DEATH is a companion to life, and these two change the mind. They are as the balance in which all things are weighed, the decision of our deeds, the event of action, and the knowledge of the truth. Death binds sin with a cord, death casts into prison, death binds that none can release, and stills all the actions of sin. There is life and death in the animated creatures that has little or no part in reforming or improving the man. Philosophers may write about this, and give intelligence to the world, and sinners may hear, and profit nothing, except they fear, and contemplate upon the works of God.

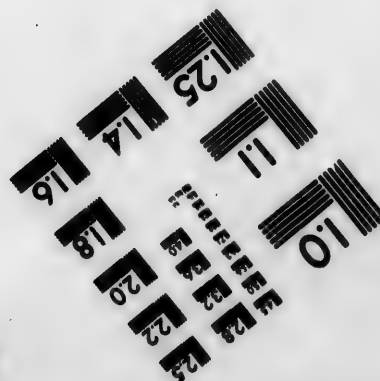
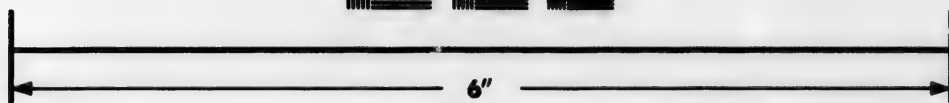
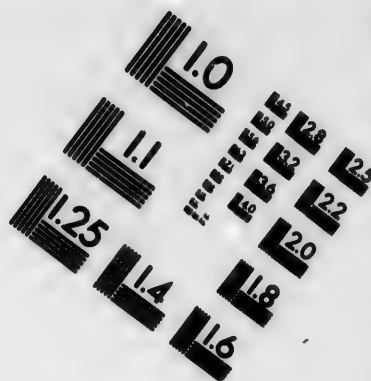
Death is a strong spirit unseen, to which life gives way. Life is weakened by sin, and death has gained a usurping victory over the children of men. There is no conquering this foe or moth to our earthly joys, but by deeds of righteousness. These weaken the

sting of death, drive fear from the soul, and assume the whole heart of the man. There is no space or time appointed for us to sin, so doing is time lost—not only time lost, but comforts are gone, by these deeds we once enjoyed, and without righteousness will return no more. The mind is as a spring of living water, the well is there that will satisfy every thirst. We cannot catch water in nets, neither can we make cords of drops of rain, nor invent any thing to obtain blessings from heaven but a righteous life; no one can draw water without means. The sinner is so ignorant through imagination, he sets himself out on the journey to receive blessings without the mercy of God, he desires to enjoy for his own pleasure, not receive that he may have somewhat to glory in of the goodness of his Creator, but exclusively to gratify his brutal thirst. Vain man! he runs to meet death, he seeth him not that he is in the way; he is clothed with the shadows of the night, as a snare set in a pit. He taketh strangers by the feet, and he will not let them go till he is satisfied. He maketh a prey of life; he destroyeth all the comforts of the mind as a thoughtless brute in the vineyard of the Lord. He leaveth not a plant in it to bear, no not one; the man or mind is left without one deed to glory in. Death is the harvest of invention; he gathereth in, and casts into the fire. Will not fire consume hay, wood, and stubble? Truly, so sure it is, it will upon the same principle destroy all the works of men, but not of God, because he is over all operating power; all moves and cease at his command. Will not warning save an infant from the flame? if not, vain is the prayer of the father, or the tender mother's desire. We cannot save from sin we know, but can direct the child in the paths of life, where death stands passive and without terror, and when the stock of corn is fully ripe, he gathereth in the faithful as a harvest of joys unto the Lord; and although we may say that death stands in the way of all men, yet let us add, that there is a material difference in his operations. He gathers the wicked into hell, but the righteous home to God, that hath been long distant like a friend in a far country, so are the aged, and the righteous they pray to return to God, and fall asleep with their fathers that hath served the Lord; but the wicked groan fearing consequences. From whence cometh this fear? Why do we crave to hide a little longer from the presence of the Lord? We feel as the maiden half dressed, we are ashamed of our nakedness; and although God hath made us, sin hath clothed us with shame before his face. These are only the shadows of death that so affects the mind with disease. How the sick covet to rise! They are afraid to go. Is there no assurance that our peace can be made with God? There is; I testify loudly, that when conviction ceaseth, God is pleased, and requireth not repentance at our hands; but while fear causes the frame to tremble

and the mind shaketh with fear and quakes before the Lord, we are indebted that offering to God, for our sins, that without which we shall see no salvation. Therefore to acquaint ourselves with death, and give a full answer to the question, What is death? we must state to the world his various operations on the mind. He is a servant of the Lord, and sent of God to answer his great purpose in the earth. We can acquaint ourselves with strangers; let us shake hands with death, tell how he feels, and warn our little ones to fear the Lord. Is it possible to fortify against his sting? The writer answers yea. I have not feared his name for many years; how did I get on to this stage of action is a question, but easy is the reply. I reflected on his threatening consequences. If I did not repent of sin, he told me he would cast me into hell, there should be weeping and gnashing of teeth, where sinners cannot comfort one another. We have emblems and figures of this condition in life; for where the spirit of the sinner reigns as a prince on the throne, there is comfort to no man. Is there any path to flee from the sting of death? There is, and the patriarchs of old did not dread his sting more than a weary mind the bed of rest; and therefore in the arms of death they quickly fall asleep, as the child at the mother's breast. The commands of God effected this operation, and I have the same chance with these, and so hath every other sinner. The kingdom of heaven is not full, neither hath the living spring gone dry; there is mercy for every penitent in the bosom of the Lord. Death operates on us, as we are as seed fitted for the soil, and he hath operated on my mind to fear the Lord; and when I put in practice the fear of the Lord, I fled from the iron hands of death; his hands were colder than clay, harder than iron. His sentence made all my soul to shake and tremble before the Lord.

Time was not at his command—he was but the servant, a limited servant, (to whom God hath given great space in these latter years.) God gave me time to try me whether I would practise the fear of his name or not. I did so; deeds will witness for my spirit that I lie not before the mighty God of Jacob. Thus the sting of death departed from me, and he was a profitable visitor to my soul indeed, for he placed my feet in the hidden way, and bid me flee the vengeance of the Lord. Can I complain of his arrows, the hardness of his iron hands? His bosom was to me as a consuming flame, and yet a just visitor; for I had not feared the Lord in all my days. This is making proper use of the chastising hand of God. He was then before me, but now he followeth after. I continue in the way of his direction, his very frown gave me light. I must flee all the days of my life. God is between him and me, he cannot overtake me if I will do the will of the Lord. I see him not in righteousness, shall I fear him in death? No, he is death. I have granted his com.





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mands, and what demands has he on my soul to punish for sinning against God? None. Then why should I be distressed by him, or fear him that hath no power? for of such he is to them that do well, but an immoveable terror to the wicked. As long as we sin, the sting of death is the recompense; and the soul, which is the endowment of life to these bodies of clay, can feel all these things, see with spiritual eyes, and reveal to the world the hidden snare the little child hath never seen, and through love direct the little ones to shun the pit, and deliver their feet from the snares of death. Him or her that believeth is terrified enough by parental counsel; they wish to run no farther to see whether the doctrine of the priest is true; they flee and glory in God their Creator, they see the stubborn fallen, and no hand to say unto them arise, there thou must pay for shunning counsels, there thou must do for thyself, that despised thy father and mother, that is God that is in heaven, and his Church on earth, that gave thee suck and fed thee from her tender breast.

See clearly child, the way is clear,
Now where doth death and hell appear?
They're not but in the sinner's way,
Still binding these that doth delay.

The stubborn daily weaker grow,
Their sins are strength'ning to their foe;
In a short space his cords will bind
The stubborn and resentful mind.

It is no sin the child to be,
For these, O God, are chose by thee;
These thou hast seen with weeping eyes,
And built their mansion in the skies.

Humility is not shame, but an ornament to the mind. If we should condescend to hear that repeated that we have known before, it would not hurt the mind. There are many repetitions given the world of the good word of God, and God hath not seen that it is yet enough; he enjoins on my soul to call people to repent from exaltation, and humble themselves before the Lord. If the calls of the prophets had sufficed God, I had been willing. It is a hard service to contest with these that are resolved on embracing death. They run to meet him in the way; they had rather place their feet in the midst of hell than humble themselves to receive the counsels of the Lord. Like a strong tower they stand in this world immoveable by the prayer of the father or the desires of a tender mother. They prepare for death with all the heart, they cry when none can hear, and like a soul in hell cry for help when help is gone. Is not death of different effect

to these, from those that serve the Lord? As different as rain is to the tender grass, as the waters that drown our lives in despair. The rain is water, and so is the sea; the dew is a comfort from heaven to the plant that thirsts for the refreshments of God, but the same element will drown him that hungers for dry land. So is death different in operation to the righteous and to the sinner; he comforts the weary, but destroys the joys of the joyful that are rejoicing without the vineyard of the Lord, or beyond the counsels of his word.

Hear my son, heaven is a store for thee, the keys are in the keeper's hand; no thief can enter there—the walls are strong—they are higher than the skies, and broader than the space of the earth; thou cannot ascend above them, or flee beyond them: God has made these things impossible. That which he hath forbidden to move cannot change. The commands of God are the keys of the hidden mansion. Make use of these, and the portals of his house will open unto thee. No saint will bar thee from this kingdom; he will bid thee welcome there, he will lend his hand to thee. His spirit will come down from heaven; his love will be wings to thy spirit, he will bear thee upwards as on the wings of a cherub. No death is in his way; he acquainted himself with death while in the body. He consumed his power through the deeds of righteousness—these are they that are according to the revealed will of God, and farther than this thou art not accountable to angels in heaven. Read out the mysteries of life my daughter—know that our temporal joys are subject to death. We cannot confide in them; they will pass away as the shadow of the night, and leave us as a deluded soul in a strange land. Walk in the pathway of these that hath found the city; practise not an unbelieving heart, it will alienate thy soul to God, and leave thee without a friend. No one can be happy alone, we must be in communion with the saints of old; these are in the bosom of the Lord, out of the reach of temptation, and consequently free from the terrors of death. Let death be as a messenger from the Lord unto thee, warning thee to repent. Do not be so confident in thy young and inexperienced years; lean a little longer on the bosom of thy father, and be tender to thy mother's breast: it hath been a fountain of joys to thee when thou could not feed thyself. Despise her not when she is old, and seeking help of thee. When thou canst restore, repay her for her tender kindness, and comfort her from the obedience of thy bosom; and thou shalt comfort her in her age, and repay her for a mother's joys. Be not hard of heart, for this is offending to God; he will repay thee with hardness again. He will send death to thy bed-side, and thou shalt sign covenants with him, that breaketh thy promise with God thy Creator. He will not own thee for his daughter in the hour of thy sorrow; thou despised him and honoured him not as thy father. How can he be a

parent to thee in affliction? Fear his name while there is one hour to spare. I, the writer, am of a tender heart, wishing salvation and peace to all the sons and daughters of the Lord. I sell my rebukes for sin, at the expense of frowns from the reprov'd: and so I pass on with sorrow to the grave. I see my children despise the chosen bread of their father; for so is the Church to me, this little gathering almost in a desert land. I will record my life on paper. Some may read after me; I will leave them in the vineyard of the Lord, and go hence to be seen of you no more. I shall depart from you without the affecting sting of death. Time weareth not away my hope, but increaseth my joys. The shadow of death doth not veil mine eyes from things to come: I am safe in the service of the Lord. His love hath been a hedge about me, and death cannot leap over the wall. He will come at the time appointed, when the righteous crave to enjoy their rest. Then will I sign covenants with him without fear, and seal them with my blood; for I know his power is gone, and his breath as empty as the wind. May I not tell the wonders of the Lord? These are the joys of my life: I glory in them. The revelation of the Lord is the riches of my soul; I have in store for my children. They will not receive of me bread from the kingdom of heaven. I can only witness, God is the power, but my words are truth; and my heart has gone before my tongue in all these things that are written.

Death, empty sound or hollow blast,

A bubble like the wind,

Thine arm is weak, thy power is past,

When we repent who've sinn'd.

An empty space where mountains move,

And 's hidden in the sea,

For thou art from the child of love,

Thy terrors far from me.

No death is in the sinner's way;

When he's resolved to turn,

He'll find the debt but light to pay,

And hell will cease to burn.

Mountains will move at his command,

(As those from David fled,)

Long on a rock his feet shall stand,

Salvation crown his head.

In peace he'll tell his foes they're vain,

Nor death nor hell need try;

For God in heaven has wrote his name,

His soul shall never die.

Bright sons will from the deep arise,
Such as the worlds hath never known;
For God will make his people wise,
And wisdom mark them for her own.

Her hands hath made their pathway clear,
And God commands the Church to move;
She doth like to the morn appear,
Or infant of her mother's love.

She's cloth'd with raiment white as snow,
Save drops of prophet's blood are seen:
She's like a garden here below,
Where all the plants are fresh and green.

She's like the meadow clothed with dews,
Or like a deep and crystal spring;
Strangers delight to hear her news,
Because she doth good tidings bring.

WHEN I see wonders in the skies,
And sorrow in the earth below,
I'm certain suns from death will rise,
And tell us things we do not know.

There is a dreadful storm at hand,
Before the morning sun shall rise,
Jehovah's wrath shall scourge the land,
And make a remnant poor and wise.

He'll place the humble on a throne,
A humble heart the scale shall hold;
He'll build a kingdom of his own,
On pillars that were laid of old.

Israel of old shall ever stand,
The Lord hath marked them for his own;
Their deeds shall ornament the land,
Their Prince be never overthrown.

Bright are the sons of Israel's days,
The happy morning hastes to come;
David shall tune his harp to praise,
Jehovah's will shall all be done.

FEBRUARY 22nd, 1833.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF DIVINE LOVE, OR THE PARENTAL CARE OF GOD TO MAN,

My best sense of the human mind is this--that man is a subordinate creature, and hath nothing to glory in save this, that he has been a servant to God his creator. How far the mind may be enlarged, for time to come I cannot tell. The measures of the mind are in the bosom of the Lord. No man can reveal God to the world, neither could his works contain him, for he is greater than all extent that we can imagine, and can be but imperfectly known. The knowledge of the mind is the salvation of men, the peace of the world, and the joys of the heart. It is all that we can hunger, or thirst for at any time. The want of which, is the cause of all true prayer that is offered up to God. The power of revelation is not ours, neither are we intrusted with it--till it is prayed for, and is given unto us; from whence we cannot tell--it comes and goes--and our days are not alike: one day we will rejoice, and another mourn, and it is beyond the powers of the mind to reveal to the world, the cause of obedience to these impressions. We can only say we believe them to be parts of a deity, they ebb and flow as the tide--and why they come and go, we cannot tell. I am now writing in the book of nature, or revealing man to himself, for the peace of his own mind, or the salvation of his soul. I have set out on the journey and must travel nature through, trusting I shall see God in the end--not see him as a distinct being from man, but see all my given propensities, composed as the house of the Lord in order on the throne, and my heart in subjection to the Divine will. Man trieth many objects in his pilgrimage from earth to Heaven, like a wayfaring man, his space of rest in these public inns, are but for an evening and a morning. He must rise and travel again--he is not satisfied, he is yet seeking new discoveries--he knoweth not what will appear in prospect by travelling; but this he knows, his mind is not at rest, a living thirst remains in his bosom for something he never tasted, or to behold that he never saw. His eyes are watchful on the journey--he thinketh at times he seeth the city, and travelth onward with cheerful hope, but as soon as he enters the gates of the city, he beholds strangers in the dwelling places; he closes up his concerns--he saith but little--taketh leave of his friends in the morning, pays the cost for their moments of comfort, and sets forward again to some distant hill. All this he performs to teach his soul that pleasure is not here on earth, but in Heaven above, some distant and unknown space where God hath concealed it from his eyes. When a man

has thus travelled all the days of his life, from hill to hill, and from city to city, he has not progressed beyond the bounds of his mind. The extent is far off, and past finding out—none knoweth it but God alone, and to whom he will reveal the hidden mansion. Every child can testify of what he knoweth—the infant expresses want by weeping, and the soul never will cease to cry till her measures are full. There are no lasting joys below the sun, or the light of heaven. The mother can comfort her babe, but he weeps again. God can give us an evening's rest, but our thirst is not satisfied: want still repeats her cries in the heart of a man. It is the hand of God that doeth all this. A brute may as well eat mill-stones, as for a man to satisfy himself. God is the author of this plant that makes us miserable—he is the husbandman of the soul, and streweth in it what he will. Oh that I knew how to teach, my tongue should be free as water, and my pen mark the way to the city of God. I believe in no kingdoms beyond the measure of the mind, more than I believe that one city is heaven and another hell. Kingdoms are but figures of conveyance to lead us to the mind. There is a highway in every man's heart, in which he travels all the days of his life, and he finds death at the end of the journey to put out his eyes, and to still his feet. Death is a gate to pass through, after which the living see the dead no more. If we should presume to tell what is beyond Death, it would be the presumptuous imagination of the heart offered to God, presuming to teach what we cannot know till we go thence, from whence we will not return. As this hidden mansion is a space beyond my experience, I will not presume to reveal to the world things I cannot tell. I have nothing to do with men farther than the gates of the city, I must leave them there for admission let their end be good or ill. But now I enter on the solemn journey—and as I discover, so read to my brother and sister, and mark the way with my pen, that these may know where I am gone that read after me. My journeys in the mind have been long and tedious—I find them to be but circles in the mind. I always return to the place of beginning, and find every thing alive in me that I have possessed from my childhood, not one propensity is worn out by travelling, all is with me, and is the living soul that is within me, and my propensities lead the way. They are as so many beloved friends of mine, asking me to go with them on a journey to such a place, and see something we have not known—I am willing and ready to obey the call. What is nearer than a man's own heart, ready to grant the desire? for I am fond of seeing, that I have not seen, and of knowing that I have not known. Now to speak of God is beyond the measures of the man, but he can tell of his own heart, when he knoweth it, and discover to the world how frail he is. His body of flesh and blood is a figure of his mind, and his deeds tell his heart

to all mankind. Our passions are as so many princes, ruling one at a time in the midst of us, for one object will take all our attention for a moment, and then another; so our mind like a wandering dove, or pelican, is wandering from place to place, seeking peace on earth and finding none. And long it taketh for an experienced mind to know the world is vain, and all that is in it. It is but a kingdom for the body, affording our supplies, but of little comfort to the soul. But it is not made in vain, the proper use thereof, comforts the mind as far as its predestinated degree can extend. Food and raiment is all that earth can afford; and he that seeketh further will find disappointment in the end. He that feeds his mind with needless supplies deceives his own soul, and will find sorrows in the end; he has made death his store-house, and in the end sorrows will be revealed unto him from the bosom of the Lord. God keepeth a book of remembrance. By comparison we understand the things of God, for all is his that he hath communicated unto us; and as we cannot do as we will, nor find pleasure in the distant hills and mountains, we must acknowledge there is a Supreme Being that rules over us. It is as needful that we should know ourselves to be nothing, before we can honour God with sublime praise, as it is to know a sandy soil will not produce comfort to the mind.

We now proceed to tell that all must be by God's direction. Not one of our living, moving, or inviting propensities can be alone; God must be the father of them, and they are servants and subject to the Lord. They may in justice be accused of lying unto us, but not wilfully so, for they sincerely convey to us all the truth that they contain; but their counsels can be confounded by an overruling Providence, and our imagination brought to nothing from whence it first arose. It is but an impression without measure, rule, line, or order; it proceedeth out from God, and returns again; then how can it arise from nothing? because it is imagination, and is, therefore, no substance, neither can it be the truth. We know not from whence it cometh nor whither it goeth, and is therefore a servant of the Lord, and a false master unto us, because it revealeth not the truth. From whence cometh the shadow? We observe the cloud over us obstructing the light of the sun; it is presently gone and seen no more. God suffered not the light of the sun to shine through the cloud, neither has he the truth through the things of this world; but he has suffered them to rule over us that we should know that they are false. No man can measure the contents of a shadow, neither can he the imagination of the mind; for before he is ready it is changed into another form as the shadow, and is therefore unmeasurable by men. The wise king said all was vanity; and the world vexed him, for it was full of disappointments, and no resting place for the sole of the foot in it. Now that God is not the

author of imagination I am not about to deny; the spreading out of his hand hath formed the shadow and given dimensions to it, and it is subject to him alone; from man it fleeth away. Tell, who can bind imagination with a cord? and I will tell in return who can close up the shadow of the cloud in his fist and retain it to himself. God is the author of all these unbounded operations; they are visitations sent unto us from the kingdom of heaven, and God has given them space here below, that is while our mind abides in earthly things and our thoughts are in pursuit of them. They are all reconciled together in the kingdom of God, and it is this reconciliation that is the kingdom of heaven within the compass of the mind; it is in truth a composition of our thoughts where life is reconciled to itself, and knoweth that an unknown king ruleth over them. The mind can testify of God as a master, and every propensity of the mind can testify they are not free, as they would have composed a kingdom of heaven of the things of this world; the cities, hills, gardens, and river sides; but our thoughts are mistaken—and by taking on such burdens we find how weak we are. It cannot be accomplished, because there is another greater than our designs, one who can accomplish the salvation of the mind, and reconcile one part to the other, or life together; and this is the salvation of the man. If our passions or propensities should rule over us forever, they would be God's, and everlastingly disputing about the kingdom, as they begin with us in life; but God, an all-wise Providence, or parental friend, puts his servants to silence when they get too high, that is our various capacities in the mind, he stills them by his word, and all tremble at his sentence, for he is a threatening God to the exalted. Like as many humble children, the composition of the whole heart resigns to God, and with humble submission leans upon his breast from whence they came. He pities their mourning; even the soul that he chastises he visits with sorrow, and every acting capacity resigns to the place of order, and like as many criminals in court falls prostrate from the exalted station before a righteous judge. Here ends the days of a self-wise thinking man, and he knoweth the Lord no other way than by power, and he is compelled by events to acknowledge he would, but he cannot do, nor accomplish his designs.

Frail is that man whose thoughts doth rise,
To mansions far above the skies;
As weak is he that sinks below,
Where he can never see nor go.

Our thoughts those distant kingdoms built,
And to possess them blood is spilt;
They're like the shadow, all in vain;—
My thoughts return, come home again.

Within the compass of thy mind,
Thou wilt the lesser kingdom find,
'The city that's of great extent,
Is th' bosom of the penitent.

'There God we see, and God we own,
And find the city t'was unknown;
There power is love, and judgment light,
That which was wrong again is right;

And all is order in the soul,
When tides abate and billows roll.
All, all are circles form'd to tread,
Lo from the feet up to the head.

MARCH 13th, 1833.

Deep is the mire and clay
Where sinners place their feet;
They meet destruction in their way,
And deadly groans repeat.

The soul most loudly cries,
Where none attends to hear,
Nor pity from their kindred's eyes
Descends, no mournful tear.

My soul is like to these,
While measuring out their fate;
Strong are their cords, or God's decrees
Are mournful to relate.

His word like iron bars
That never rends in twain;
His spirit like the distant stars,
That shone to us in vain.

Our deadly sleeping eyes,
Our dull and heavy ears,
Are deaf when e'er his spirit cries,
And blind when light appears.

MARCH 17th, 1833.

Though deep shall answer unto deep,
Or sky to sky reveal;
There's more where ancient prophets sleep,
Than seas and hills conceal.

Though stream should unto stream unite,
Or hill to hill should join;
There's more where man doth stand upright,
Than all the floods of time.

Though rivers flood their banks, and show
They boundless deeps contain;
There's more in words of truth below,
For these are not in vain.

Tho' men should sit on thrones most high,
With strength'ning towers round;
There's more where man's prepared to die,
Than can in these be found.

MARCH 25th, 1833.

Forbid the lion Lord to rage,
Command him to be still;
He doth destroy in every age,
Because it is his will.

Tell shepherds to arise and see,
And bid their flock attend;
The lion tribe that used to be,
Is lamb-like in the end.

Bid children walk with fear and care,
And fear the paths that stray;
Attend to hear a shepherd's prayer,
Who shun'd the lion's way.

Oh children see the path before!
The stone securely lies,
That leads from where the lions roar,
And fools the truth despise.

MARCH 31st, 1833.

WISDOM, thy ways are ways of peace,
Thy children to thy ways resign;
Thy foes doth flee, thy friends increase,
The heavens and the earth are thine.

Angels thy peaceful ways attend,
The earth delights to hear them sing;
Thy songs shall never have an end,
Thy harp shall sound on every string.

Thy ways are harmless as the dove,
Thy children mourns to hear thee cry;
Thou meets thine own with deeds of love,
Thy foes thou gently passes by.

Fools scorn thee and profane thy ways,
The wise embrace thy tender breast;
Thou leads thine own to deeds of praise,
And leaves thy foes with guilt oppress'd.

THE Lord spread out his hands, and I
Saw hills and plains abroad,
And blood from whence the prophets lie,
Descending down from God.

His presence shone amidst the cloud,
Like to the morning star,
And angels round him sang aloud,
Their song was—"all prepare."

A sun will rise, a day will come,
Hope measures out this way,
The will of God shall all be done,
Upon this glorious day.

Come to the ancient tombs, and see
What testaments declares,
One day the captives shall be free,
And dwell amidst the stars.

As Israel once in glory shone,
When kings and priests did reign,
So God again rebuilds their home,
And blots away their shame.

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APRIL 1st, 1833.

THE CAUSE OF TROUBLE AND THE CAUSE OF JOY.

WRITING history from history is like a retailer of goods and wares ; he spreads them far abroad, but doth not change the quality. Every truth should wear its own mantle, and every mind be clothed with its own spirit, and history discover truths from the mind. Repetitions are not revelations—and one thing once over is enough, if a man's heart changes, his tongue will also be changed ; if he hath received a change of spirit, he will explain a change of action, he will shew forth by deeds he is not the same. I would write a few lines from my mind, and let it suffice to shew that my soul hath been with the Lord, and brings intelligence from his kingdom. It is written, that " man is born to trouble," but to prove the sentence true we must all acknowledge we cannot escape the truth of this holy sentence. Trouble is God's appointment, or men could turn aside from the troubled way. I shall not dwell on Scripture but write from mine own thought, and reveal the sorrows of the mind. We will not contradict sacred truths, but concur therewith ; for God is minded to make peace on earth ; but a great flood of trouble will first cover the highest hills, I mean the highest stations on earth. What can reach where the walls are silver and the pillars gold ? The world hath worshipped these metals to their own shame, and to a sorrowful end. If men could build a throne of peace, and establish covenants here, the name of God and Christ with the Evangelists giving an account of God, would wear out, and these sacred names would become lost ; but God has made this building impossible with the wisest of men, and he is but an exalted fool, that tries without calling on the name of the Lord. My text is trouble, and it will lead me to the cause—the child has trouble early in life—it is the moving of our young propensities towards a better kingdom than where we are at present. If a child is quieted at a mother's tender breast or father's table, hunger and thirst led him forward to the rejoicing place ; but a child cannot here remain, as his mind extends, want increases, he is not at rest, nor ever will be till his mind returns to the bosom of God, from whence it came. As restless waters seek the sea, him that tries the most objects, prolongs the time and delays his own peace. The kingdom should be first sought, when we are capable of knowing we have a troubled mind ; the parent should go before the child, and the nearer the grave the more peace we should discover to the world, like one whose work is almost finished, and the parent pleased with the deeds of his hands. To see a man old and full of sorrow, indicates there is time lost—like a

man that is poor in his latter days, and has his bread to earn when he is old, this will undoubtedly be the case with some of our household to affright children from such a close of life. The tempest troubles the sea, and the wind disquiets still waters; but seas and skies are the Lord's. He sets them at variance to answer his ends and the purposes of the creation. The world is a book to me, I often read therein without the help of the line of the philosopher, or the points of astronomy. I behold the works of God with my naked eye without glass or invention, and the deeds of a righteous God convey sentences to my heart, from which I write this day. God maketh the winds and waves to agree, when it pleases his contending powers—he speaketh peace and these are still at his command, they resist not neither do they refuse to obey, for then is it well pleasing for winds and waters to obey still. They overthrow the wise mariner in the deep waters, he cannot conquer them, his house is lost and seen no more. How terrible is thy name O God, in the rolling billows of the deep, not one is there without thy command not one beyond the hearing of thy word!

With one accord they all obey,
Oh troubled deep why did thou rise?
Or darkening clouds overspread the skies?
Or rudest tempest, why dost thou
Ne'er break, or not perform thy vow?

My life will well compare with these,
My thoughts doth move like troubled seas,
I cannot bid the wave be still,
Because it's not thy Maker's will.

The tempest seeks a calm, and the beating sea still waters, and leave each of these to their allotment, and they will be so. A hurricane never bloweth out of a clear sky, neither doth the billows rise without the storm. Peace is the intent of the creation—it is God's delight. But with many things it pleases an angry God to trouble a sinful world. Our mind of itself would be at rest,—

But God hath planted trouble there—
When will our sorrow cease to bear?
Like to the hidden deepest sea,
So trouble has no end with me.

God could have given rest to the mind of the infant, but he hath set the plant in the young and tender breast, and as soon as the child weepeth, it gathers in from the tree of sorrow; before it knoweth good or evil, tempestuous trouble will disquiet the infant

mind. Ere we were formed of the Lord it was not so ; and when we return it will cease. Sorrows are as stepping stones to set our feet upon, the more we haste the shorter will be the journey. We must have as much sorrow and disappointment sooner or later, as will make us distrust the things of this world to *cease our sorrows*, and look up to him by whom the storms abate. The parent is short in comforting the child : God must be all in all, he is the only commander that winds and seas obey, the wisest seaman is in vain in his rage, and so is the most skilful priest. He is now and then sweeping the earth and sea with destruction, that the living may tremble and fear his name. The thunders speak loudly in our ears, who can still their voice ? The lightning surprises our eyes, who can set bounds to its space ? None, Oh Lord, thou well knowest. Thou hast set these things in the skies, and in the deep waters to tell of thee. Thou hast troubled the extensive mind of the learned and of great men. Who can hide from thee ? A little child, Oh God, is the way home from whence we came ; then let our sorrows be without sin, and we shall have a reward from thee for all our groans. There is nothing troubles the man, save this, the creation is not reconciled in him, till he doeth the work appointed him to do ; then all will be still, and his spirit prepared for the fountain from whence it came. Did you ever see waters contented on the hill side, that had a course to run ? If not, thou never wilt see men at peace till they fulfill the purpose of their appointment. We begin to cry when we are young—and continue our weeping when we are old. There is nothing appointed to stay with us, a man must part with every thing he has but God alone. The more we love the world, the more we will sorrow about it ; for it will not stay with us. The child may love the mother's tender breast, but he is sure to cry at the parting hour. He may love the table that the father has set for him, it will not always suffice, he is not contented there, he must set his own—he must do for himself, and tell his children how peace is won ; give up vanities early in life—believe the prophets and the Son of God, with every patriarch that hath conquered his foes, and sees peace,—his mind is at rest,—he is only waiting for the gates of heaven to open and take him in. But if his sorrows yet continue, it is to lengthen out the line to his little ones—that they may be wiser than past ages (through the counsels of their father) who hath come short in the glory of God.

Oh let this line be given and sung,
A song of God's decrees,
Oh children with a humble tongue,
Repeat such lines as these.

Your trouble's but a moment here,
If you the Lord obey,
He'll stay the little infant's tear,
And put his sighs away.

Then as the limb to manhood grows,
Or to a soul's estate,
His spirit's stronger than his foes,
And bids the storms abate.

His fields are green, his hedge is strong,
Nor trouble stays therein,
He drowns his sorrows in a song,
And ends where they begin.

APRIL 7th, 1833.

Cubit will after cubit rise,
'Till men on earth shall reach the skies;
Wisdom's bright hand doth plainly show,
Our way to Heaven from earth below.

How plain's these lines by wisdom drawn,
That leads to where our father's gone,
How his descending love doth show,
The vanity of worlds below.

The throne's establish'd and I'll see,
What has been done, and is to be;
Truth rides the skies on chariot wheels,
That measures time, and truth reveals.

What is to be, is still unknown,
But half the sun hath partly shone;
As three times three is three times o'er,
What's given to me is one to four.

APRIL 13th, 1833.

TRUTH ALONE.

God is truth, and truth is of God ; but we must come to the operations of this subject, or substance, to come to the knowledge of truth, without which, no man can be saved from the errors of sin.

It is singular to our measures that any thing false or a lying tongue ever existed—seeing (through history) that every operating substance had its origination in the spirit of God. History doth not give us a perfect idea of every thing ; but truth alone speaks for itself. The knowledge of history is not always the knowledge of the truth.

Historians disagree in things their eyes see, how much more shall we be confounded in the mind or the spirit of God which we see not ? I will write a testimony from mine own soul or mind, and historians may correct the errors hereafter. I can speak of something I never received from history. Is not this the truth that teaches me my wrongs, and appoints a way for my soul to do better ? The heart or mind is a combination of thoughts, quick in changing as the lightning in the sky, passeth from sea to sea, and from shore to shore, quicker than the heart of a person can repeat one of his repeating strokes.

Surprising what can agitate the mind, to such a degree of swiftness, and not run out of order. How our thoughts will extend and return again to the place of their appointment, and discover nothing certain, yet they do not get lost from the mind, but as the wandering dove return at the appointed time. Truth must inspire the thoughts to wander from hill to hill, and from place to place. He sends them forth to bring home new discoveries to the mind. Our thoughts deceive us, and our mind alone is incapable of revealing the truth to man. If they extend to a far country, what intelligence can they convey to the mind ? They are like as many blindfolded people seeking water in a thirsty land and finding none ; so are our thoughts of themselves about discovering truth of things unknown ; they have power to flee ; God hath given them wings swifter than the wind, in a moment they flee, and in one third part of that time return to the breast, or the mind of the man. God has not made them contented from the foundations of the world, they are wandering as doves, as the flocks without a shepherd, like as many pilgrims without a home. A *regular composition* of these is the *kingdom of heaven*. They are parentless as the orphan without the assistance of God. God is spirit, and our thoughts are such. None seeth them but God alone. Thoughts are the interpreter of the soul, and of no mean nor low dignity ; for they discover to the mind the insufficiency of

man to work his own salvation, and that his very thoughts need a shepherd over them, or the mind a keeper, or he is forever undone. Our thoughts discover our infirmity, and our deeds reveal them; but truth turns us from the ways that are wrong, and places our feet in paths that are right. He that conquers the mind and binds our thoughts is stronger than man, and is a friend to his propensities.

Good counsels are the issues of truth, but few receive them, because the mind is stronger than the words of our friend, and hath power to resist every thing but the love and vengeance of God. To these two great moving capacities, kings and counsels must give way; these are the truth and nothing but the truth, and these are truth alone. Words or deeds issuing from the truth are accompanied by the mind and person of the man, which is long known to be fallible; nevertheless man can speak, and God give evidence for or against his word. I have run many risks of this kind of reputation or character, and as I am not, nor never was accomplished with power to make good my testimony to the world, I have to submit all to the God of everlasting truth and endless power, and so I must these lines I am adding this day to these I have already written. Truth is an impressive power on the mind, agitating all our thoughts to rise from rest (as men asleep) and obey the word of the Lord. Our thoughts are not the truth, they flatter the mind with a false language and deceive the soul, inspire the tongue to speak lies; and there is nothing worse than the mind of man is without direction. It is the seat of all evil, and abundantly wicked, who can know it but him that formed it and drew out the lines thereof, as from hill to hill, from shore to shore, and from sea to sea. Come home my thoughts and listen to the words of truth, the Lord will speak with thee, he will make the soul the bride of his bosom. She shall conceive of him, and bring forth wonders in the world.

God is the truth, and the mind is a companion of the most high God. There is but one stronger than the mind. The soul of the world was and is born of the Lord. What father can give spirit to the son, or mother to the daughter? They can bring forth the form, but God giveth spirit to the little one. Is God the father of lunatics, or every deformed mind? I do not believe it to be the will of the father to make the son a lunatic, or the mother her daughter silly; nevertheless these may have the less sin, and may not be so far astray as our deceitful thoughts report unto us. Their form is not desirable, yet it is beyond the power of our resistance to turn back the chastising hand of God. God hath made the simple wise, and the wise foolish, and who is able to correct him for the wrongs he did? or who can change the mind that God hath made thus for his own glory? Neither can I change my mind from what it is, for truth is stronger than the soul, and bears up the mind like a floating

bark above the waters, by which I am here this day an evidence for God, for which purpose I was born into the world. No person is the truth alone, his best days are but as issues from the unexhausted fountain, and I bear my part on the records of history of the everlasting truth. Truth purifies the mind from clouds, which are the wages of sin. Sin bringeth death to the mind, and our thoughts to be as bondsmen in a strange land, far from the city of God. This is where our thoughts are combined in the service of God. God is a spirit, (comparatively speaking,) shining on the mind, as the sun without clouds upon the creation. Whosoever knoweth his own heart by this discovering light, knoweth his own soul to be a composition of thoughts, as a restless family seeking peace and finding none, till it is given of God.

As the dove fleeth from hill to hill, and from bough to bough, so these go mourning on the way, till this earthly habitation is laid into the tomb and is seen no more. But the sorrows of the mind still exist on earth; sorrow ceaseth not at death. The house is mouldering down to clay. The inhabitants fled at the fall thereof; but our sorrows do not reach the grave. The son will be clothed with the griefs of the father, and the daughter shed tears for her mother's woes, that are entailed upon the creation from generation to generation. I said in my soul, O Lord God Almighty! when will sorrows cease? when will the father cease to groan, and the mother to pour forth her tears for the young? And he answered me, Is not this the truth? there is no joy in mourning, neither are the mother's tears wine to her breast. And I awoke and beheld the sky without clouds, and my soul ascending upwards. There is a kingdom above these woes, when the soul ceaseth to mourn, and the heart forgets her sorrows. I saw the city but far off,—I saw the family of the Lord at rest, and the wicked forgotten; and hope as a maiden clothed in a white raiment led me by the right hand within the gates of the city, but gave me neither rest nor food within the walls of the quiet habitation of the Lord, neither did drops of water quench my thirst. She lifted me up and placed my spirit on her wings, and bore me to the furthestmost parts of the earth. She left me in the bosom of despair, and went her way from whence she came. This is truth alone, none but truth has such delivering and binding power over the mind, and man is not able to resist the truth when it cometh to him alone, without history or the tongue of the human organ that God has sent into the world to declare his will. The mind is his at all times to save or to destroy, to trouble or receive peace at his most sublime pleasure, and this is the irresistible truth that none can conquer nor destroy; and truth will make peace on earth and bring the distant city near, and the inhabitants of old will be seen in it. *We are the heirs of their sorrow*; but their spirits have gone to rest, and the Son of

righteousness that hath shone and will shine to all the earth, will die: cover their kingdom to us with desires that we should enter therein and be partners in their joys, and leave our sorrows in a sinful world.

When a man believeth with his whole heart, his sorrows shall cease for a short space of time; but while his soul travelleth for the wicked, his spirit must sorrow with them, for in his own breast he will find them, and not in worlds abroad. There he will measure out their grief, feel as they feel, see as they see, and set out on the journey hand in hand with them for the city of God, travelling through dry places and regions of despair, where he will be forsaken of many; but his staff is the truth: he has seen the city, and will not delay. As the descending waters seek their home, so his ascending soul pursueth his quiet rest.

Oh blessed is the truth alone,
He maketh not asham'd,
He keeps salvation for his own,
Whom he for heav'n has nam'd.

Oh that my name were written there,
Sure none could blot nor stain;
My joys as great as I could bear,
Would not depart again.

Oh truth, how powerful thou, and strong!
I've known thy name alone,
Thy words to turn me from the wrong,
To seek my quiet home.

Oh truth, my trav'ling feet prepare,
Renew my heart or mind,
And send fond hope to my despair,
With mercies deep and kind.

Let me again ride on her wings,
That I thy kingdom see,
Where saints adore and cherubs sing,
Prepare a seat for me.

APRIL 15th, 1833.

WHEN e'er these shining rays descend,
That's sparkling in the skies,
The ways of fools will have an end,
And wisdom's ways will rise.

The Lord spreads out his hand to save,
And Jacob's God is near;
He'll lead our footsteps to the grave,
And blot away our fear.

No stone is plac'd but he'll remove,
His builders are his own;
The fields and gardens he'll improve,
And find the building stone.

Amidst the heart the lines are drawn,
He'll build his city there;
The mind of these that's dead and gone,
His priests and flocks shall wear.

APRIL 21st, 1833.

From every hill we plainly see,
The valleys deep below;
From the hill side the streamlets flee,
And through deep valleys flow.

'Tis their Creator calls them home;
My spirit run with these,
Where the bright sun hath never shone,
These know the Lord's decrees.

No sun hath shone amidst the rocks,
But there the streamlets hear;
God doth command to do his works,
Where wisdom's ways appear.

Shall sloth forbid my soul to run,
Or keep me from his will?
Unto the seas the rivers come,
Their thirsting to fulfil.

Jehovah calls my spirit home,
As he fulfils the seas;
I'll tarry nor I'll wait for none,
His words are my decrees.

APRIL 28th, 1833.

TIME her bright mantles doth unfold,
She makes her windows bare;
She lets us see her sons of old
Are resting in her care.

Her walls and pillars standing strong,
She ages doth defy;
She sings salvation in her song,
With all her kindred by.

No brute can break her hedges down,
Nor lions enter there;
Her head bears the eternal crown,
That none but her can bear.

Her garments white as falling snow,
Her fields forever green,
She brings salvation down below,
And lets her sons be seen.

MAY 1st, 1833.

THE EFFECTS OF TROUBLE ON THE MIND.

THE mind of the youth groweth upward as the tender plant by the river side, with refreshing dews and morning suns; but it groweth not up into rest or lasting joys, but to meet with sorrows prepared from the beginning of the world for us to bear. We have no thirst in our minds for trouble, yet trouble cometh; it is a providential event, and not ours in the beginning. There has none been so righteous as to escape trouble, no not one; but we increase sorrows that we might shun by thirsting for and practising unlawful joys—these are the sins of conviction. If the trouble that God giveth would convince the mind there are rivers of sorrow crossing the paths of life, it would be well for us; but if a little will not do, God giveth more, rather than we should be lost through sinning against his name. He hath sent many servants into this world, reproving the deeds of sin, and chastizing rebellion against God. It maketh the life of any true servant of God sorrowful, when he considers it to be his lot and appointment to offend the self-conceited children of this life; it may be his unreformed father or mother, his brother or his sister. He must stand against all that cometh in his way, either great or small,

without respect to rank or station. The service of the Lord increases the sorrows of the soul, for the minds of the unreformed are pregnant with many woes against them. I have not yet found a way to be reconciled to a sinning world, that is acting against the mind of a Deity, and making every succeeding generation more unhappy than they would otherwise be, if so many wilful and obstinate sins were not repeated. Now let us conclude the service, by saying that sorrow is needful to convince of sin; then every servant of God, in whatever capacity he acts in a reformation, his own heart should be effectually troubled with the deeds of the transgressor, before he openeth his lips in reproof; a being angry with sinners is no qualification for service, but being sorrowful as the penitent is the just reward of sin, of which all the just servants of the Lord are made partakers before the transgression takes place, otherwise than this, they have no part in saving people from sin, or the soul from the effectual cause of transgression. I have no author to appeal to, save my soul within; I have no priest to quote to, but the word of God in my soul, which I am struggling to reveal to the world; I am truly a lonesome man, wishing that error should not be found in my ways: I may not be tried at court, nor by a band of learned and inexperienced ecclesiastics; but I shall be tried of God, and Providence will be for or against my days: I wish not to live an hour in vain, and I am restless when I am idle, as the servant without employ; and I had rather do small things than nothing.

The cause of sorrow is plain with me, whether it first cometh of God, or in the second place of ourselves. I am well acquainted with the effects of trouble, and read the following lesson from my soul; there is a record there that never will be known, except the numerous lines that are there recorded are communicated to the world; they may do for a witness hereafter, but not a guide. There is none but me alone in the space wherein I am in action.

The mind is prepared to bear sorrow e'er it is given of the Spirit of God. As we receive that which we thirst not for, it is nearly or quite the first evidence that we receive that there is a providence ruling over us, giving us that of which we stand in need, though not desired, as what we thirst for and strive to obtain and accomplish. Our desires we may attribute to ourselves, but trouble we thirst not for, yet trouble cometh, and this we must attribute to God. I wish to build my house or mansion of rest of the works of God rather than the deeds of men, for he is the master workman of all good, and the avenger of all evil. He nourishes the mind as the tender grass, and then touches the plant with disappointment, and then saith unto me, "soul, why didst thou mourn?" I answer, O God! thou required sorrow at my hands, and I am bound by fate to obey. I sorrow to fulfil thy decrees. Now I know there is a God;

when I am thus far advanced into a knowledge of myself, shall I not fear to offend him that caused me to mourn without sin? Light is that sorrow that is without guilt, that is only given for a lesson of instruction; but oh, that woe that is to come for sin! who can grant a release? who can make the burden light?

I detest the flattery of men; one justifying another, and one convicting another, without experience in the cause. They are vain boasters—idle judges, that know not the way; their feet are within a span of hell, and God is rising, and has already risen, against the false qualification of their days. They impose on the world, afflict the poor, and bear the orphan's bread away, and leave the widow to mourn without her due. How far are these from being the salvation of the world, that wounds the heart and leaves the mind to bleed, passing forward with the spoils of the poor. There is a recompence for us that are thus left; neither shall our sighs be in vain, nor our groans depart from this world, till there is a change on earth which is now decreed in heaven. If we were left without sorrow, we would be like men at ease, and as sluggards do, dream our lives away, and have nothing to hope for in the end. Trouble breaks up my youthful and unsought rest, awakes mine eyes from a dreaming position, and inspires me to look round in the world for a cause of these things, and to read the heart (the book of life,) and see what is recorded there. A sleeping man cannot read, neither can a man travel with his eyes shut. For what end descended the cheering dews and morning suns? to strengthen me for a time, which, unknown to me, was appointed to come. Now I begin to behold the deeds of a wise builder, and trace the lines of a Creator's hand in the mind. Now I begin to know something without thanking the *Rabbies*, or giving praise to vessels of clay. I begin now to love the Lord above others; he hath shown me more, and is worthy of esteem. I begin to call on him for more till I am informed of all things that pertain to the peace of the mind. This is the effect of trouble, without which no man is wise concerning his own salvation; neither can he be a light unto others, except he goeth before them in the way. The mind of the laborious man must advance forward and see what is in the way of his rising offspring, and then tell them of such things as they can bear, and then be sure never to fail in his counsels; for instance, one class-leader, or the minister of any sectarian plan, will justify the subjects of his own creed, when at the same time I might be twice as good a man, and be a member of my neighbour's congregation; at the same period of time I would not have half the esteem from my brother sectarian as though I belonged to his particular lines of order. Think ye that the minister, or that poor soul of a counsellor, went forward on the way? nay: I tell you of a certainty he is towed along by men; as the brute by

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the halter, so he followeth the line that is in the hand of the priest. What but trouble will enable us to break or part the cord? This alone will awake our eyes, inspire to industry and our own vigilance in the hand of God, work our salvation.

When worlds uncommon and unknown,
And suns of light appear;
When grace descends that never shone,
Then is salvation near.

Wisdom doth spread her hands abroad,
The works of God to show;
Her deeds reveal the will of God
To worlds unseen below.

Dark are the mansions of the mind,
Till wisdom's ways are seen;
We know not where the soul to find,
Nor where the spirit's been.

But wisdom lights us to the tomb,
To see the spirits there;
Or bids our hearts to feel the doom
Of these that's in despair.

She calls her subjects to the grave,
And bids their spirits mourn;
To see their friends where none can save,
Nor ever shall return.



MAY 3rd, 1833.

THE EARTH IS FULL OF THE WONDERS OF THE LORD.

We cannot discern the blessings of God, except he assist our spirits to see his providential aid and care over us. If the mind run without an early conviction, where would we land at last? It is impossible with God to approbate sin, and is inconsistent with himself or his divine nature, that formed the whole earth by his word. His blessings are as diamonds in this world, if we could see them; but this privilege we must buy at a price; we must fulfil his divine law and reap the advantage of so doing. It takes a man all his days to come to a knowledge of himself, (even if life is well fulfilled,) which is coming to the knowledge of God, for man is the work of God, and by his deeds he is to be known. I imagine if I should gaze into

the skies all the days of my life I should not see a spirit ; but if I see a machine in operation it attracts my attention to seek after the cause till I know the power of operation by which it moves to the advantage of men. If I see a man doing good, and making or endeavouring to make the world or a part of it happy, it leads me to enquire how he obtained the talent that set him to work in such effectual operations. I am not satisfied with seeing, any more than I would be to sit down with a companion at supper—and then see him sweep the whole board to fill his own stomach. The ancients have seen, and I wish to see ; they have known, and I pray to know—they have done, and I want to be doing. I see none so glorious as the servants of God. I wish to go to the school where the scholars learn this service, they beat historians, for they tell us of God whom we cannot see, nor know except we do his will. I wish I could read in it daily. I wish these lines were the law of my heart. God writes so intelligently no where as in the mind, but it is as a desk closed up ; and that which man reveals to man is despised by our humanity, and we are not possessed of enough discernment by nature to discern a diamond from the most rough and uncultivated stone in the world. Nothing is more needful than to first know we are frail. We will never call on a physician, till we are sick, or on the Lord till we are disappointed in our own nature and disposition of mind. Is it not an evidence that we are frail, while we see the servants of the Lord double talented, when we can do nothing ? Come a little nearer the subject, my friends, I invite you.

The cultivator taketh his little sons early to the field with him, to show them how business is done ; he directs their hands to the sickle and bids them try ; he corrects their error with patience, delighted with the little they can do ; he is cheered with the hope that by and by they will do more, and grow up to men, and serve the Lord in the vineyard of his service, in which the soul hath great delight. Can it be found that one man hath repented in serving the Lord ? If it cannot, thousands may be found that hath repented serving their own imagination, and living without law. Are not these the wonders of the Lord, that a man should turn from serving himself to serve another, and forbid his own soul's desires, to receive a law from the hands of God ? Historians dispute about this way, but these that have entered into the house knoweth the door, and none can blind their eyes ; all contentions are in the outer court of the Lord's house.

He that hath entered into his own mind, hath received another world to improve, and is scarcely brother or kindred to him that remains without in the world, where darkness reigns and long disputes abound. Is it not wonderful that a man can see the works of God in his own spirit ? This is the city from whence cometh sacred writings, and the Spirit of the Lord is there. It is

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through deeds wrought by faith that we enter the extensive mansion, which is the house of God, the dwelling of the saints, the throne of the prophets and apostles—these are one, they saw together and performed alike, and are all brethren of the mind. If I could follow the track of one of these, it would lead me to the sacred mansion. I should see and know the whole of them in deeds in this world; and as I could do I would share my part at supper with them. I have found these things in my mind, and the Spirit saith unto me write, for no ~~see~~ below the Sun hath placed me here.

While I can sing, my song shall be
Hallelujahs, Lord, to thee;
And when I ask, or when I pray,
I'll cry for these that's fled away.

MAY 4th, 1833.

THE TRAVELS OF THE SOUL.

To go where reason cannot reach,
We're blind to see and dumb to teach;
We own the soul must have a guide,
By whom her wants are all supplied.

From whence the soul cometh, or whether it goeth, is hard to tell. Historians say of God: can we not come to a knowledge ourselves, as certain as they can reveal without making them liars, or ourselves untrue? We acknowledge there is a spirit unbounded and incomprehensible; this we acknowledge by the operations of power on the soul, which is in every living thing that breathes the breath of life. We own the soul or mind must be a spirit, for there is a communication of spirits with the mind, which is the soul of every creature. Reason teaches me without the assistance of any historian, that one great spirit governs the whole created system. If this is not God, I am deceived, and trust in vain things. I believe the mind to be a part of the deity, for every living thing is governed by the mind, in earth, air, or sea,—and these three contain the whole creation. As for the habitation of God, I believe it to be in the mind of the living, and not with the dead bodies in the tomb. Every mind has a governor let the faculties be extensive or limited. There is none of them can get beyond their bounds, any more than we can wander beyond the bounds of the earth. Our thoughts can wander from whence they can bring no intelligence to the mind but supposition.

and imagination. These are empty systems to teach to men, if they may be called systems; many buildings are erected upon them however; some ascending the air, and some descending into the sea, or the heart of the earth. Such thoughts as these serve to vex the spirit, and leave all the imaginary worlds in uncertainty at last, I believe the bounds of human reason to be the limits of the soul; all things farther proves vanity and smoke. As the plant groweth our reason may be extended and bear much fruit. The heart of a child will admit of improvement, and the mind of a man, of cultivation all the days of his life.

When the field has once bore, it is not done; when we have done one thing, life is not done; but some have ignorantly made it their choice to rest in the stall with the brute. Our minds and necessities are made equal, we are made to desire what we can obtain, and to be satisfied when the soul or mind is full. A brute is content with the product of the earth, but this will not satisfy the mind of a man. Our minds are made to dread the end of life, of which the brute seems to rest contented till the moment of his death. Here is a distinction in the mind worthy of note, and here I shall leave the animal creation, and mark the travels of the mind of the human family, who are more destitute of rest than any other part of the creation, and more afflicted with disease, which operates, affecting the mind with sorrow, for our infirmities of the bodily kind are footsteps to the end,—

The dreadful end
That maketh all afraid;
And him from whence beginning came
Likewise the end hath made.

Has God caused us to hunger for nothing? If we can consistently so believe—we must conclude the human system is out of order, and man is made in vain. It is consistent with my reason which is my understanding of human and divine sense, that there is a store or treasure to hope for. Will not the infant cry for the mother's breast before he hath any sense that joy is there? So we thirst for what we need, and when God giveth we cease our crying. The soul is not evil in itself, but is given in a capacity to seek a Creator, or deliverance from these objects that cause woe and want. If a man was made completely happy he would be completely idle, and less sensible than the brute that seeketh his own diet. Mourning is as natural to the soul as the water to descend, and joy is like unto it, and there are appointed times for these operations to convince the man who he is, and of what he stands in need. He giveth way in temptation, whenever our keeper slackens his hand, his redeemer meets him in sorrow, and communicates unto him the cause of his

complaint—his footsteps downward, and how he may arise. Here man finds himself alone the offspring of God, but incapable of direction. He weeps to embrace something he has not known; it is not a fruitful field—thou would not wash the stain away. In truth he wants a parent's hand; but he knew it not, till he fell into the pit, but then he wept, then his soul was set in order to commune with God. When the weakened and bewildered mind confesses infirmity—and the want of a staff to lean upon, which is compared to bread from Heaven, a stronger than we are unbinds the chains and sets us free. This is gaining sense for ourselves, that there is a deity, and increases our understanding. The soul hath borne fruit once, but is not done, nor entered into the kingdom of God—but is only baptized and fitted for another trial. So God communicates himself to the mind by power: and I know not that I shall find the city hoped for all my life long. Nevertheless I am not discouraged on the journey—I am fully paid for what I have earned and my soul is not yet full, but hopes for more,—Is there no supply for my thirst? Truly as I have received a little there is more, and I will travel while I thirst. Shall I believe I thirst in vain? No, who hath planted such an inconsistent plant, wanting dew and rain, and there is none to come—truly not a consistent God. If we come short of our hope and our expectation is made vain, we hope for vain things and these are the productions of imagination, the wandering of the thought beyond bounds, and is not the offspring of faith. The productions of faith are to labour for these things in which we have hope. If a man wished to find a piece of gold in the bottom of the sea, how would he labour to accomplish it? If he wished to ascend above the moon, where would he get his ladder? These are the just comparisons of the imagination of the thought. But if he wished to find an inheritance with God, the way is open.

The mind is a part of God's spirit, given to this human frame, and as the streamlets and rivers never rest short of the bosom of the sea—where the whole family of springs and rivers unite; so the travelling mind cannot rest short of the bosom of God. A man's mind is ever from home till he returns to the father or fountain of spirits, and this is the place of his appointed rest.

THE way is clear, let us proceed,
For all our footsteps are decreed;
But if our thoughts these lines despise,
There's death and hell before our eyes.

The tomb looks frightful as the night,
We tremble when the grave's in sight;
Affrighted man, O tell me why
Thy soul is not prepared to die?

Hast thou been idle or astray?
 Or did thy thoughts pervert the way?
 Get ready now—the time is short,
 Thy dwelling's in the outer court.

Come in, the keeper's at the door,
 The fountain's clear, and bread in store;
 Behold the living system move,
 See God is jealous of thy love.

His word be thy chief corner stone;
 There build thy house for God alone,
 And God will come and dwell with thee,
 Whoe'er thou art or mayest be.

MAY 13th, 1833.

Oh truth and mercy be my guide,
 For these like twins agree;
 These all my faults and failings hide,
 And shone like suns to me.

These bore good Abram o'er the plain,
 When he walk'd to and fro;
 Oh angels bright return again,
 Shine on this world below.

When sun nor moon shall shine no more,
 When land nor sea prevail,
 Then truth and mercy I'll adore,
 For these can never fail.

Companions of my lonesome breast,
 Whene'er I walk abroad,
 These lead my spirit home to rest,
 And make my peace with God.

MAY 28th, 1833.

WISDOM'S WAYS.

Wisdom's ways are as many paths leading to a fountain of living water, where the weary drink and are at rest. They are as gates to a hidden treasure which when the soul findeth she seeks no more. They are as pillars that never move in a storm. The fountain never dries, neither is the treasure exhausted; she has no end. Few find the gates of wisdom; haste leads us by the port, and except we return we miss the appointed way forever. The things of God or the workmanship of his hands delights the mind at the first appearance, and like as many children gathering flowers, we run after them; and as the beauty of the rose declines in the hand of a child through using, so doth all our stolen joys decay.

There is a way to a substantial blessing through the laws of the Lord. These are the ways of wisdom. The heart of man is a table for God to write upon; the laws of Moses and the life of Aaron were written there.

I am not under a necessity in this moment to borrow of these patriarchs. I have a heart also given me of God, and he hath written thereon, and from thence I draw these lines; and I can believe in no other way of communication between God and man, for no other way to me is given. Proof is needful where the case is doubtful; but wisdom's ways can stand alone, for truth is the direction of wisdom and bears up the mind.

God is truth. He bringeth forth both the flower and the fruit; but if we pluck the flower from the bearing tree as the rose from the brier, the fruit is lost: so we run too hastily into the joys of life, and the mind only smells the flower, that might taste the fruit. The flower is an evidence that the tree will bear; but if we destroy the bud, the leaf never will be seen: so are these that gather joys in the childhood of the mind.

A man may live till he is grey-headed, and for want of experience be useless in the world. He may be led on by something that flatters him, that the real joys of life are on the next hill he shall ascend; but when he arrives at the expected haven of his joys, they are fled like the blossom blown from the tree and no fruit appears, for some other one hath gathered them that ascended the hill before him. So men hath run from the foundation of the world, rather abusing the creation than cultivating it; and though I may be alone in my opinion, I am resolved on speaking freely on the subject—the salvation of men. The view of the world is the first knowledge of God. We see the garments, but are not yet acquainted with the contents

of them. It is right to be delighted with the things of God, and hope (as the flower should flatter us) that we shall enjoy by and by. This is an enjoyment of itself, and by receiving this confidence we actually enjoy things to come; and this is the proper use to make of the things of time. Our father in Eden gathered too soon. This mark Moses has given to unthoughtful travellers through time. He has given this to assist the mind, and to make the way more plain to a lost world. If we have missed the gates, we must return again. They are not before us, we have passed them by; and by running headlong or pursuing the thought delighted with a flower, they never will be found. A man and his garments may be separated, and so may God and his works. Many there are that possess that they do not enjoy. Can there be any other reason given than this,—they have eaten that which is forbidden, or put forth their hands too young to gather in the things of God.

As the heart like a store-house filled with odd combustibles, so is the mind unprepared to enjoy the things of time; it is filled up with the idle follies of youthful life, and these may continue till old age, and do, where we see a man idle in the deeds of salvation to accomplish the mind. Every man should set his house in order before he invites the guest, lest they should enter his doors and gates before his entertainment is prepared. He has invited the things of God to his house or home before he is prepared to receive them: so is many a wife with the husband, and child with the parent. They do not afford their expected joys; the guest is dissatisfied for want of entertainment, and so the world seems to mourn forever, or from the beginning till this day.

I am minded to give up all things that ever I have enjoyed, as a garment, and appear naked before the Lord, as a child is born into the world; for I am tired of living on stolen bread. I am now writing lines of experience. No person can be poorer in spirit than I am, nor any weep louder for the truth or the paths of wisdom to direct my feet; but it is the pleasure of God to leave me here till I write these lines: and then I shall see a release from these bonds.

The things of time are delusive and persuasive, and the law of the Lord only can stand against them; they are stronger than the mind, and overcome the man. Him that trusts alone in his own heart will be overcome by them; he will miss the gates of wisdom, the paths that lead to the fountain of the hidden treasure, and enjoy nothing but the flower all the days of his life. The question is, how are these gates to be found, the water tasted, or the fruit known? Where doth the treasure lie? He that wishes to acquaint himself with the world need not travel over it, it is at home in his own soul; the spirit of the world is there that destroys life and deforms the man: and if he should travel from one pole to the other, or from the east to the

western hills, he would not know the world, till he could measure the spirit of it in his own mind. God hath written a law in the heart from the foundations of the world; the first man was not without it, nor the last. He is not a partial God, he doeth by all alike, he hath not respect to the persons of men;—here lies the error, (and one day the remedy will be applied.) Man leaves this law unread till late in life, and rather keeps it as a book in a desk or book-case all the days of his life, into which he has never sought to know the deeds of salvation, or to find peace to the mind; but hath run after the more visible part of the world, and missed the gates of wisdom, or passed by the ports of lasting joys, and is ever wandering for his rest.

The garment is not the man; a man can depart from his own clothes, and so can the blessing of God from his works. We want to enjoy with a blessing, and then all is well with us; so Moses tells us they were made, first formed, and then blessed. But again he repeats, in sin they were cursed; and sin is the cause of the blasting of the fruit, the blinding of the eyes, the missing of the gates, of seeking treasure in vain, of thirsting forevermore. Now we must come to the knowledge of what sin is. It is, in the first place, a neglect of the Divine law, after our abilities have grown strong enough to contemplate upon the things of God, or the deeds of creation. Until this day we cannot sin, or be guilty of actually transgressing the will of the Lord; but if he hath stored my heart with a law, as a desk or book-case, I can and should look therein to see what God has given to me, for every man (if he knew himself) is independent of another, and hath his own law; but if like an idle drone, I never search my desk or never walk in my garden, or acquaint myself with my own mind, I run after the heels of another all the days of my life, till he falls into the pit or grave, and I am no nearer my journey's end on that day than when I was a child and first began. So I may be delighted with trees, vales, gardens, and rivers, and with different species of the creation, till I lose the purpose of mine own appointment, and go ignorantly down to the grave not knowing the purpose for which I was made, and altogether lose the salvation of the soul.

Every parent should take his child with him to the school of reflection, and teach him that these outward observations are only the garments of the Lord. He is to be *known within*, and *is a spirit in the mind*, that will commune with us, if we will seek for him as for a lost piece of silver, or as the thirsty seek the fountain. He will be eyes to the mind, a treasure to us in life. He hath hid himself from the human eye, and yet he may be found. He that desires to know the world must enquire at the gates of a Creator, and he will gain a certain intelligence of all things needful to set the mind at rest. There is no mystery that we thirst for through a righteous prayer but God

will reveal to us; he will satisfy our hunger and quench our thirst, and the laws of life are written in the soul, and we are sorrowful, because we do not or will not read them. Our thoughts are persuaded by a fading flower to run after it; but by long trial men will grow wise. I think I have gained something for turning from the whole human family, trusting in God and reading the law of the heart. The Lord promised it should there be written; the prophet told me so. I would sooner believe him than all the world of men beside him, for he had a communion with the Lord, and I know that he told the truth; but those that do not try his word do not know these things, and like fools they run and miss the way, telling their brethren it is a troubled world, and there is no peace in it. The saying is true, but there is peace in a man's own heart, for it is the house of God and his laws; and I am resolved forever to read in them, and things that should be written give unto the world, and that which is mine retain unto myself, for it is that which the Lord hath given.

It took me many years to prepare the house for things that I desired, but now they have come. I wrought by the will of the Lord and made my heart ready, and the things I communicate to the world hath come into me, for they were not there from the beginning.

How gloriously to God I'll sing,
And keep my harp in tune;
My soul drinks of a living spring,
With flowers of sweet perfume.

My hand's forbid to touch the rose,
But see the garden grow;
The chrystal fountain overflows,
The gates I've passed through.

These, these are joys that never end,
But yield a great supply;
For here we drink nor doth offend,
Though thousands pass us by.

The whole creation here adores,
And every plant is bless'd;
For here we find the hidden stores,
The pleasures of the bless'd.

We find the Lord that all things knows,
(A part of man within,)
And thus the fountain overflows,
And thus our joys begin.

DELUDED man from hill to hill,
 From age to age hath sought;
 He sought a guest his house to fill,
 And spent his days for nought.

The tomb's his lot and portion here,
 And this he's sure to find,
 He's liv'd in hope and died in fear,
 And hath a troubled mind.

Oh shun such paths my friends as this,
 There is a wiser way,
 And shun the bait by which we miss,
 And enter in this day.

Wisdom stands at our gates to cry,
 Why should she not be healed?
 With her sweet counsels all comply;
 Her heart's a fruitful field.



MAY 26th, 1833.

CHAPTER I.

I am ~~am~~ aware that it is a hard thing to show the heart to the world, because it is a country that cannot be seen, or as the fountain of deep waters, but I will begin this twenty-eight day of May, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three (from the birth of a Christian Messiah whose life we trust to be the evidence of the truth) and if I can get through in the time of my life I trust my salvation will be accomplished, for I am induced to believe that God requires this history at my hands. A historian can give an account of a nation or country we never saw, why may not religious men reveal the things of God? The contents of the mind to them that never saw them? If a country affords an encouraging history, we will some times haste to remove there to better our condition of life, why not speak of the fertility of the mind, and induce some wandering souls that are seeking for a residence of rest, to leave this world and its common course, and inherit the mind, improve it as a new country, and enter into rest, enjoy the fruit of our labour and be at peace; for this is where God hath ordained praise, and where he will satisfy the soul in itself, for a man is a kingdom of his own and he needeth not be as an alien in a far country, and a servant of men.

I commence in short chapters—and as God giveth to me, my intentions are to give to the world.

Our first comparison is, the mind is as still water when at rest, but when we are born into this world we have many beating storms to endure. A child has rest in the cradle, but it is not permanent, but like the rest of our father, Adam; for a short space ere life grows worse, the infant's wants are small, that can be comforted at the mother's breast, or rest upon a sleeping pillow; but alas! our days are few in this capacity of life, time passes like a wintery day, till we seem to open our eyes in a world of necessities and woes; for deep sorrows abound on earth: the creation is wanting that which they cannot obtain, and him that hath received much of it is in the same capacity as when he began. He will compare with a man, walking up the hill all the day, and sliding down at night: and in the morning he sets out again on the hopeless journey, and so worldly minded man spends his days, and goeth down to the grave unaccomplished, and hath left this example for bread for his children to feed upon, the very crumbs that made their parent miserable, all the days of his life, and to go both wanting and reluctantly down to the grave; because his designs or desires were not accomplished. Can any human being believe that this man or mind ever knew where peace was to be found, or where the soul hath rest in store for her on the dying day? As the instrument is in the hand of the cultivator, so are our limbs in possession of the soul or mind. But where the inside of a man is out of order, his bodily services cannot be right, his mind pursues vain things, and he toils for nothing; and though he should possess a nation or a kingdom here, he goes like the most starving beggar down to the grave: his worldly songs turn into mourning, the flower blasts, and like a fool he dies; he has won nothing—he hath left his inheritance to another, and children of his own mind, superficially enjoy his goods. These are the evidences of an ill spent life. We are all prone to these paths of error; but one stronger than ourselves hath made it possible to deny the invitation that leads us this way, and hath promised a reward we can take with us when we die, and none can be heir of it but the soul who bought the same at the hand of God at the price of sacrificing the human will. My desires are well sold if I can purchase everlasting peace at the sales of them.

I shall now leave the common paths of life, and walk alone through this short travel or account committed to my trust. Fear hath a dreadful effect on the inexperienced mind; but experience and the favours of God can wear out fear as a garment. I am bounded by the things I know, I do not wish to be understood that I am not in fear to sin, or miss my way; but that fear I wish to reveal, is this—I am not afraid of receiving the event of an ill spent life; the latter produces groans at death that are hard to be uttered. Death with all his terrors hath stared me in the face. I believe the Lord

brought him to my gates to try my soul, and to give me a confirmation by the same proof that I was ready for his arrows, and then he departed from me, and though it is many years past, he hath returned. I have continued in the same line and trust my appointment is sure if I fail not in my integrity to God, and continue to walk in the direction of his holy Spirit; for this hath been all the education that I have received concerning a religious life. I find this law to be safe, and my feet to stand where they have not slidden. Whatever I have gained I have kept, and still intend ascending the hill, and marking the way as I pass forward to the habitation from whence I came, (the spirit of God.) There are many sliding in this age of life, and never was it more needful that a sure path be known, and truth nakedly revealed to the world. The Lord hath chosen me, I had not chosen him, my choice was as the choice of other men, that is, to heap up a little sand hill in the world: but he spoke loudly to me through fear, and bid me dread the end. I am now giving true intelligence from the mind, he terrified me with hell and the grave, and I awoke as one from sleep, and saw my soul on the precipice of everlasting ruin, from whence I knew there was no return, and those that write that the end of the wicked and the righteous are alike, I am confident are in error; for I have measurably seen the end of both and have been advanced in these prospects as far as any living man can go and remain in the body, and there will be no deeper history than mine—and God will give it to the world with a blessing. I am astonished at his goodness, and the measures of his spirit he poured out on my soul, for renouncing my worldly desires and running after him. I was as the dumb that knew nothing,—as the blind that saw not the way; but for all my needful wants he hath provided, and still invites me forward to come to the banqueting house of the Lord, which is the mind, for there he feeds his people.

My praise arises from a cause,
And from a heart unknown;
I read the table of his laws,
And see the building stone.

'Tis God's delight to frame the mind,
On pillars sure and strong,
As worlds are built and seas are lin'd,
So I begin my song.

The mind was dark and waters flow'd,
O'er all that was within,
But God these distant regions knew,
And bid the worlds begin.

A light amidst my bosom rose,
 No tongue nor pen can tell,
 How this discovered all my foes,
 And showed me death and hell.

MAY 29th, 1833.

Oh that my days were fully spent,
 And I had peace in store;
 How could I covet long to live,
 What could I covet more.

We find deep sorrows in the earth,
 And woes and wants abound;
 'T is hard to find the paths of peace,
 Uncertain when they're found.

How can we make our calling sure,
 Or the great purpose find?
 'T will tell us why we're placed here,
 Or what afflicts the mind.

There is a God to cloud our days,
 And hide a glooming sun;
 A God to make the wisest mourn,—
 And thus his will is done.

JUNE 2nd, 1833.

Oh God, how merciful and kind
 Are all thy statutes and decrees;
 Thou heals the heart and stays the mind,
 'T is thou that doth such deeds as these.

Thou calls us to a world of joy,
 The wise with gladness doth obey,
 But fools their bread and cup destroy,
 And throw their living souls away.

The way is plain, the path is clear,
 And upright men can walk therein;
 And these unclothe their souls from fear,
 And soon their joys of life begin.

The more they taste they love the more,
 The more they drink the more they thirst;
 They're not contented with their store,
 Until the soul is fully bless'd.

JUNE 5th, 1833.

Every thing that our eyes behold clothes the mind, and all we hear affects the heart within us. No maiden changes her mantle as often as the mind; she puts off her wedding garment of joys, she clothes herself in the solitary place with habits of mourning, she walketh the pensive plain and strews her tears alone; she never rests, she is thirsting for her God as the weary for fountains of living water, are a heaven of rest. I can account to the world for no mind but mine own. The bounds of my soul ~~are~~ the limits of my days, and worlds beyond these are to me unknown. There is nothing created that doth not affect the mind—the least insect we can see affects the mind. The sun in the firmament, the greatest object of our attention, has the same affect. Nothing is more certain than this, that the whole creation has part in the mind, for it is a mansion or receptacle to all we see and hear; it is a table of the memory of the just, and receives what is present: it is enlarged by knowledge and improved by science, but accomplished by the builder of the mind. The mind hath as many parts in it as there are in the creation, and the centre of it we wish to find. My small history will end there; there will my pen and thoughts be stayed, my hand will be bound as with an iron chain, mine eyes shall behold no more, neither shall my ears hear. There I shall find the Lord if he is ever known of me, there I shall see the saints at rest; there I shall hear the last song that ever shall be sung, and the solemn harp of everlasting praise. There is another possessor of me, my soul is not free, she is as Lord over nothing beneath the sun; she is capable of impression, she can receive, but nothing can she give to another. God is Lord over every mind, and opens or closes up the doors of the heart. He is the keeper of every soul. If we drink in bitter waters, he casts them out again; if we sin, he puts our sins away: he will not dwell in peace with sin, no more than we will with disputing inhabitants of our own house.

My soul is the Lord's, my heart is at his command my limbs obey his call, and step forward after him; and whither would I go? the earth may enquire. I would reach the centre of my soul and see every propensity of the mind at rest with God, and this is *with me a world to come*. Sin is an alienation of our faculties from the centre of the mind, the table of the heart, and these sinning propensities of ours, are like as many wandering restless strangers having no place of abode—their home is conviction—and they are ever travelling out of it—and find no end, for hell is without bounds to the sinner, but him that returns sees a release.

We increase our joys by righteousness, but the mind is not full while more can be obtained, and this is the thirst of the righteous to

reach that they do not yet enjoy ; they thirst, because the mind is not full, and travel, because they are strong to improve. Hope is one of the great talents of the mind ; but hope itself cannot exist without a support. Faith is a property the most hard to keep in our possession of any of the abilities of the man. The absence of which convinces us of the supreme abilities of a God ; and when hope faints we slacken our step,—the soul mourns—despair taketh her in her arms, and presses her to her breast, and bids her drink of her cold and hopeless diet, that banishes hope from the soul. And the renewal of the mind is as wonderful to me as the creation of the world, and is the only convincing proof that there is a God, to be hoped for and to be enjoyed.

THE builder now may cheerly sing,
The pillars all are laid,
And shaded by an angel's wing,
By whom the worlds were made.

God is the angel unto me,
The saint whom I adore,
By him my faith doth come and flee,
He doth my hope restore.

Year unto year he's added on,
Both youthful time and age,
With me are these that's dead and gone,
My sorrows to assuage.

Oh these I find a hopeful band,
With these my book I find,
Unknown to builders on the sand,
Tis these that form my mind.

Tis these that Heaven above compose,
And God's the monarch there ;
He led them through a world of woes,
Rejoicing—and despair.

These found the centre, home at last,
And measured my decrees,
And when my mournful days are past,
My home will be with these.

JUNE 7th, 1933.

CHAPTER II.

THERE are no clouds so dark as these that clothe the mind. Gold may be lost in obscurity, but almost every person can form some conjecture where to look for a lost material, but no man under heaven knoweth a direction where to find the innocency and simplicity of past life, that is, our younger years of time. Our sins increase with our abilities, but our innocency decays, till we become crafty, cunning and wise in our own imagination. Then are we clouded with obscurity, who can rend the veil? Darkness is separable or the sun hath never risen. These that are in darkness may see light, or there is no salvation for the mind. Let us say God reveals, and we can receive, and in this way only the lost prize is found. I have travelled in many paths, but have never turned backward—each path or hour of experience hath led me to discover something. And I am minded to make a few notes of singular experience. Scriptures and records are but witnesses of the truth that is to be known and tasted of, it is as diet to the soul, clothing to the spirit, and the ways of life. The soul is acquainted with events, the mind is a spirit on which the event of sin and righteousness is visible. The wages of sin, are an invitation to a change of practice. If our mind is not out of order it will loudly judge for us, and strengthen the tongue to speak the truth. Eyes and ears are but the organs of the mind, of themselves they can do nothing. It is the mind that employs them to hear and speak, they are as servants sent abroad to bring home intelligence to the mind. The mind is not small, otherwise as a vessel it would become full. But not a little hearing and seeing fills the mind, and now we have an evidence of its almost unbounded extent, it will contain a history of all nations kingdoms and countries, language and science. It will not contain a deity only by parts, but there is nothing created so extensive as the mind and as it is unknown, uncomprehended, and to us unbounded, we are almost or quite forced to believe it is a *limb of the deity*, and came out from God, and is our intelligencer from heaven above and hell below. That which is not known in the mind, we never know. It contains a large space for joy, and a limited space of misery,—sorrows may have an end but the joys for well doing are forever. I believe no more in the death of the spirit of the righteous than I do that the deity will have an end—or ever had a beginning.

Who hath exhausted his store by drawing wisdom from his friendly bosom? Who hath broken into his store and stolen goods away? Sectarians apprehend they have received a great share—but after

all this, I find for my latter days, things that never were revealed, and deeds that were never brought to light,—a way unmarked by the feet of men, neither is the blood of the prophets there.

The *rewards of wickedness is my way*—it is darker than the dungeon—the night will not compare with it, the angels of God cannot rest there, neither is there sleep to the eyelids of a weary soul, neither fowls nor brute is in this way—worm nor insect, it is the space of man alone. Acquaintance cannot comfort, and these that are gone are hid from our eyes. This is the space where the sun first arose from deep waters here. God begins to do his work alone—man is the witness, and thus Moses wrote of the creation of God. Thus is a renewal of the mind—this is where the lost is found—how can I be to blame to write the way?

Oh my mis'ry unexpres't,
Free from light and free from rest,
Where no sound of joy is heard,
Where no angel hath appeared,
Where no brute a burden bore,
Where no human minds adore,
Where no glass is given to see,
Where we're neither bound nor free,
Where we know no foe nor Lord,
Where we feel no chain nor cord,
Where all past has fled away,
And nought remains but memory.

Hell is heard of, but death is known—it obscures the soul, spirit or mind, beyond the regions of all light spiritual or temporal. This is where all proves vain but a deity: the help of man is unseen, and the joys of creation are as vain to touch the feelings of the soul, as ardent spirits would be to intoxicate the dead. Here I begin my history, what is written is but an introduction to the path downward, There are very few that are willing to travel the downward way, it is common to possess a disposition to rise; and too many unskilfully practice, and fall again. Deep wells the most seldom go dry, but the shallow spring giveth way in the drought.

Those that hath endured persecution, remain to shine as the stars in Heaven. An active man must have his feet well placed. Many get into office that cannot stay—the disease is in the mind—the foe in the world, but the cure is in Heaven, with God. It is the pleasure of God only that quickens a mind that is far astray. It is the most peculiar wisdom of the wise to hearken to his parental admonitions, for these are life to the soul—and the dead rise by them. There are many obstructions in the way of our rise; in which case,

we have a continual necessity of the favours of God. Many set out that do not perform the journey,—and others remain with brutes because they will not go. God hat not predestinated our eternal destruction, but men hath chosen it. If we die with a fallen character when will we give light to the world? Not till holl becomes a pleasure, and Heaven is tired of her saints.

Rhyming 's but a simple notion,
Yet it makes the silly wise,
And every billow of the ocean
Is pleasant in the Maker's eyes.

Truth by every revelation,
Is the spirit of the mind,
And the great builder of creation,
Writes his name on every kind.

And all combined is but description,
Revealing truths that are within ;
One hidden truth commands submission,
And here the deeds of light begin.

Tis here our eyes are first unclosed,
And here his Majesty doth rise ;
And here the veil that sin 's imposed,
Is rent and taken from our eyes.

JUNE 8th, 1833.

THE light of the mind is beyond being fully discovered, and the end of it beyond the measures of the man ; we can speak a little of its consequences and events, its lustre and benefit. There is no light that will compare with the light of the mind ; the righteous have been compared with it, and bear witness of God. The sun in the firmament is incomparable to that which enlightens the mind. There is a sufficiency of this internal illumination to light the whole heart. Its beginning may be compared to a light or lamp in darkness, but the increase hath no end to these that believe in its superior benefits to the world. Let a man possess what he will by nature, his heart remains as a field without cultivation without the direction of this light ; it not only giveth intelligence of time past, but directs our way through hours to come. History is veiled with darkness except through the means of this light, but through this light history gives intelligence of the truth to the soul. It not only lights us in darkness as the lamp the dark habitation, but utters language to the mind. It is not only capable of language to the mind, but agitates our feelings,

and sets all within in motion like a troubled ocean in the storm; and not only so, there is strong power in the truth to still the restless waves, and abate the beating of the storm. Truth only is light. Herein men are compared to light—and are the light, because their verbal and written testimonies are the truth.

It is light that darkens the mind as well as enlightens it. We must speak distinctly of these various operations to make our history clear. History giveth intelligence through the conveyance of the truth. Truth causes us to see that our mind is dark and void of understanding. It is truth that condemns the morning of our days, and clouds the mind with the evil consequence of our sins. It is the truth that puts out the false light of our imagination, and leaves the soul as without the least gleam of light in the night season. There are but few that are acquainted with the power of truth, but few hath followed him through all his hidden ways, in which he appears to man unknown to the world. I have found this intelligence in mine own mind, or as a hidden store that hath been lost from the world since the days of old. I esteem it as one of the greatest favours of God that he hath communicated something to my spirit, which is not common with men. And it is not proper to hide this measure, as it tends to multiply the glory of the giver, whose name be praised without end. He is my God forever, the light and salvation of the mind.

How plain the dimmest eyes can see,
When God it pleases to awake;
How clear the darkest sky can be,
When God descends the cloud to break.

How high our heart known praise can rise,
When wrote upon an angel's wing;
How God can light the darkest skies,
How loud with joy the mourner sings.

How dark's the tomb where sinners lie,
How strong the cords by which they're bound;
How long to rise doth these deny,
How deaf to hear the trumpet sound.

Here death we see in various ways,
With binding cords to still the soul,
To bind the tongue from vocal praise,
To bid the storms and billows roll.

One God alone doth death command;
One God alone spread out the sea;
And there's but one redeeming hand,
To conquer death and comfort me:

All things but him as dust are vain,
'Tis him the insect doth obey ;
The sun proceeded from his name,
The darkest night, the brightest day.

There is but one original of our misery, and our chiefest joys—our darkness and our light—our mourning and our praise. There is but one God that governs all these mysterious kingdoms of which we hear, (but humanly speaking cannot see.) There is but one power by which all move and have their being. God alone is the spring of life. Heaven is a place of joy, we have heard, and hell of misery. There is an inseparable connection between these two kingdoms ; this connection is in the one Governor that governs them, the spirit of truth. If death and hell had no terror in them, of what use would they be to men, or of what honour to God ? Hell is not in vain ; we lay the pillars of our repentance there. Who would refrain to sin, was it not for the fear of death ? We may not always dread the dissolution of the body through the deeds of our sinning against God. This is not the death most to be dreaded ; but there is a following consequence for sin that afflicts the mind, and is called death, because *it puts an end* to all our spiritual joys—brings on the storm where the calm was, and sets the most quiet waters in a rage. No man can be reconciled to the events of sin, though some may be so hardened by practice that they may be but imperfectly capable of measuring the consequence. “The wages of sin is death,” and hell receives the soul ; and it is as natural for a brute to be reconciled to a consuming fire, as for a soul or spirit to rest in hell. Here we are taught our fallibility, the error of our ways ; and in this lower kingdom a spirit is given us to change our deeds of life and the reformation of the mind, which completes the salvation of the man. All consists in obeying this invitation to a change of life. One spirit leadeth us there, but another out of this misery ; but all is God. It is the measures of my soul to know these various operations or impressions to be varying parts of one God, and are united in the bosom of the Lord ; and this is heaven, or a kingdom of peace. The name of kingdoms are but representations, and lead us on as to the substance from the shadow. It is God that formeth the shadow—he is the substance of every impression, and commands the whole heart—the evening and the morning are equal to him ; and these two kingdoms effect his purposes, the salvation of the mind.

3

JUNE 18th, 1833.

WHEN I lie on the bed of death,
 And life must soon decay,
 How small 's the interest I am worth,
 How soon 'twill pass away!

Beneath the shadow of his wings,
 That bids my breath to cease,
 My soul shall find a thousand springs,
 And drink eternal peace.

Though time afflicting days repeat,
 My sorrows can't be long;
 The path is short'ning for my feet,
 My steps increase my song.

There is a stream to travel through,
 But a short space before;
 There I shall bid my friends adieu,
 And I'll be seen no more.

Oh then my kindred for me weep,
 And strew their tears in vain;
 These weeping eyes shall ever sleep,
 Never to weep again.

JUNE 19th, 1833.

CHAPTER III.

It is hard to measure that which we cannot see, and there is none that can give bounds to the mind. This is the prerogative of an unmeasured and unnumbered being unto whom Moses hath given the name of God. By his information we call him so, and then pass on to behold his works. There is no doubt he wrought by faith, and giveth faith to the heart of man. Faith is a gift, or belief that we can accomplish in his name all things that an overruling power requires we should obey. By faith I use my trembling pen, with hope that I shall bring a few hidden parts of the mind to light, which we do not behold by common observation. It is the mind that is nearest these two distant kingdoms called heaven and hell, of which the inexperienced know but little of; they remain unto them as a distant country which they have heard of, but never have known.

These two are positively passions of the mind ; and as they could not be seen, writers have set out to describe them by kingdom, angels, and a king : but I am about to make them bare, and leave them naked in the world. Heaven still remains in obscurity, and is therefore too little desired ; hell, in like manner, is too little dreaded : but nothing is farther from me than to disbelieve there is a *heaven and a God, a hell and a rebellious spirit* therein. We are taught to dread this state of the mind, to raise the fear of God ; for hell is the vengeance of God, and this wicked world is in danger of being swallowed up in it. I will make no more use of Scripture than will assist the mind of those that read these lines when I am dead and gone ; for I am one alone, and not another is there possessed of my understanding,—yet I have no supremacy amongst men. The fathers will bear me witness, we cannot have an offspring of that which is only born of God, and it hath not pleased him to form another like unto me, neither have I a parent here below ; for flesh and blood hath not taught me these things, but a spirit that sees and hears, and is at peace. I cannot bring forth an increase of this spirit in the world, any more than the sea can produce beasts of the wilderness. All that I can do is to follow my guide and pen down the way. Deeds give light to the world, and so may these ; and as I have no hope in any survivor to vindicate these things which I now write, I am under a necessity to pen down such evidences as will end disputes about the things I write : and then these lines will be ever in court a jury present, and a judge in the minds of just men. As for our knowing any thing beyond the limits or bounds of the mind, it is impossible ; and him that writes of it is telling of things he never knew, neither can he, for the mind is the bounds of reason, sense, justice, judgment, and mercy ; and farther than these heavenly lights are, we cannot perceive. It is not presumption to say we know that which we can make manifest to the mind of this world. If we are not improved beings, it doth not prove but that we may increase in wisdom, and have an understanding mind. The mind changes her garments oftener than a maiden doth her mantles, for the mind giveth space to all things we can see and hear ; and one stage of the mind perhaps will not continue one hour without changing. It is the house of abilities, and the throne of God, or that which is to be known with us. It is there God judges his people, and there the world feels his judgments, and this world is the court of the Lord, and his sentences are known to the mind. We will not measure things out of the body ; this would be presumption and deceptive to the children of men. The body is the space of action, and the mind can do nothing out of it. And as the servant can relate of his master, so our mortal bodies can testify of a good or evil mind. How oft do we relate to each other how we feel, and like as many simple

children our evidence is true! We possess strong desires for relief in trouble, but in the midst of our joys we wish to continue. God maketh an end of our sorrows now and then, and newly clothes the mind with another mantle, as the mother the little carling of her own heart. When our prayer is accomplished, and we gain a short space from woe and grief through the mercies of our God. Our joys will not continue. The sun may rise clear, but Providence may spread over the dark mantle, and we only see the sun by changes all our life long; and so are the joys of the soul, for in the body she hath no abiding place. While we are in action, the scene changes—and that is while life remains; for so long we are bringing in the event to the mind. The little child hath no sorrow for sin, because he hath not committed it. We cannot sin by doing the will of God, but by obeying the various passions of the mind. These are called satan, or fallen angels, when they lead us wrong—and miserable are the events of our sins, for it leads our minds astray and our deeds to be out of order; and we manage our affairs like a man trying to build a house without plummet, rule, or line, and our works are ever jarring together for want of these. Righteousness is the greatest rule of architect on earth below or heaven above. What a hand a man maketh in his sorrows when he begins to curse men and give latitude to his passions. To run lawless, and without the fear of God, there is no being so capable of evil as he is. He may exemplify a thousand younger children than himself. What a most wretched parent he is to them that receive his doctrine. His soul is in hell, and he bears witness of his agonies.

It never was heard, nor never will be known, that hell is our lot before sin; but it is the event that cometh afterward. Now, I must close up the gate that I have opened concerning the Son of God, who suffered without sin. Our sins came first, and he died to teach us the event of them, and bore with patience that which we endure with anger. Oh what a light to a clouded and bewildered world! Sometimes we are in the height of our joys; they personally appear, because our minds are so, and the body bears witness that the mind is at rest, or as a child delighted with a new garment given of God. We may be delighted without righteousness, and suffer without sin; but these are pictures of information of things to come. Did we not know the mind could be joyful, what invitation could heaven contain in it? If we did not know we can receive sorrow, misery, and woe, what fear could we be possessed of to fear God or dread a burning hell?

All these are passions of the mind,
And these are paths to tread;
Through these the living God we find,
And these are hourly bread.

There is nothing so high as the mind, for our abilities may ever ascend in it. There is nothing so deep as the measures of the soul ; let us do what we will, there is still a space beyond—a hell unknown, a space unmeasured—the writers have said a “bottomless pit,” because its bounds cannot be found—it is only measured by our sins ; and as we live to sin, we sink the deeper in despair ; hope forsakes us on our downward journey—our house hath no pillars, and when conviction rains from Heaven, we sink in despair—ascending increases our hope. We could not arise but by the event of our deeds, these elevate the mind as on the mountain top, from whence we can see a broad space on earth, and those that toil in it. There is no person purchased eternal reward while in the body ; for we have to travel over hills and mountains, through gulfs and rivers—and this is the progress of the mind. He is no minister or rabbi whose soul hath not been in hell, neither can he tell the afflicted captive how he can escape his bonds and set his mind free from eternal death.

Teaching men should be men of experience ; but, alas ! they are but men of history, relating that which they have heard rather than shewing that which they have known. The priests and rulers of the land should acquaint themselves with these things at school, and then read them in the church or declare them in courts of law. I presume the sheep have not their proper pasture, neither have they received that which God has intended for them, or these singular lines would not be written. These will be as a sword to priestcraft and reach the mind of the people, because they are true, revealing that which is not known, and discovering that which will come to pass. If a man knows his own mind, he needeth no teacher. God is there, the best of masters, the spirit of truth. What is history to him that knows his own mind ? It is no more than letters in arithmetic, with which without figures as signs he can do nothing. History tells us of heaven and hell, but experience leads us to these kingdoms, and from thence the mind returns while in the body, and we can tell the way—we can tell the traveller of all the ports of rest, havens of joy, gulfs of distress, rivers of despair, and the power of God. The mind is known to a Creator ; and to whom he will, he reveals the mind, as the far distant country appears to the travelling man. We partake of joys, or we should faint,—of sorrows, or we would forget God, and have no compass for the soul. As long as God pleases we wear these mantles. When he commands sorrow and soberness to depart, we cannot retain them. He taketh the mind, as the mother the infant ; she seeth when he needeth a change, she strippeth him of his clothes, and covers him again ; she will not leave him without her attributes : and so doth God by the soul of man. Whatever we wear, it is the pleasure of God, he puts it on,

and we cannot resist. Our joys are but for a moment. As there is new mantles in the desk for the babe, he hath hidden treasures for the soul, and will not suffer us to remain in old clothes. Like a garment our joys wear away, and we are baptized or washed in sorrow, before they are increased or renewed again. But the favors of God are ever new. These increase our faith and strengthen our trust; we hope in God and pursue again. Was there not something to travel for, I am sure the mind would be still; but God hath everlasting riches in store, and when we enjoy them, they are heaven to the mind. Then doth peace rule over us—the governing passions of the soul. This is the reign of the Messiah which shall take place on earth, the fall of pride, and *satan will be as contented in his place* as before the worlds began. He is only a passion to be experienced to make our joys the more sweet; and then to him we'll bid adieu, and he'll enjoy his former rest. He is a part of the mind, and one of the passions this unknown space contains, and life is order in the soul; and then doth all things revolve to their former place.

Oh what craft abounds on earth, and oh what speculations on the poor for want of knowing these things! but God will give them to the world, and the spirit of truth shall rule over us. Then are courts and congresses done; then are kings and priests in vain. Then shall the shepherd see his flocks at rest, and peace their hedge forevermore.

Then shall the harp forever sound,
Then shall the joyful ever sing;
Because the lasting pasture's found,
Likewise the never failing spring.

Oh hell, vain bubble, but a span,
To these that tread thy darkness through;
Thy space is the events of man,
That doth their tempting thoughts pursue.

The darkest mansion of the mind,
Yet 'tis for sinners to improve;
No peace the wicked here can find,
Until our sinful thoughts remove.

'Tis hell consumes our stolen joys,
'Tis God above inspires the flame,
'Tis God alone our hope destroys,
In things that are fleeting and in vain.

All these are lines that are drawn to know
The varied precepts of our God;
For he commands, and things are so,
We find them when we walk abroad.

Our rolling mind is never still,
 Our thoughts are restless as the wave;
 And we pursue to life fulfil,
 And ever toil the soul to save.

If sin we bring the wages home,
 And know the space we never knew;
 If we see God upon his throne,
 The latter doth convince us too.

Unbounded mind, how far from home
 All thy unnumbered thoughts can move;
 To worlds unseen, to heights unknown,
 The wonders of thy God to prove.

JUNE 20th, 1833.

My soul, bring intelligence from a far country, show thy mantles to the world, wherewith God has clothed thee—speak plain of Heaven and hell, that the doubtful may be still, and false language cease. Truth, clothe thyself with my spirit for a moment and then cast off thy shame, and dwell alone. The scriptures are the truth in the principles of them; there may be a few errors by way of translation, but the principles of them are true, and no honest mind can be mistaken in them. The principles of the sacred historians are these: sorrows for sin, and joys for righteousness. And God has given us a mind like unto these, and he is a fool in divine things, and a liar against the truth, that disbelieveth them; he is ignorant of his own soul, and his heart will compare with the brute; but God hath given it him for the choice he hath made, and the way he spends his time in speaking against just men, seven times wiser than himself.

It is the sacred characters that give light to the world, and experience tells us that Moses is true, who hath testified of God, and the heart of this world; for we have a mind as he hath said unto us, we come to shame for our sins, and put off the dark mantle by a change of life. I have honoured the sacred characters and will write for myself, and of things my spirit hath known, for this also is the truth. I have known as much misery as I could bear and exist—(my mind has been like him that said my burden is more than I can bear)—and if God had not put forth his hand, I should have given way beneath my heavy load. How came this upon me? I can answer of a truth, it was from varying in my deeds of life from what God had revealed I should perform. I never was a criminal in court, nor called to the bar to answer to Judge or Jury, in all my days. I have committed no sin that is unpardonable by men or

even discovered by the human race ; but I offended my God and know his vengeance to be poured out upon my spirit ; and him that saith that there is no hell is not sensible that he hath a living mind within him. To see or feel the joys of righteousness, or know the agonies of hell below the skies—hell is said to be below and heaven above, and I add my witness as a confirmation that such intelligence is the truth, and proceeded out from God—my soul hath been in the sacred furnace ; Job speaketh of it in his affliction. I could not know by his declaration the effects of the sacred flame ; but when all seemed to be consuming within me, and the world passing away, then did I know that Job spoke the truth. I do not wish to take the scripture from the Bible, and write them here, let this suffice, as I know the intelligence of Job to be true by experience—so do I know the other sacred characters likewise ; and that Moses spoke the truth about the fall ; and Christ about the resurrection. And these are the pillars of the Christian world (to whom I am writing) and the examples of civil government, and hath given laws to the world far better than our unredeemed mind ; and he doeth well that walketh in them, and observeth them through life ; for whatever he may receive of God, he findeth them in his way, and these are a literal path to rest, but we must experience them—we must come and see. I sought not misery yet misery came. I made my own choice in choosing joys, or the fruit I would partake of—but oh the end pen nor tongue can never tell, neither is this mortal body altogether adequate to answer for the immortal soul.

The mind liveth, because we have a mind like unto our father Adam, and a divided world like unto his sons, and one is against the other in it. Then are we sure that neither the mind of the good nor of the evil hath ceased—both are afflicted ; but the righteous is borne up by hope, when the wicked sinketh in despair. Misery is of good effect to the mind, it is the means of our repentance, and adds strong reasons why we should make a change of life or choose another road ; for our first acting propensities, lead us down to hell ; it is a place of refinement ; inspires to choose the better way—it is the end of imagination, it inspires with the truth—it is not false, it afflicts the mind, soul, or spirit that is within us. It is spirit, because it afflicts the mind and is the order of life appointed for them that sin. It is to make our garments clean and put our spots away. It is below indeed, what a condition it brought Job into, his person was a true figure of an afflicted mind ; what a condition it hath brought my spirit into ! Nothing was too dear to offer unto God for a release. No deist taught me this—no atheist was with me there. I here begin to find that my mind was a table for the Almighty to write laws upon, and engrave his will upon the mind ; this is baptism indeed,—it is the baptism of the Son of God. It is with fire,

and the holy Spirit of God doeth it. It is below indeed, for nothing in Heaven above or all on earth can comfort there. It is where God hath decreed misery, and there is no changing of it; no one can testify of country or climate, as him that hath lived in it, and my soul hath been in extreme misery and did live; received a release from bonds and ascended from the afflicting flame. How did I arise or see a release? may be a question the unexperienced may put to my spirit. The answer is plain and easy to these that know not, but the experienced need no book, for they have seen with their eyes and heard with their ears the heart-felt sentences of an angry Judge. The answer is, my heart was softened like ore in the furnace, and all within me said, do with me what thou wilt. I will give all the remaining part of my days to serve thee; only release me from these bonds, and all that I have is thine. Thus I covenanted with my God, and saw a release—I did not only covenant, but set myself out to fulfill, and he filled my spirit as with wine; and I became like one intoxicated with the joys of life. He changed my garments—he turned my sorrows into joy, and my mourning into songs of praise. But oh how low I was; sun, moon, nor stars, gave light unto me, nor instruction how to ascend from this horrid place. All books were no more than leaves of clean paper. The sacred characters bore evidence against my sins. The earth was covered with a mantle of darkness—I saw no joys in it—my food was tasteless—my wine without spirit, and water would not quench my thirst. The flame was spiritual, and with man there is no abating it. Hell is an evidence of God's power, and he that descends to those lower regions (or various degrees of conviction) will find it is so, and never dispute with the account I give of it. He that knows can tell, and he only—I write for a staff for others to lean upon that may be travelling this way, not that I can save, but my memory that I communicate may somewhat lighten the burden, and be borne in mind the afflicting journey through. But few will be as deeply baptized as I have been, into this horrid gulf, where there is no relief but by the mercy of an everlasting God, that laid the pillars of the earth and spread out the sea. We err in our joys, and in our misery, until we are corrected in them. I have found the miseries of hell a sure place from temptation; it is not where sins increase, but where we repent of them. The thief on the cross repented in misery—so doth all that improve the mind that God has given. Conviction convinces of sin, and sorrow softens the mind, and prepareth us for the works of God, and I have forsaken my interest here below, and am now doing them. I have known that gold availeth nothing in the hour of conviction; God requires a broken heart and an upright mind—one that is broken from its hardness and will stand upright according to his laws. Our joys lead us

to forget the sorrows of sin, when we drink too freely of them ; but God leaveth us not in hell if our repentance is sincere ; nor in heaven if we forget his name—(that is the vengeance of his wrath)—for both of those should, and do, leave a lasting impression on the mind of those that choose to fear and serve the Lord. And sometimes we are clothed with misery, and sometimes with joy ; and these are changes of garments, and given us of God. These are various passions that rule over us in their appointed time, there is no doubt of it. The joys that heaven afford hath no sting in them, no dread nor fear, that we are doing wrong—there are no laws written against our partaking of them. Neither is the mind of a deity (which far exceeds ours) contrary to these joys, they are a part of him and given us to enjoy. The joys of the righteous and the wicked, exceedingly differ in their nature—leave a sting in the mind, which is hard to endure, and brings a dark and mournful mantle over the soul ; we mourn in the solitary place and abhor our deeds before the Lord ; we own how frail we are, and repent of them. Those very deeds that delight us in our sins, are bitter to us when we are farther advanced in life, and more acquainted with the more sublime joys of Heaven and God. So both country and climate changes with us as we travel forward through life ; and as we do, God clothes the mind, and commands our various passions to rule over us, he is the governor of the soul, there is no changing his decrees ; what he hath said at the first will remain forever.

We shall suffer for our sins, and rejoice in the repenting of them. And he that believeth in any other doctrine or tenets, hath no part with me in the works of God, nor explaining truths to the world. Experience confirms the sacred writings to be the truth, in the principles of them, and I am not adding to them ; but every revealed truth increaseth light, and God is multiplying wisdom in the world.

Oh rest, my soul, sit down and sing,
The flowing stream is by ;
The heart of man's a living spring,
That never more will dry.

The thirsty doth assemble there,
And there repeat their praise ;
A heritage regained by prayer,
The mourner's happy days.

There is green fields of pasture round,
And fruit upon the trees,
And David's harp of pleasant sound,
To gain the praise of these.

I knew no want, I had no care,
The saints compass'd me round ;
Fill'd up with joys, I had no prayer,
For all I sought was found.

Both woe and want was put way,
My soul was raised so high ;
I thirsted for no other day,
Nor did I fear to die.

The clouds above began to move,
And I could see the sun ;
Jehovah clothed me with his love,
And all my fears were done.

But Oh ! I had not long to stay,
Nor could I quite be still ;
God led me farther on my way,
Because it was his will.

And something more we ne'er can find,
As we through life pursue ;
The lonesome journey's in the mind,
Both hell and heaven too.

'T is God commands those parts parts to reign,
'T is him that stills our foes ;
And what hath been, will be again,
And then the scene will close.

JUNE 24th, 1833.

CHAPTER IV.

THE mind is an atmosphere in itself, containing wonders to us unknown. He that doth not improve his own mind, liveth in ignorance all his days, and dieth short of the intended city, or salvation of the soul. A field improved is productive—a land cultivated is enjoyed, for then we reap the product of our labour ; and it is so with the mind. The atmosphere changeth by an over-ruling providence, and there appeareth to be life and motion, in the whole moving system, and this to me is the distant and uncomprehended life of God. He hideth in the cloud, he obscures himself in the clearest sky—he liveth in in the deep waters, the living is there, they have their course to run, and I am not afraid to say that nature has a God,

and there is not a plant nor tree without him, bud, leaf, or flower. We cannot see any thing, but God is there—he is perfect in the storm, he orders the waves of the sea, they rise and fall at his command, there is no space where he is not, and man is as part of these ; and God is likewise in the soul, he is the order of life, and the joy of all living,—the stars sparkle with his light, and he commands the rays of the sun to their most extensive bounds. My thoughts, come home into thine own house, and begin to measure thine own habitation, and declare to the world the wonders of thy God ; prove that thou art acquainted with him, by leaving an evidence of his light to bear witness of him to the sons and daughters of men. He hideth himself in the mind as in the cloud, and in the waters ; and we must seek and find him there. Can a man travel in his own heart ? he can seek peace when he is disconsolate. A thirsty brute would seek the fountain of water. Oh silly man, art thou more ignorant than these—sun, moon, nor stars can comfort thee, when thou art in trouble, earth nor all her bearing trees—then seek that which thou hast lost when thou wast a child, which is a guiltless and a quiet mind. Improve thy mind and reap : behold the storm and be still ; for it is but a shadow of that which doth abound within the soul. God changeth the atmosphere, so doth he change the mind, and in every change, we travel forward, if our feet are placed in the ways of eternal life : to all that is without the mind, we must die. But a justified mind will live forever ; it may be so with the sinner and the wicked, but those that live in conviction, live to mourn—and the present wicked inherits the mind of the first sinner that existed on earth. The mind of one is extensive enough to receive the whole, and a convicted mind is hell to me, and there has been no increase of heaven or hell since the world was made, or man existed. If I enjoy a justified mind it is heaven to me, and as all goodness floweth from one spirit and the waters return to the sea, so hath all the righteous but one mind, and inherit the pleasures of God. It is the righteous that know the Lord, and glorify his name—they sing a thousand songs of joy ; while the sinner is pouring forth gall from his lips ; his word is bitter because his soul is in hell ; he cannot praise, because his spirit is in bitterness, and his life and language are bitter to the world : here is the difference between the justified and convicted—the improving man reaps his joys when the sluggard is bitter for the want of them—he is like a man wanting the bread of comfort to his soul ; and he is so clothed with ignorance which is the production of sin, that he envieth others like a wicked brother, and is uncomfortable to the world. It is meet that I bear witness of these things, as I have a mind acquainted with these kingdoms and have improved them both, through the mercy of God, to mine own advantage, and can speak the truth of them.

Few have been baptised in sorrow as deep as I have, and but few have been raised so high in the joys of life. I therefore trust I shall be found a true historian of the mind, and add somewhat to the information of an inexperienced mind. I do not believe that any thing is given the mind, or taken away from the foundations of the world. I cannot conceive that the grace of God descends from the skies or comes up out of the water, but that it is found in the heart, and enlightens the mind. It is said to be a gift; and truly it is so, with all our moving propensities within. The child knoweth not there is grace in his mind, any more than he knows there is fish in the bottom of the sea; but in progressing forward he finds it there. Our father in the first innocent station of life did not know there was conviction in his mind, but in his pilgrimage he found the unhappy space, and a God to rule over him, a cloud to obscure his mind, and sorrow in his soul. He saw that he was naked, that knew it not before. Can disputants disagree with me, and say—these were not new discoveries, made by our afflicted father, and that he found them in his mind? No, it is impossible; life was there—God was there, and with irresistible power, like a supreme court, ruled over the mind, and our father had a sorrowful and an afflicted soul. The soul of every wicked man is his soul, and his is theirs; and as there is but one God, and one atmosphere, there is but one mind in the whole earth, but the revelation of the system is this,—sometimes we are governed by the event of temptation, sometimes with the event of conviction, and at other times with the pardon and blessing of a God; and these are all the changes there are in this world. It is the various passions at their different and appointed times ruling over us, and there never was one created, or given the mind, but hath a time to reign, inspiring our choice by these various operations, which shall rule over us and according to our choice: so we form the man.

Instruction is a world of light,
Ignorance as the darkest night;
We wander but we know not where,
So good and evil doth compare.

We see the sun to set and rise,
We see the foolish and the wise;
When we look strictly thro' the mind,
The cause we know, the good we find.

These, these are given to inform,
The calm, the wave, the beating storm;

The cloud that doth obscure the sky,
The sun that sets and rises high.

The barren and the bearing trees,
Have their appointment and decrees ;
The bud, the leaf, the op'ning flower,
All reasoning for a God of power.

The calmest day, the strongest wind,
Are evidences of the mind ;
Our troubled hours and calmest peace,
Relates that time doth never cease.

One God in every thing we see,
Though varied as the world may be ;
All is connected and the same,
From whence our joys or troubles came.

To unconnect a varied God,
Is beyond the power of flesh and blood ;
Be still and see the system roll,
All, all's connected with the soul.

No joint can e'er be put apart,
God is the centre of the heart ;
And him that can the centre find,
Will see contentment through the mind.

Oh earth, pour out thy blessings upon us as fountains of living water ! Oh heaven, shine upon us with all thy glory ! All ye saints compass us round ! All ye prophets dwell in the midst of us, near unto the throne of God ! Enlighten the dark parts of the earth ; speak peace to the world, and bid the weary rest.

These are all revelations of the mind, and all things that we can read may be found in the mind ; from thence they came at the beginning, and all intelligent writings invite us to the centre of the soul, and there our wearied propensities find a resting place.

I will now begin to mark the path to the city, but extensive is the circle that reacheth there.

Doth not angels hover round about us seeking admittance to the mind ? Such writing is altogether a figure, but our angelic spirits (or compound which composes the mind) seek to rise from the fall of sin, and cannot rest in these lower kingdoms of conviction ; therefore there is a seeking and praying with men of sense. There is a turning away from our temptations, and a denying of them. In the first place we are tempted by the world and the things of it ; in the second place, the hope of heaven transpires above these lower objects, and

again we are tempted with joys above, and they strengthen our hope, and increase our faith to believe there is a supreme joy to any thing we have not yet known. All the earth will not comfort the mind, but in heaven we are accomplished. Things out of the body cannot be known, only when we are out of it; and without the body nothing hath been revealed to the world from the throne of God. When the righteous die to this world they see peace, their soul enters into the happy kingdom. Thus the saints have wrote of heaven, and thus the experienced have written of eternal burning, and how disagreeable it is,—representing this furnace (by comparison, because it refines, and moulds the soul into a frame or temper of repentance) by brimstone and fire,—making use of every possible means to convince the world of the consequences of sin, and the events of them, and on the other hand, the joys of the righteous, by representing the kingdom of heaven as a choir of singers, praising Almighty God for a great deliverance from a prison of conviction, into which all sinners descend before they rise to the kingdom of heaven. And this praising system or representation I know is true, for all our faculties are glad and full of joy and the great mercy of God, which is an effectual feeling of the mind, in the midst of them as a monarch, or his miraculous name receiving praise for wonders done. It is the joy of the soul to give thanks, and the mercy of God to receive. Thus believe I, that the whole mind of the righteous is in operation forever; because the mind is life, and God, undivided from every other part of the Deity, abideth in it, and hath revealed these things to the world by the sacred writers. But that I may not leave this body without giving the world a witness that I see also, I write in a little different style or form, not obscuring the Scriptures, but adding my evidence that the sacred writings are lines of experience, and books of great information, and are profitable to the world. They are the productions of experienced minds, there is no doubt of it; and though the different writers were selected from far distant ages, the writings in the principles of them agree, and are unto us an undeniable witness that one God presides over all forever. They that believe have wrought wonders, improved their mind and divided their harvest with the world, as a rich man can give unto the poor; but the unbeliever hath left his fields unimproved, his lands uncultivated, and is but a shadow of darkness to the human family. He believeth not, because he hath not had wherewith to gather in; and he is so distant from the cultivator, or improver, in the harvest day, that he hath nothing. He has made no discovery, because he has sat still; and from the same state of ignorance proceeds on to say,—Scriptures are not the truth, when the experienced mind, the travelling man, the cultivator can positively declare he found them in his own mind to be a book of order, and lines of peace.

Now shall my soul set down and sing,
 I'll see a day to rest ;
 Not covered with an angel's wing,
 Save these within my breast.

The crystal fountains gently flow,
 I see the springs to rise ;
 And hell and sorrow sink below,
 Veil'd with the brightest skies.

I see the earth her pleasures yield,
 To clothe my weary mind ;
 I see the harvest of the field,
 That every soul can find.

The weary enter into rest,
 While the unfruitful stay ;
 Where weary brutes are long oppress'd,
 And see a tedious day.

Oh full and plenty is my store,
 And I can feed the poor ;
 Nor things below I covet more,
 Their burdens to endure.

JUNE 27th, 1833.

To thy eternal name,
 That fram'd the earth and skies,
 That never spoke a word in vain,
 Let incense ever rise !

Ride on the cloud and see,
 Behold a rising sun ;
 All nature's name arose from thee,
 In thee the worlds begun.

Both earth and sea adore,
 The billows are thy name ;
 The hidden rock, the peaceful shore,
 From thy own bosom came.

Let every age and tongue,
 Long, long declare thy praise ;
 For thou hast all these wonders done,
 In heaven, in earth, and seas.

The storms are thy command,
The billows and the wave ;
The living of both sea and land,
Likewise the dark'ning grave.

All have their birth in thee,
Let incense ever rise,
From all that's in the earth and sea,
In heaven or in the skies.

Ride on the cloud and see,
That all the earth adores,
And all our limbs rejoin in thee,
With sun, with moon and stars.



JULY 1st, 1833.

CHAPTER V.

THE earth abounds with sorrow, but the mind is not full ; as the sea drinketh in rivers of water, so doth the mind the sorrows of this world and is not yet satisfied. We thirst for the judgments of the Lord in an obscure way, that is unknown to ourselves. The vain delights of time invite us forward ; we fall into the pit or snare short of obtaining them, and there the mind mourns for error, for the purpose of proving that there is right and wrong, and *sorrow convinces the mind*. These ways are the decrees of God, to us unforeseen, —but known of God, who hath predetermined them. If one fall would convince us of sin, and convert the mind, we would not fall so often ; but as often as we sin we shall suffer for it, and it hath been so since the worlds began. Man could not sin of himself, but the world helpeth him that God hath made, and invites him forward to taste and see the events of time, and what they afford the mind. The son of God lived and sinned not : he is our pattern,—he did not come to shew the righteous how to live ; but sinners how to enter into rest—and cast off their weary load. The rise, is like the fall, and both is decreed of God, and we may partake of them. God hath not sworn that he will convince the world of sin, by any other means than sorrow. There is something left for us to do, we must toil, or suffer for the wages of the obedient, or these that serve the Lord. Sorrow or trouble, is as natural to the mind as the bread we eat, and is in store with God, ere we partake of it. The heart of God is incomprehensible, because it is greater than our own ; but we cannot see or feel any thing, but the spirit of it is in the bosom of

God; he is the spirit of the world—and there is nothing can live or move without him; he is in light and darkness, with the living and the dead: I mean with the souls that hath departed life. He is with the patriarchs of old, prophets and apostles. He must be with those that abide his wrath, as perfect as he is with these that are in a heaven of joys. All things came forth from his spirit; if not so, who is he? or what is the life of man? The mind knoweth these things, and the man is a world within himself, and the invisible God ruleth over it. If not so, who is he, or to whom is he accountable? If not so, why is he not a master of continuing joys, rather than a servant of sorrow? It is the most extensive education in life to know the man, and the far extending bounds of the soul. He may find his mind as a world unknown, in which he may improve or travel forever. He will ever find new discoveries in it, unfathomable deeps and heights unknown.

Him that hath gone out of it to see the works of God, only beholdeth the world at a distant prospect; he can see but imperfectly, and account for nothing he sees. A man that cultivates one field reapeth more from it than the whole world which he improveth not; so is the man that improves his mind, he finds bread at home, while the wandering are starving abroad. We cannot satisfy ourselves by hearing or seeing the works of men and God; but a man can eat the bread of peace that cultivates his mind, and satisfy all his hunger and his thirst for seeing the distant hills, or ascending mountains to us unknown. How this improvement or cultivation is to be made, is a question for which we may seek the answer, and not find. We cannot conceive that Moses was present when the world was made, or that a history of the creation was handed down to him, but that it was revealed to him by the spirit of truth, and his witness or proof were the fathers that lived before him. He did not travel over the world to give an account of it, and yet there is not a historian on authenticated ground that can deny the truths that he hath penned. He is the great evangelist of God, and the only man that hath so discovered a Deity to the world. If nothing yet remains to be known, we need not seek farther; but as many things yet remain in obscurity, it is needful we should seek: for the more we find, the more we glorify our Creator by revealing hidden truths to the world. Moses formed a communion with God in his own mind, and from thence proceeded the history of the world. The wise prophet did not dispute with him nor the Son of God. His lessons given us to read are the truth, and will stand forever. But these bright sons of the morning revealed something that Moses left untold; and so they continued on from the first to the last of them, and all continuing to give a history of the mind of a Deity. It is to our mind he reveals himself; that which we see with our eyes is but an imperfect con-

ception of the things of God. The mind knoweth the truth, for God is a spirit and revealeth himself to the mind, which is a spirit, and a servant of the Lord. These bodily conceptions deceive us, and delude the mind when we go after them. Now we will answer the question how a man may improve his own mind, and place it into the capacity of the poor and illiterate man. For instance, Moses was not rich, nor David when he became a king, nor Peter, James nor John, when they became apostles; but Christ became as God unto them. So Moses improved Aaron and his brethren; and by the improvement of the mind made them men of great sense and talent. Wisdom took up her abode with them, and revealed herself to the world through these oracles of light.

Hath the Lord sworn he cannot be found if we seek after him? He is hidden indeed, too precious a prize to be found in the street, or gathered from the trees, to be known by travelling over Asia or other parts of the world, by fathoming out the sea, or sailing to all the ports below the sun. He is hidden in the mind. The mind is his clothing; he is within the mantle and may be found. My soul, call on the name of the Lord—he is not far off that he cannot hear—he is within thee, waiting to be revealed to man, when he shall receive the titles of honour that are his due for so doing.

Oh man, begin to make the enquiry at the gates of heaven—why thou mourns at the turns of the mind or changes of the seasons, why thou art the works of God, and art still unhappy? And God will reply,—I witness for him this day, and reveal the prize I have found. I was ever unhappy and afraid until I improved my own mind; but from that time I have no need to borrow of my neighbours, Moses or the prophets, but call on them to prove that God has done by my soul, as he hath done by them, and provided a path of mine own, and he walketh in it before me. I continue, and still find my appointments are written there, and are a law to my mind. Before this hand-writing in my soul I had no way, my propensities ran lawless through life; I saw much, but knew nothing that satisfied my mind, or put the dread of hell away. Moses revealed there was a cause to fear; and the many punishments of God visited on the world, is a proof that Moses spake the truth. This law hath no end. A book we can read through, but who can tell what God will reveal unto us, or what life will conceive if we continue on the mysterious journey? I possess more hope now than ever I did, although I am advanced in years.

By prophetic whispering in mine ears, there remains more to be done; God is yet to be sought, and truths revealed. I know not that I am nearer the end of my journey than at the beginning, though more is received; and there is no doubt with me that the mind can receive and be enlarged forever. This is the way to find the prize,

improve the heart, and become independent of men, and a servant of the Lord, and he will bless thee, (for it is his pleasure to richly pay his servants for their labour.) Thus I answer the question, improve the mind as a field or vineyard of the Lord, given thee to improve. Thou wilt find sweet fruit on the vine, a rich harvest in the field that will put thee out of debt to all men; and thine whole heart will honour the Lord, and all thy propensities or moving abilities within will praise him. Thou wilt know him to be a God over all, and the order of life, a law written in the mind. Hidden in the mantle thou mayest find him there; he will be found of thee forever. This law hath no end; if we should ascend to heaven it is but begun, for he will order thy praise, and the deeds thy mind should do forevermore.

I sought the Lord alone, without the help of men. I retired from the world and all that were abroad to seek peace at home; and an unknown God said unto me, Choose religion for thy path, and sacrifice for thy deeds of life. I know not from whence the voice came, but it was strong in me. I believed it without doubting, and began to obey the will of the Lord. He soon shewed unto me the use of sorrow, and that I must embrace her as a dear companion of my soul, for she was a part of mine own mind, and could not be put away; and the joys of life were like unto her, both good in their season. In this my mind rejoices. I began to know myself, and how to serve the Lord, and I am still increasing my store, for wisdom increases with me. I am still travelling farther on, and to this church (the christian world) I will tell of the mind; but unto the Jew and the heathen I will write of the Deity, for they are the oldest in the world, and the Christians will learn of them. They have seen the most sorrow, and will receive the most sublime wisdom, and *the Jewish church and Israel will live forevermore.*

Oh now my praise abounds,
And I have cause to weep,
For in mine ear the trumpet sounds,
Awakening these that sleep.

I found the life of Moses in mine own soul, and the spirit of Abraham that lived by faith; for my dwelling hath been alone,—I have had no companion nor household with me on this lonesome journey, save the spirit of Moses and the prophets to whisper in mine ears to encourage me, and tell me that I was right, and that God whom I could not comprehend was before me. The memorial of these increased my faith, and I continued my slow but steady steps forward, and all my compass is the mind, and all the circles of my days are written there, and I must seek to find them.

ALL, all along I've songs of praise,
And hear the trumpet sound,
That I shall see increasing days,
And worlds of light be found.

The pillars that hath first been laid,
Mine eyes shall plainly see,
And tell the world how peace is made,
And of mount Calvary.

The ancient city's in the mind,
Jerusalem was built,
Where seeking men their guilt may find,
Where precious blood was spilt.

The Lord will build the city new,
Not as it stood before;
And he will call the kindred Jew,
To fall and part no more.

These things—engraven in the mind,
I often read them there;
What's lost the Jew again will find,
And build the house of prayer.

And kindred nations will come in,
As once they've done before,
And Israel's praise will there begin,
Nor cease forevermore.

THE earth smiles with a blessing. Wisdom walketh in it, her hands are spread abroad. Sorrow hath had her place in the mind. The flower mourned beneath the frowns of God; the tree ceased to bear, the tender grass withered away, and appeared again. The scorching beams of the sun caused the fruitful fields to thirst for a blessing. The days of sorrow are fulfilled; mourning is past in these that know the Lord, that is to say, we know the blessed effects of sorrow when we embrace her as a maiden when she walketh alone in the earth.

The humble cry; what do they thirst for? It is to know the use and purpose of the abilities and propensities of the mind that God hath given; for this satisfieth the soul, and she weepeth no more for that which she enjoys.

JULY 15th, 1833.

Dark are the valleys deep and low,
My mournful spirit travels through;
No sun upon those ways have shone,
No brother nor no shepherd known.

Yet here do I existence find,
(Tis but improvement in the mind;)
Like fields 't were never sown nor bore,
Where sin nor satan's known no more.

Mine eyes see no temptations here,
Nor ruling men nor ghosts appear;
Like to the wood where nature grew,
My mournful spirit's trav'ling through.

Tis where the plant at first arose,
Before the worlds were known to foes;
It is where friends to man appear,
From heaven above most bright and clear.

Tis here we see the sun to rise,
The light and glory of the skies,
It is where God to man is known,
And truth can comfort man alone.

JULY 22nd, 1833.

When we rejoice or we complain,
Or with those calls comply;
They're those the bosom doth contain,
They're calls that none deny.

Omnipotence writes his decrees,
Amidst a changing mind,
These various parts are bearing trees,
And we're to these inclined.

Who bids the ocean to be still,
And then the waves obey,
Save him that made us of his will,
And made his house of clay?

Man is the clothing of the wine,
The storm and calm is there,
The cloud that darkens all the skies,
Likewise the clearest air.

JULY 29th, 1833.

Why should I doubt, why should I fear,
A resurrection day is near;
Although this body shall decay,
My soul shall rise another day.

Mine eyes shall see, mine ears shall hear,
A trumpet sounding in mine ear;
The ancient days are call'd to rise,
Where Noah and where Abram lies.

The earth a thousand truths will yield,
And there the weary will be heal'd;
The wicked son that hath been slain,
With all the just will rise again.

And every spirit well shall know,
That God doth govern all below;
The blind shall wake, the deaf shall hear,
A judgment day shall then appear,
And in the body all shall know,
That God Almighty rules below.

AUGUST 5th, 1833.

The heart will break, the rocks will rend,
The Lord will all the earth offend;
The Lord in judgment will appear,
The passage of the saints is clear.

The spirit of the dead will rise,
The eastern sun will light the skies;
And those that doth the Lord offend,
Are hastening to a mournful end.

The grave before their eyes appear,
Their ears a doleful sentence hear,
The soul shall tremble and decay,
And life take wings and flee away.

What is my portion let me know,
God of my soul that rules below;
Shall I be terrified at death,
Or as a victim yield my breath?

Or shall my soul rejoice to hear,
My passage with the saints is clear?
And when I die I shall arise,
To those that's harmless, meek and wise.

AUGUST 25th, 1833.

CHAPTER VI.

THE mind of a deity is the beginning of all living ; the sun rose in it, in it the moon and stars gave light, in it the fowl flies and the fish swims—the plant grows and the tree bears—the Lion roars, and the Wolf pursues his prey. What is the whole creation but the mind of a deity in existence ? All came from his own heart, and man is as one of these, amidst the living. The first prize he should obtain or ask of God, is *wisdom to know himself*, and then proceed forward to understand his portion of the deeds of his creator. The more wisdom he obtains, the richer he is ; and the more he enjoys in his latter days, he is the more independent of the world, and of historians that lived before him. I cannot say that I know the man, the mind is almost an unbounded circle, nothing but the mind of the deity exceeds the bounds of the man. I can relate of those things I know ; but the mind can be enlarged, the circle increased, and the bounds thereof I cannot tell. The productions of the man is an evidence of the mind, and what may proceed from mine I cannot tell ; it is of my own I am writing, for it is nearest to me and is best known ; he that giveth a history of his neighbour's mind, and knoweth not his own, is like he that spells not knowing letters. The mind is the great scale to try all things ; we think we know, and if the balance is out of order, we can rightly adjust nothing ; because our balance is not true. I am resolved my history shall be bounded by mine own soul, and not be a shame or reproach to another that thinketh he can comprehend my days, and measure them as an hand's breadth. My mind did not originate in history ; but history came into my mind—it was not hewn out of a rock, nor squared by the hands of men ; it originated from the mind of a deity, and from some small or limited acquaintance with my parent the deity. He kindly reveals to me my form, the nature he hath given me, and the disposition of my mind. If it produced nothing, it would never be known. If a child learneth the alphabet of a parent, it is evident that he is taught, and is an honour to the parent by uttering the few syllables he hath obtained from his affectionate friend ; so likewise, if I can do a little, it will be an honour to God and accepted of my soul, as a testimony of respect to his most sacred name. I believe the mind to be a part of the deity, and so I believe by every living existence ; for what can we see but a deity in existence when we see the whole world ? Let me testify of the merits of my origin, and then proceed to relate what *he* hath revealed.

It appears by Moses, that sun, moon, and stars were placed in heaven before man was born of the dust : and when he was made,

he saw the merits of his Creator—they were made for him to look upon, and to give his body light : these have an original as well as the human mind.

Why are we not brethren, that proceed from one God? Truly there is a mutual connection in the whole creation, and I am of the same origin as the worst sinner on earth. All were made to adore ; but man hath power to refrain. If him that worships God, doth not exceed him that worships not, i. e. whose mind is in the original capacity of the creation, his deeds are for nothing ; but it is meet the parent give light to the child ; for he has a heart or mind given of God to be improved. I will now enter on the work and show some small benefit arising from subordination to a deity. The tree can bear no fruit save that of its own nature ; the apple groweth not on the thorn, nor the fig upon the vine—the grape is only subject to its own original, the vine, that was appointed to bear them. Man bringeth forth after his own kind, and there is not a being under heaven of so numerous a production as the heart of man. It is not only like the atmosphere, producing both light and darkness, rains and scorching suns, but like the earth, that beareth both the bitter and the sweet—the thorn, the brier, and the vine. The man is more productive than those, and not so limited in his space ; for he is capable of receiving from day to day, and God is willing to give them that ask him. And this day I write a lesson not known before, because the deity hath taught me so, and administered to my soul a greater measure of that image of his own. The soul is the Lord's if we restore it to the giver which is his due, after we have had it in possession long enough to teach us that without a parent we can do no good, neither reveal a deity, nor ourselves to the world ; but he hath endowed my heart with a portion of wisdom concerning himself and the mind, that proceeded from the bosom of the Lord, and this is a book of the mind. But another is committed to my trust, concerning the deity, for it is the mind that reveals God to the world. I build not on history, nor write from history, but from one of the most simple minds in the world. I am like something moving but cannot comprehend the impression from whence it came, or tell the world why my person is thus in operation to reveal my mind to worlds or minds below ; but so it is with me, and if it turns out to be an honour to the deity then it will be known that which is now a mystery to me. When I am revealed then will I know myself, but how can I tell before I know the man. Doth the earth know why it bears, or the tree why it produces food for the gatherer? No—why may I not be like one of those? These all reveal the living God and why not I? The earth bears by divine impression, and from the word of God the tree bringeth forth her leaves, the flower, and the fruit, to feed the living souls of men. I now begin to read

in the alphabet of my history, for in these things I see the Lord in greater perfections than in the hand-writing of men. These things are fulfilling their purpose ; but there is a delay in man, which God seeketh to come forth, the purpose of creation in the mind. God will not be disappointed, he hath ordained and it will come to pass—hidden things will be known, and judgment will be brought to light. Man shall know he is as on the left hand of God, or on the dark side of the question ; because he doth not improve the mind. An uncultivated field beareth not the harvest, and an unimproved mind is like unto it—man is unacquainted with his own soul. Oh man, take me by the hand and walk with me a moment, and I will show thee that which is, and that which will be hereafter.

Behold the vine, ready to bear the blessings of the Lord, the rain to descend, the sun to rise, the stars to give thee light, the moon and stars to witness for a Redeemer's hand, and show the power of thy God. Can thy mind receive these things and be filled with sinful thoughts and vain imaginations about the things of God ? No, thou must forbear pursuing thine own thoughts, they lead thee into a wilderness of darkness, and another seeketh thee and findeth thee almost spent, wandering to and fro as a lost sheep, or as flocks without a shepherd. God will give thee the creation if thou wilt return unto him. Let those lines invite thee home, for thou art bewildered in the midst of thy thoughts, and drowning in the imagination of thine own mind,—thy balance is out of order, thou can adjust nothing rightly, and knowest not why thou wast born into the world ; because thou dost not enjoy the Lord. Behold thy mind is as the field unimproved. I have been with thee in the desert, and come away ; the hand of the Lord found me there, and his voice said unto me come away, leave the race of men, and improve the mind—the mind is the pillar of the Lord's house and he builds all his works on it. The mind of the Deity is the order of life, and he hath given us that which is his own, and bid us build thereon. The creation beareth all things for our subsistence,—the heavens contain all our personal light—the soul beareth the interpretation of God, and the mind is his dwelling, and there he reveals himself to man. All that we see is not more productive than the mind. My heart now bears, that was once as the barren tree—the vine without the grape, or the field without the harvest. The Lord hath watered it, and it bears the bitter and the sweet, or deep joys and mournful sorrow—the fruitful and the barren year—a time of labour and a time of rest. The sun giveth his light and then is obscured in the cloud as for a winter's day. The Lord beginneth his works again in the mind—the spring cometh forth, the bud appears. I walk alone with the impressions of the mind—the flower bursts from the heart as the new found spring from the mountain side—the grape appears on

the vine, and the heart bears a harvest, and men can gather in and be comforted, till they can strew and reap for themselves; and this is a history of the mind.

Oh God, the spring will never dry,
Nor shall my soul complain;
Thou gave my spirit wings to fly,
And eyes to see thy name.

The earth doth loudly tell of thee,
Sun, moon, and stars, declare;
Here e'er the dead or living be
Thy name's forever thine. *there*

The sea abounds with praise of thine,
The billows tell thy love;
Thou 'st mark'd their compass with a line,
And their commands above.

No soul the billows can control,
Thine is the earth and sea;
And thou commands the living soul,
And every plant and tree.

Now we will proceed to the creation in the mind of a Deity as being transferable to ours. The globe, and the whole moving system, can be in the mind or spirit of God, but not in ours. The sense, use, and benefit of the creation can be transferred from the mind of God unto us. The sense of the creation giveth cause to the soul to magnify the Lord. The pillars of the earth are these in the mind, passiveness, obedience, patience and love. The whole creation was passive e'er it came into existence;—obedient, because it came at God's command; patient, because it came forth one part at a time, without murmuring against the other; love, because the works of God gave him renown.

Now we have the pillars, we will try to build a little upward and inform the man. Sense has a beginning in us—wisdom and understanding: and thus Moses accounts for the works of God. Our minds are dark in sin, as the atmosphere without the sun, moon, or stars therein. Moses saw the sun to rise, (he was not present when the pillars of the earth were laid) but when God began to enlighten his soul, he was present there, and saw the sun arise as from deep waters, and he saw one thing come forth after another, till he received the sense and wisdom of the whole world. Moses had no written testimony to teach him of the things of God. Moses gave a more

ample account of himself, than he did of the creation : and his writings sheweth the bounds of his almost unbounded wisdom. He saith the female cometh of the man, because these two are one. I believe his writings to be a figure, by which I trust I shall find the substance ; not because he hath written, but I will add my testimony also to sacred truths he has explained ; for instance, the bone implies a part of the man—man being made of the dust implies his spirit is given of the spirit of the world, and is a strange sample of all that is contained therein. God commanding the sun and moon in their course implies that he directs the abilities of the mind ; the sun rising at his word tells how light cometh into the mind of those that hath sinned, and departed from God. It was a son of Adam that wrote this strange history that no man can read. As for the earth or sun arising out of deep waters or darkness it is mysterious and strange ; but for God to enlighten a dark mind and increase our understanding is not marvelous with them that receive, for they are present with the Lord, and see how these deeds are done. That which discovers to us the use, benefit and purpose of the creation, is light, and maketh manifest in the mind, that those things are of God, and beyond the abilities of the man. The more we see, the more we glorify the builder, and are astonished at his extensive and most wonderful works. As wisdom and understanding increases in the mind, the creation seems to rise, and all those worlds without are to inspire and impress the mind within, to praise the builder ; so Moses came to a sense of every thing that was created, and begins to account for the creation of the world. The use of the world is lost from our knowledge in sin ; but wisdom and understanding bringeth the worlds to light again, and this is the restoration of the man to bring him back to what Moses saw, viz., the garden of his creation. This is containing the spirit of the world in the mind, and every part of the creation in their proper place : and as our hands and feet are one workmanship, and both in their proper places, so God restores the whole creation to the mind. We do not need all the earth to till, to enjoy the world, nor gold to inspire with wisdom ; but we want sensibility to know that the spirit of the world is in order in the mind.

AUGUST 27th, 1833.

Though the leaf withers and decays,
Again the bud appears ;
So is the man inclin'd to praise—
Sweet music in our ears.

The spring flows from the mountain side,
The plant is fresh and green ;
Our sorrows doth consume our pride,
And makes the conscience clean.

My soul learn at the school of woes,
The load thy brothers bore ;
Call on the Lord to still thy foes,
His love to heal the sore.

Tis satan's part the heel to bruise,
He doth not beat in vain ;
My spirit rise and tell the news,
That satan beats again.

The plant ne'er withers nor decays,
Through gentle showers of rain ;
The love of God inspires our praise,
And tunes the harp again.

A song sublime my heart shall sing,
Of wisdoms bright decrees ;
The winter yields a pleasant spring,
My soul appear like these.

The tree casts off her spreading leaves,
By autumn's great command ;
The limbs doth tremble in the breeze,
Chills clothe a mournful land.

All these are wisdom for my soul,
And clothing to put on ;
At God's command the leaf doth fall,
And summer's days are gone.

OCTOBER 31st, 1833.

TO THE MEMORY OF ANNE REID.

THESE records were transcribed thus far by a beloved sister, ANNE REID. Her virtues were excellent, she walked foremost in the flock; she was a diligent singer, and a wholesome pattern for the young. But on the 29th of October, 1833, she deceased, after a short and painful illness. She desired death in her best days, as the world afforded her but little pleasure. She never inclined to marriage or male company as could be discovered. She often said it was her place to serve the congregation, and nurse the records of the Church, rather than to raise up children in a troubled world. She travelled much abroad, spending her hard earned money with a willing mind. She cared for the company, and always when able raised the tune in worship, abroad, and at home. She walked after our banners in York with her sisters a few days before her departure. The last time she left her little habitation (which was after she was seized with her last illness) was to worship God. She was unable to perform her common service. She has left her seat empty to be lamented forevermore.

My brethren, mourn with me—my sisters give ear to the words of my spirit.

My sister is no more with the flocks; she feedeth not with them in green pastures. She is no more seen at the tables of the Lord. She is no more washing herself with the maidens in the blood of sorrow. She hath made her garments clean; they were white as hills of snow. She hath dressed herself, and gone to the wedding; the dead are her guests, and the Son of God her bridegroom, or her spirit is alone forever. She has gone to the deceased sisters of her love. She is no more in the banqueting place. She was at the head of the table on the days of our solemn feasts, and elders crowned her head with honour. Her voice is no more heard in the assemblies—her ears are deaf to my calls,—and I am alone. I am as one awoke from sleep in a world of affliction. The Lord hath broken the staff I leaned upon, and my spirit hath fallen to the ground. She mourns in the dust of the earth, and weeps aloud in the solitary place, and my mourning is without remedy. Tears is the oil of my mind, and my nights pass sorrowfully away. I wander abroad, but find her not. I read over her days in the still watches of the night, and cry unto the Lord—thou mighty God of Jacob, thou hast troubled me, and taken her away that cannot return.

THIS song for her be ever sung,
By every nation, name and tongue;
Her virtues, like the rising day,
Are clouded, and hath fled away.

"RECORD my name my sisters dear,
And keep me in your mind;
Sing o'er my sorrows with a tear,
Whene'er this song you find.

Penn'd by my brother, all my joys
That I had here below,
Behold how tears o'erflood his eyes,
His spirit loved me so.

A solemn part with him I bore,
His counsels gave me rest;
But now I see his face no more,
But know his mind's distressed.

May mercy reach his failing eyes,
From Jacob's God most kind,
And heaven above renew his joys,
While he remains behind.

'Twas my delight to ease his breast,
Whene'er I saw his pain;
And he his love to me confess'd,
And gave me love again.

My virtues were his great delight,
'Twas joy my deeds to see;
He lent his hands to lead me right,
His soul to comfort me.

But Oh to multiply his pain,
God took me far away;
He ne'er can see my face again,
Nor my kind deeds repay.

My soul be ever near his breast,
While he may here remain;
Farewell my brother, I'm at rest,
And we shall meet again."

DAVID WILLSON.

SEPTEMBER 9th, 1833.

GOD enlarges the mind as the world was made: that is, one thing after another; and wise Moses carefully distinguishes an evening between the days. God increases wisdom and understanding in ancient order: that is, part at a time. The writings of Moses are to impress the mind as the type in the hand of God; and him that hath received the impression, readeth more than the Scriptures of themselves explain. The word of God is as a seed cast into the mind by the sower; it multiplies as we resign, and bringeth forth as we are willing to receive. The splendid and the luxurious have the least taste to receive, but to the hungering soul the very sorrows of the truth are sweet. These are cross occurrences that come in our way for doing justice. The will of God is never true with the measures of the earth, but is productive of such reason and justice as but few or none have understanding or abilities to deny. Truth is the poor man's friend, and God his Creator and Saviour. He hath given his word for the salvation of men, and him that receiveth it, in the love of it, careth but little about the present distinctions that are made in the earth. His friend the truth is in his mind, and lights his way through the dark habitations of the earth. Him that hath received a spirit of truth hath ever a light before his eyes, and seeth where to place his feet, direct his hands, and speak with his tongue; and these are the acting abilities of God committed to our trust, and we have not received them without direction how to use them.

God himself hath worked for our example, blessed for our comfort, and entered into rest. Moses hath said justly when he said, God finished the world, and entered into rest. Nevertheless he is willing to educate every mind that is born of a woman and hath existence in the body.

The mind is given of God, but the body is clay, yet apparently a father and mother, and the parent of many souls. Moses wrote for the information of the world. God taketh the type that Moses has left on record, and impresses the minds of many. Engraving on a stone is a strong impression; nevertheless, the impressions on the mind is not likely to fail in a tempest, or waste away in the shining rays of the sun. Stone were the tables prepared for God to write upon. He commanded Moses to prepare them: that is to say, every man should prepare his heart for the law of the Lord, and he will write down his duty in it, and the will of the Lord will not waste away. Moses' writings are for impression, for reception, for intelligence to our friends, (for they were read in Israel,) for salvation to the mind. Hence we conceive the first man that sinned was afforded the measure of salvation, restoration and peace.

The birth of a Saviour in the likeness of a man is the appearance of the will of God in the mind. He grew up from small to great, increasing in wisdom and understanding; and here we have a true figure of the gift of God to the world. I have now quotations enough to evidence the following work, and wish to refrain from them; I only bring them to remembrance to confirm a doubtful mind. Moses' writing is but a shadow of the mind; the substance, the enjoyment, and understanding are in the heart. Wisdom is the gates of heaven, and few enter into rest through them. We see a busy and a restless world, but few we see at peace in it; the reason is, the mind is not with God—the work is not finished—and many are seeking rest without the salvation of the soul with God, and never find. Moses sheweth his extensive understanding, and that there is a pillar of rest for man, and that we may see God in peace, for so Moses saw the Lord. How could he say he created all these things and entered into rest, except the mind of Moses followed him in the work of creation, and saw the end of man? Moses saw all these things, and also prophesied of what would come after him; but he set no bounds to the wisdom of God, but hath only revealed to the world the measures of the man, or wrote his own on paper for a testimony of the most high God.

God worked not in darkness saith Moses the evangelist of the creation; the first appearance was light. Oh what a true figure of a dark mind when we have sinned! Without the word of God we can do nothing—this is the light of the world. Adam could not see to make his own apron, and worked by guess, and missed the mark, and God had to clothe him as a child whom he had made naked. Oh what deprivation of abilities! Oh what darkness sin bringeth upon us! diminishing our understanding, and puts our light of innocence quite out. But God hath promised to recover and restore. Then let me and all my earthly-minded brethren receive the means—a light from the mercies of God to work by; for so he hath done by himself when he created the worlds, and hath given wisdom thereof to the mind. How could Moses discover the works of God, and what he did at a time, was it not for this light set in the firmament of heaven? Moses maketh use of these things to increase the understanding of his brethren.

The sun is but a figure of God's grace; and God gave grace to the heart of Moses, and then by and through this light revealed the world to him, and heaven above, where God is at rest. I now begin my own testimony:—I have known my mind to be as dark to the revelation of God, or the understanding of his revealed will, as the firmament was before the sun arose in it. A history of the world is no salvation to man, but the knowledge of himself completes the mind; fills up the measure of God in the soul, and his spirit is at rest in it.

The worlds came into existence by passiveness and obedience—so doth God do his work in the mind. My abilities cometh forth one after another as the worlds were made, and when I see these things, I see as Moses saw, and am confirmed he spake the truth, and wrote of God to increase my faith and enlarge my understanding.

He whose heart is illuminated by the light of grace, is as a man walking in darkness with a lamp before his eyes, without which he can see nothing to his own satisfaction, or is worthy of revelation to his brethren; but the lamp is as light to his eyes, oil to his tongue, direction for his feet, and the ornament of his hands. And when he hath travelled a great way alone, comparative to the life of Moses before he wrote, he finds the hand writing of Moses by the way-side, and he readeth it in the light of the sun or the Spirit of God, which is as the lamp before him, and he seeth that his servant Moses travelled that way before him, and left these marks to comfort the weary, lest humanity should faint and stop short of the blessing. He hath not said stop when we have made this divine discovery, for he has prophesied there is somewhat yet to come; but when we have seen as he saw, pursue on in pursuit of these things, he declares to the world, till we see God at rest in the soul as his servant Moses saw him in heaven; and then we are but fit and capable to walk alone without a staff from Moses or the Prophets to lean upon, or any other laborious servant that hath toiled on earth to strengthen his weakened brother man. We hereafter begin to see for ourselves, and advance beyond what others have done for us, fulfilling their measure given, and in peace they pass away. But we close not the path to younger travellers, nor put out the light that others have lighted, but bless them as the works of God, our witness on the way to heaven. There is but one way for all men, and that is revealed by Moses and the Prophets, justified of God, practised by his Son, and blessed in worlds below. We travel forward as is above written, into a desert where none hath been—here we must work alone by faith, as Israel in the wilderness, when kings and nations could not direct their way; my soul knoweth these things, and I am bound (for favors received) to give honor to Moses and the Prophets forever, for I found them in the way to God, and David, Israel's king, in the midst of them. Now, if the saints of old hath quoted too Moses and the Prophets to prove their experience right, why may not my poor soul, of latter days, in the like manner? If the latter saints, the sons of the New Testament, hath called on the name of Moses and Abraham with David and the Prophets, to prove the truth and authenticity of the Gospel, why not I to prove the experience of my mind? Though I were at peace with God, I am only restored from whence I came, it is not to say my life is fulfilled, but only my debt is paid. I have atoned to God or repented for transgressions I have committed.

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Now begins the life that God directs in the soul :—Shall we not see temptation in the wilderness ? The Son of God saw and fought alone, and won a victory over my foe. Shall I not make use of his name till I win the prize, and tell my human desire it is wrong for my limbs to obey ? they are consigned to God, and for his purpose they were made and created. If I obtain the prize I praise none but God alone—it is done by his word, by which we read and see and understand, and the mind begins to increase in wisdom and understanding, and one day's work after another is revealed to us all our life long, till we come to the final end, and see the works of God done in the soul, life fulfilled, and the mind fitted for heaven and the body for the tomb. So fulfil my days, my Saviour and my God.

When e'er the sun begins to rise,
Then more and more I'll sacrifice,
The higher I shall plainly see,
The will of God wrote down in me.

God is my trust, God is my care,
He bids my feet to enter there,
Where mornings cease and evenings die,
Because the soul doth rise so high.

Oh, earth ! thy measures all farewell,
My soul of God his truths can tell,
And of his blessings here below,
Of victory and a conquered foe.

The throne whereon his spirits rest,
The saint and son in garments drest,
Unspotted while their robes appear,
As sun and stars for ever clear.

SEPTEMBER 25th, 1833.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT is the mind ? is a question hard to answer or give a full reply to ; we can hear of a city and by faith received by hearing, set out on the journey and travel to it. The city we cannot fully see till we enter through the gates into the city ; and see the walls around that defend the city, and keep men out of it. God keeps the keys of the mind, to whom he reveals seeth the city, and to whom he revealeth not, cannot see through the walls ; so the mind is inclosed with a mysterious veil that none can rend but God alone. He that seeth the mind, seeth the city of the most high God, and the deity in the midst of it. All things serve the Lord at all times, and

there is no getting beyond the measures of our God. What is sin? It is the want of improvement. You may as well tell me the dove can swim under water, or fly without wings, as to tell me that ever man walked where there was no way, or acted without the inspiration of God. This argument leadeth us on to ask the question—what is God? He that knoweth not the mind cannot tell; but he that entereth through the gates into the city, can give a history both of God and the mind. What the deity was Moses left untold; only that he was a spirit, and naturally speaking is not seen with the human eyes. He directs the world of mankind to behold his works, and as the deeds of the man give us knowledge of his heart, so doth the whole world of the spirit of God. The deity is the spirit of all living, he is clothed with the flower, and with the grass, as perfectly as with the man—as perfect in the Lion as in the Lamb—as in the Eagle so in the dove—the fish—all animate or inanimate being. Now tell me if it is possible for the thorn or thistle to grow without the inspiration of God's spirit. If you think so, create those things for yourselves in gardens or fields, or invent a plant that never yet hath been—or bring the dry tree to bearing, and then human reason will stand. There never was a fish that did swim in the sea, or tree that grew in the field, but by the inspiration of God, and it is his spirit that supports all existence, and is the order of life. Every thing received their nature from God; and what is man but as one of those whom God has made. If he has sinned, the very event is to learn him wisdom. Did man ever act by a nature that was not in himself? No, no more than the dove can fly without wings, or the lion take his prey without the wisdom of God. Then God is life and thought, and what we see is the spirit of the mind brought into action, and this is the spirit of God revealed as when he created the world. From whence did the bitter herb receive virtue? From the spirit of God. From whence doth the Bee gather honey, but from the flower that God hath commanded to yield her food? Now what is man? He is as the plant of the field—a tree of the wood, or a supreme over the animal creation. Why? Because he hath more talent given him, and more is required of him; and man should reveal himself to man as the father should provide bread for the child. He that knoweth himself, knoweth the deity, as well as he knoweth how he entereth through the gates into the city, and that it is by permission, and so God permits man to come to a knowledge of himself.

Sin is a great stumbling stone in the world, and priests gather great wages for endeavouring to move this stone out of the way. They are like doctors giving medicine to the sick, that prevail not—it is the nature of man, and in every human creature by the appointment of God, and we cannot remove. But when we tire in this practice, God can give us another; and sin is of bad consequences,

for it darkens and troubles the mind ; and he that knoweth it, hath an introduction to an improvement. And, who can say that he hath sinned, and thereby hath not come to a sense there is a better way ? and the purpose of these lower kingdoms and the trouble of them is to teach the the man that we are frail, and cry mightily for the superior abilities of our God, so we fulfil the first lessons of life, and pass on our way. And when we reach the city, we see that God is in all our deeds of life, and is acting in every creature ; and a composition of all is the mind, and God within the bounds of the City, moving the limbs or the bodies of men by the impressions of the mind. Individual objects may take the whole heart astray, like the fruit our father eat, and disquiet the whole mind. But there is no peace without the knowledge of God, for man was made to know his Creator, and it is all he thirsts for since the pillars of the earth were laid. Our father sought to find him in the fruit—some in women, some in wine, some in lands and in gold—but he is not in these only by parts ; and the first man found the fruit bitter that sought for sweet : and herein is the experience of the man. So he cometh to the sense of the herb, the honey and the gall, and all these do not suffice, till he seeth every thing or every part in its place, according to its decreed or appointed purpose, and this it is that completes the salvation of the man, his mind is in order, and he knoweth the worlds move by the impressions of God.

How can my soul attempt to sing,
Or how can I forbear ;
For God is in the angel's wing,
And life and spirit there.

The dove flits round his holy throne,
Oh what 's an angel's name ?
To men unseen, to God they're known,
From him all spirit came.

Angels are these that come and go,
Impressions of the mind ;
And some of these are bitter woe,
With some sweet food we find.

There's no deception in their wings,
They fly at God's command ;
They visit priests, and visit kings,
And curse and bless our land.

God willeth not that we should remain in sin, for he that remaineth in sin dwelleth in the city of ignorance, and a cloud of darkness hangeth over his habitation, and he knoweth not what he doeth. If

by sin we fulfil the first lessons of life, by righteousness we fill the last, and these are the events of man. In all these changes we know the Lord. When we come to a knowledge of self, we know what we are, and that heaven and hell are impressions of the mind and rule over us, and that God governs the world by these. Because of hell we fear God; and because of heaven we love him; and who can say he is not in all our deeds of life? As ore is cast into the furnace, the soul is cast into affliction, to soften the mind that we may be remoulded into the more glorious abilities of our God.

If God in the first place hath made us subject to temptation, he hath in the second place made us subject to righteousness. And affliction is for a great and glorious purpose in the mind: it subdues our lesser or brutal propensities, and makes way for the more glorious abilities of God to act in us. As by the deeds of the mind, the Deity is glorified; he is not willing to leave us in this low station, that doth no honour to a Creator in the eyes of an enlightened mind.—He therefore softens us in affliction, reforms the mind, and giveth us new clothing as often as the summer tree doth change her leaves. Though every garment is received from the same giver; yet every change increaseth the glory of God, as doth the spring his smiles from heaven.

THE FALL OF MAN AND RISE TO RIGHTEOUSNESS.

All men fall into sin by nature—that is, there is a nature or spirit in us that leadeth us that way, and another that leadeth us to forsake our sins and live a justified life. It is evident that God desireth a change, and requireth righteousness; this is being equal with God—that is to say, perfectly fulfilling his commands. This fall is mysterious, yet plain. When we have arisen from the dead—that is, where we are closed up in conviction, as the body in the grave, it is where we cannot reason for ourselves, but own our sins, confess our guilt, and resign to the powers above. Here temptation dieth, and hell becomes alive in the soul, and the flame encompasseth the whole mind. This is an impression of the most high God, and is perfectly his command, as that ever the sun should rise out of darkness. No reasoning of our father Adam could cease the convicting flame. The Deity was not to be overcome; he had designed experience for the mind, and determined that men should drink of it. Him that falleth is at a school of woes, but he needeth a master to teach him how to read the lesson; for many are afflicted without the intended purpose, which is to humble the mind. God would walk before us all our life long, if we were humble enough to hear his word, and obey his command. The very purposes of sin are to soften the heart and humble the mind. What foolish and afflicted

creature can say he hath no need of a reformation ? if so, he is foolish to an extreme ; struggling in his chains without hope or relief. Hell is the vengeance of God, and will soften the hardest heart, and the most reprobate mind. The priests should reveal all these things to the world, that the afflicted should be patient in tribulation, for it is the purpose of our grief : God wants a heart refined in the furnace, as when he began the world, and then he will make something of us ; but while we devise our footsteps by these low abilities, we fulfil not the purpose of our creation ; and a mightier hand than ours is ever laying a stone in our way ; and the world will walk and stumble till men are convinced of themselves they can do nothing—that is, they cannot build a tower to reach to rest, nor such a ladder as Jacob saw, (the path of angels from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven.) The fall is human, but God is the builder of the propensities by which we fall. He hath connected all these things in the mind of the man, and *he must*, in some indirect way or mysterious impression, be both the author of the fall and the rise of the human will ; for this is the whole guidance of life. The will teacheth us to fall, and like a child falling into a pit, the will weepeth in us ; but if a merciful parent draweth us upward from the burning, it is the will of the mind to shun that slippery way by which we are taken in the snare, and God has bid us do what he knoweth we are disposed not to fulfill ; and so all men fall into hell. We must return to the law of the Lord for salvation, for this law we left behind us when we set out on the journey alone ; acting by the first propensities of God in the soul—or the abilities of a child's mind.

And here ends my book of the soul, or history of the mind.

Long in the secret courts to dwell

Hath been my lot alone ;

But I stand in the door and tell

What long hath been unknown.

Worlds at a distance now may rise,

As Moses hath foretold ;

And lights sublime may light the skies,

Like days that were of old.

The sun may rise that lights the mind,

And to all nations shine ;

And I may peace and safety find

Amidst this soul of mine.

Farewell, historians all, adieu !

Your goodness to fulfill,

I must come up and walk with you,

And write my Saviour's will.

SEPTEMBER 28th, 1833.

No. I.

THE following chapters are a history of the house of the Lord, the world, and the creation of it. They are observations that I have made in my travels through the mind.

As a man writeth of a distant country, so my soul doth write of these. The spirit of truth hath been with me and speaketh no lie. I have not been idle on the pilgrimage; I have placed my feet in haste, and got myself ready to discover to the world the being of a God, his habitation, and the work of his hands.

I was like a worm asleep in dust or ashes, but the spirit of truth said unto me, Arise. The word of the Lord spake in mine ears as with a trumpet of quickening power. I could not excuse for want of literary skill, nor offer my poverty in life an atonement for my guilt. I saw that I was clothed with sin, and must go down to the baptizing place; (my body was not plunged in water,) but my soul in affliction. Of this baptism I can give some relation; but of water I know none, because I have not received it. The Lord became a father to my spirit, and led me behind the backs of men into the wilderness, and instructed me alone in the school of affliction; and truly the Lord *talked with me in hell*, and translated my spirit into a *momentary heaven*, where I could see the saints, David and the prophets, with other patriarchs in Israel. I saw the days of Abram; for truly I was alone, and the Spirit of the Lord talked with me: he set a seal upon my lips, and forbid my communication with men about religion and the things of God. His voice was with power, and I obeyed the visions of the mind. He soon began to declare unto me of things to come; and as I grew humble in affliction, the spirit of truth grew up in me, and I saw that I was in the Lord's house, and all his sons of old were in it. I saw God and Christ to be a light to the world; and my soul rejoiced in God my Redeemer. My spirit took courage, my belief increased in the revelation of God; and I began to act by faith as did Abram my father—(spiritually so, for I am not of the blood of Abraham, though no blood is dearer to me than his.) Sectarians of our age began to stone me, and the archers let fly their arrows by no small measure, and I began to cry like a child chastised with a rod; but I saw the hand of the Lord was in all this, and that the gates were closed up behind me, and that I must only receive these stripes as the chastisements of his will. I pressed forward against the storm, and saw the cloud give way, darkness rent in twain, and I saw my passage clear, and that nothing could stand before the Lord nor conquer the truth.

I am now getting my little book ready for the world, and kings and princes may look therein, and lords and dukes deny, but it is the hand of the Lord spread abroad from the bosom, or the mind.

This world is the house of the Lord, but the mind is his secret dwelling. I write from the mind and the penetration of thought with which my mind is impressed, and the spirit of truth hath shewn me many things to be revealed. I am a great admirer and lover of the works of God, according to my small measure. Those that hath seen more can reveal more; I am only accountable to God for that which I have received.

Moses and the prophets hath great place in my mind, or beareth much weight on my spirit. I see their days glorious, and a portion of their spirit in me. Every herb, plant, and tree declares the work of the builder's hand; and if I only appear as the thistle by the rose, I will not deny the maker's hand: I will show my form unto men, for the Lord hath done this.

My best days are to be resigned; for then I am fit for the builder's purpose, and he may make of me what he will. So I am trusting he will guide my hand through this work and bring me to a glorious end: that is, to praise God for his mercies and be at peace, and princes and potentates can rise no higher. I covet no throne here below, nor any part of the earth to be my footstool. God hath created the world equal; and this will be the end of controversy and the fall of kingdoms,—the long captivated Jews will *rise into dominion*, and fulfil the days that the prophets and Christ hath desired. Their prayers were the will of God, and will be fulfilled. The lights of the world proceeded from the Jews, and *they will not be cast away*. The Lord hath kept them distinct to show his name in them. He will give them a land and they will be a people, excelling in wisdom, for a time, till the rest of the world shall fulfil their measures; after which all nations will be as one, and Ishmael united to the house of Abram again. Abram is a pillar in the Lord's house; he will not remove. No new dispensation hath been that hath darkened the light of his days, nor ever will. The lights of the world sprang from the loins of Abram, and his good name will never fail under heaven. I am not afraid to speak of things to come, because I have seen the glory of the Lord in years that are past in fulfilling prophetic sayings that were whispered in mine ears. I do not say I am a prophet, but that a prophet hath spoken to me. I believe it to be one of the spirits of ancient days that dwells with God, and whispers in mine ears. They are all in the house of the Lord, and are spirits at his command. It is declared they shall rise again, with all the rest of the world. Then the Jews will rise to their former station, that is, to believe in God and truths that are revealed unto them; and as I have written unto them, I shall not prolong their

name or character in this work, but in due time give them that which is their own, and lines that God hath given. It taketh time to evince truths. I must only strew these lines as seeds in the earth, (from my small habitation in the wilderness of Upper Canada,) and as the husbandman or cultivator trust to the growth of them, or whether they have place in the mind of this world or not, I know that I have found what I cannot deny, and seen that which I dare not conceal.

The Lord is present every where ; why not with me, a lonesome inhabitant of the wilderness ? The ends of the world are not forgotten, the poor widow, nor the fatherless child. Who can blame the Deity for showing mercy to my soul ? He hath shewn me the inner courts of his house, and is now leading me out to see the world, show me the flowers of the field, the lillies, and all his wondrous work that is comprehensible by the mind of a man. He showeth me his likeness in all things that he hath created, and that he enlightened the mind of Moses his servant, and then hath shewn unto him the world, and man that he hath made, and of his disposition. Nothing is more true than this that the mind of Moses must have been, and now is, a store-house of the wisdom of God. He fed his people from the mind of Moses ; and I have read many sacred lessons there, by the light of the sun, that lights the mind. This is the sun that Moses saw rise out of darkness, or a sinner's mind.

The plant showeth the form of God, as perfect as the man. He is not deformed in his work. He is governor in his own house, and orders life as he will. That man can do any thing but by permission of God is impossible, and that he can reap a reward that is not designed is presumption to believe. The hand of God is in all his works—as perfect in the thistle as in the rose, and glorious in all the works of his hand. His voice is heard in hell as perfect as in heaven, and he is life in the brute as perfect as he is in the man ; and these forms are the purposes of God, and are made to glorify his name : but man is accountable to God for all he sees, and is debtor for all his works, to give him praise for all he has done. In order to prepare the heart for such an office, we must walk abroad in the hand of the Lord, and behold his works through the revelation of his will. Such favours as these inspire the heart to praise, when we see him in the brute and in the flower ; when we taste him in the fruit, or see him ripening on the tree ; when we see him spread in the leaves, grow in the grass, and ornament the field ; when we see him to ride upon the cloud, and know him to be swifter than the wind ; when we hear him in the thunder, and fear him in the lightning of the sky ; when his voice sounds in the billow, and his life is hid in deep waters ; when he nourishes in the plant, and feeds in the animal of the field ; when he fleeth in the desert, and clothes

himself with the wood; when he rises on wings, and showeth himself abroad; when we fear him in the terrors of the storm, and when he is clothed with the night; when he speaketh from the wave, and defieth the world to command the seas; when he standeth on the mountain, and bids the vallies behold his superior form. All these are my God, and the clothing of the Almighty, whose name I dread and fear; my preserver from sin, and the sole comfort of my days.

LET each created being sing,
The fowl that fly, the creeping thing;
For man alone is one of these,
Hath but his portion — his decrees.

How can the soul presume to boast,
That was in woods and waters lost?
Or as the worm amidst the dust,
Knew not his God in whom to trust?

My soul, by mercy thou arose,
And as the worm or lilly grows,
Thou art a plant arose from dust,
And saw a God in whom to trust.

Sublimest praise is his reward,
Thou art but dust and he is Lord;
All thou receives to thee is given,
Of earth or sea, of hell or heaven.

God is as perfect in the infant child as in the greatest artist. Earth, air, or sea hath nothing to boast,—the vallies nor the hills. God's perfections are as great in the insect as the elephant,—in the valley as in the hill. The creation is equally blest and each part for the purpose it was created.

God is as perfect in the lion as in the dove; and he is not distinct in these, but is connected in the whole, and one original is the spirit of all being.

His measures are as bright in Moses as in the Son of God. *Grace* and *law* are the gifts of one God, and man hath nothing to boast since the pillars of the earth were laid. Each were appointed for their purpose, and hath found their course to run. If hell is in our way, a mightier hand than ours hath placed it there, and we cannot remove. If heaven is appointed for our rest, there is a way prepared to receive the blessing; sinners only delay their passage home. The worlds were created in peace, without controversy, and worthy of a blessing. When the worlds were blessed, man was also blessed; he was cursed with affliction that he might perfect his blessing, know

the goodness of his God, and be at peace. The blessings and afflictions of God are talents worthy of improvement. We cannot tell the depth of a water till we fathom to the bottom, and then measure the line. We cannot tell the goodness of God till we improve his blessing, and reap the harvest from a field of joys. The rivers hold their contents, and the seas the same. Every mind is full that serves the Lord; by joy and affliction he enables us to choose the paths of wisdom. We would not know that vinegar was sour did we not partake of it, nor that gall is bitter; but so the Son of God came to the experience of life. A servant in the days of Moses was as fully justified as in the days of Christ; and there is but one God to bless and curse the earth.

Oh pity him that is so poor,
He knows not where to find a cure;
Oh pity him that's so distress'd,
That cannot find the way to rest.

Oh pity him that doth not know
That man is to himself a foe;
Oh pity him that ever flees,
From fruitful to the barren trees.

Oh pity the exalted, proud,
For darkness clothes them with a cloud;
Oh pity these that truth despise,
For God's forbid their souls to rise.

OCTOBER 21st, 1833.

THE creation is made to suffer according to the appointments of the builder; he is in every thing that is made, and man is a distinct spectator of his deeds. There is no Life but one—he is the same undivided God in all things. There is no living existence but the Deity—he changes his garments in death, and clothes himself again, and is for ever. The grass withers at his departure, the flower decays, and the tree ceases to bear—the bride is left with the dead body of her bridegroom, he sleepeth, and none can wake him out of his sleep—the child giveth up the mother, and the husband the wife, he stands as one defenceless in the day of battle, the Almighty is too strong for him. Were these things not the appointments of God and the purposes of the creation, they could be prevented; but it is not in the power of man or beast to save his own life, he must

fulfil the decrees of the Maker. God hath not seen it good in his pleasure that life should remain in bodily existence, save the earth; she bringeth forth for ever, she is as the bride of the Almighty, she conceiveth of God in the creation of the world, or when the earth came into existence, (that is, where we see the purposes of it,) and bringeth forth the herb and the tree, supporteth the fowl, the fish, the brute, and every bitter and sweet below the sun. The species flow from her bosom, and the refreshing air is the breath of her heart; not the mist of the earth, but the Spirit of God; he sweetens the air with the spices of her garden, and bids my soul to behold her deeds. He sendeth rain upon the fields and bringeth forth the harvest. His own life exists upon the plant of the field, for without this we perish.

What is sin? Let me know thou great, all-wise and wondrous God. It is sin, not to go to the school of education where God showeth man his abilities, and the volumes of nature are open before him. Lord, lead me there, and I will be with thee, and be taught of God, and distrust man (who fadeth as a leaf,) for evermore. Behold the earth, she is full of my glory, she is clothed with the sun, changeth her garments as the moon, and as a mother of all living, she receiveth a blessing from God, and is one of the most divine blessings to man that ever he can enjoy. The glory of the earth, the sun, moon and stars, the sea and what is contained in it, fills the mind of the man, as the atmosphere is filled with the work or deeds of God, and the mind rejoices in the deeds of the Creator. More extensively speaking, the incomes of the earth bless the mind, and inspire the thoughts to praise the builder. It is not having much in our care that increases knowledge; by partially looking on that small dust we call our own, too often blinds our eyes from a more extensive knowledge of the deeds of God. God is the master of his own scholars, and them that come to him. These things that I am writing is what his Son Jesus, that great Prophet, hath in store to give them that cometh to his Father. He is a steward of his grace in heaven, that is, where the mind is reconciled to the judgments and mercies of God. I wish the world knew the Lord as I know him, and more so. I care nothing for riches, but am forbidden to waste. I thirst after no crown or country, but my heart is not satisfied; I thirst for wisdom, and as the panting soul, I know not the extent of my mind, nor when it will be filled, for this thirst is not quenched, neither doth my desire abate. I am at peace with God, and esteem trouble, however bitter, to be a blessing to the mind, for sorrow is part of God, and a gift to the mind. When do we know God more perfectly than when we are sorrowful, and then to know our sorrows to abate? We know him in sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy, in the bitter and in the sweet, in life and in death; and this is due to God, a blessing

for his revelation ; for in all we taste, see, or smell, the Lord reveals himself to man. Death is unavoidable, but life is for ever. God diminisheth not in death, neither doth he increase in life, he is what he was, and evermore will be, the life of all things under the sun ; in the angel and in the saint, in the rich and in the poor, he is one unchanging God.

Let not my thoughts presume to sing,
Where there's no stranger nigh ;
But still revealing God my King
On whom I do rely.

Unto what shall we compare the world but the Deity, and with what shall we compare the Deity but with all we see and hear. Man is but a small portion of his image : all things created are as perfectly his likeness as the man ; man is said to be his likeness because he exceedeth all in wisdom, understanding, and workmanship, save God his master. There is not a thing or being that lives and moves but is a perfect form of the Creator ; there is nothing green or dry but sheweth us the likeness of God. When we behold the workman we see his arts and ingenuity are the lines of his hand ; in all this I see the builder, for man without the Deity is clay, and senseless as the dust.

My song begins with trouble here,
For this invites to move ;
The soul encouraged with fear,
And thus we life improve.

Oh life is God within the soul,
The soul is life likewise,
As billow after billow roll,
God doth the earth chastise.

'Tis life that feels the piercing rod,
And life is given to know,
That life is spirit and is God,
And God's in worlds below.

Who bids my senses all to feel,
But life's chastizing hand ?
Who seals up life, and breaks the seal,
But life's unknown command.

God from the earth none can divide,
Nor part him from the sea ;

Sinners through shame and darkness hide,
From things they all might see.

There 's not a leaf that 's spread in vain,
Nor cloud obscures the skies,
For there I see my maker's name,
And these that make me wise.

I WILL write down the paths of sin, and the way that leads from the knowledge of God. We do not sin with the endowments of the fear of the Lord, but when the Lord is hidden from our eyes, then are we bold to sin. We do not sin through the remembrance of his judgments, but when we have forgotten the chastising hand of God. Will not the Lord chastise till we fear, and afflict till we remember his judgments? Then shall we live as though God was present with us, and know his mercies.

The enjoyment of forbidden fruit is stolen pleasure, for which we suffer like criminals in the day of judgment. God hath not created any thing but we may know; but we must first fear him, and then we walk uprightly with the Lord. Sin is the mind running without a guide; we soon find the fetters or get fast in the snare; but as we walked in the darkness we know not the way we came, and we ascribe the cause to every thing but that which is just, and that is hidden from our eyes; so the world of men suffer in sorrow, and cannot account for the cause of it.

We are unwilling to own our own crimes, or to tell our brethren how weak we are. The forbidden tree was planted to know: it is nothing short of the life of God, for he hath perfect knowledge of good and ill; but man hath not this knowledge till he knows his Creator, and that is never till he will reveal himself to man. What our father partook of was the knowledge of evil, and he was ignorant of the use of the tree after partaking the fruit of it.

We are permitted to do what we are not commanded to do: we fall into hell through our own abilities—we learn a sad lesson there, the want of direction. If a righteous man receiveth trouble at the hand of God he knoweth it is to make him more clean, or to increase the experience of the mind, he knoweth that God doeth it, and that it is not the event of his own sins. What a distinguishing difference in distress—the one increaseth in wisdom, and the other getteth angry with folly, and curseth men for his pains, that is more clear of them than God in heaven; this is darkness and the deeds of it. He that walketh with the Lord is baptized in season, and when the mind is ready God walketh with him in baptism, and reveals to him these truths that are not otherwise known, and he increases in the wisdom of the Lord, while the other darkens into despair and gives up the ghost.

This is death to sin, but we can renew our affliction by a repetition of our crimes, and so live sinning and suffering all our days, and know no more about God and the creation than we know whether the bottom of the sea is black or white. Come with me, afflicted sinner, I will show thee the paths of life, for these are given me to reveal to my brethren, Adam's children. The way to heaven is a path of affliction, affliction increases fear, and fear forbids to sin; these footsteps are right, and none will reveal them more plainly to the world than my spirit—affliction is the knowledge of God. I am one of the sinful sons of Adam, and know there is sorrow for sin and affliction without crime, for it pleases God to afflict his own, to keep them in safety, multiply their understanding, increase experience, and show forth wisdom from the regions of the dead, that is, where the sinner lieth in chains, without a word of utterance for his God, or a syllable of doctrine for the souls of men. These are the paths of life that lead from where the captivated dead doth lie to the knowledge of God—this is a solemn lesson to learn, i. e. to be reconciled to affliction, that is not to say we shall not groan nor feel the stripes of the chastizing hand, but we show ourselves men when we complain not in trouble, speak against God, nor envy men: in this I am wanting. It is this lesson that completes the pilgrimage of life. When we become reconciled to judgments the sacred flame doth abate. Learn my soul to feel the rod and not complain, for this is heaven itself; we are then passing through the gates into the city, and are the lawful heirs of life. Him that feareth God ceaseth to sin, and this is the wisest stand that ever mortal man hath made in all his days. Let us make proper use of affliction, and improve her as a field or a garden; she hath been as the spouse or bride to my mind, and if I know any thing rightly, I was taught that same lesson in the school of affliction, where God is master of his own, and conquers the mind of man by the chastisement of his hand. I am the heir of his mercies according to my affliction; I bought them in the flames of hell, I sold them for nothing, and have bought them at a price.

Oh brother rest with me awhile,
And learn with me to sing,
When e'er we're thirsty with our toil,
We'll find a living spring.

When e'er we're tired with the fruit,
We will the tree despise;
Nor will we with our God dispute,
When he doth long chastise.

We'll drink his mercies and be still,
The draught will make us strong,

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Both sweet and bitter is his will,—
We'll note them in our song.

We'll rise again, our strength renew,
Our hope we'll fondly cheer,
We'll reap right well for what we do,
For heaven and God is near.

NOVEMBER 23d, 1833.

THE creation is an indisputable evidence that there is a Deity ; and the most sublime use of the creation to the immortal spirit is, to give hope to the mind. As for its temporal purposes, it only exists the person, till the soul or mind in this mortal or decaying frame, works a peace or salvation for itself. The deeds of the body produce a good effect to the mind ; and when the soul hath fulfilled her appointed purposes, and is ready to return to God for an eternal recompence, she is willing to part with the body as being no more useful to the mind. And sometimes life becomes a burden to the righteous, and they stay longer in the body than the soul desires. But to prove that the Deity works a perfect submission in the mind of his people, we have to bear the burden till he cuts the thread of life, and divides soul and body apart, by the same hand that connected them together. The body may suffer pain, while the soul suffers not for sin : but this sorrowing itself works the greater salvation to the mind. The deeper the bonds, the more rejoicing in the day of our deliverance ; as God never requires his own to suffer without a recompence. The sufferings of Job were great to prove the irresistible power of a Deity to the world ; but he fully recompenced Job for all his pains. To continue our line of evidences, for the Deity—we must own there is a future existence, or otherwise that there is no beginning. I believe there is a beginning, and end, and that there is eternal life. I do not believe there is beginning or end with God, but there is beginning and end with us. There is existence here and hereafter ; there is an existence in the body and out of it. I believe in the hand writing of Moses, because it is agreeable to my own impressions. Any thing that is alone, hath no proof, and may be the effects of imagination, or of an unseeing or an unfeeling mind. The captivity of life, (styled the fall of the mind) imprisons our spiritual abilities, and darkens our eyes with a veil. We rather see with the brute than with the man, in this darkened and bewildered station of life. Moses writes of the beginning of a reformation in our father. A light from heaven shone round about him, and shewed unto him the evil he had

done. I have received the same measure and many thousands beside myself; and a hot conviction to the mind worketh a penitence of soul; and even the goodness of God is such to us, that he asks not our repentance but at a price; and he is as ready to justify the penitent as he is to convict the sinner; and as for deism, and atheism, they have no part with me in the work; what is written in the heart by the hand of God, cannot be blotted out by the imagination of men; and what I know, Moses knew and more so, that is, there is a God to be feared because of conviction; and that he is to be served because of his blessings. And how earnestly did this poor man Moses toil to promote the will of God; and that without money or price? His hope must have been in a world to come, and a quiet peace and eternal salvation to the mind. Israel rewarded him not with a temporal reward for his pains, or a bodily rest: therefore his hope was in God and in worlds to come. This man knew there was a beginning and an end to our existence: and he found it in his heart to greatly love and fear the Lord. He said in the beginning was God, and then he had a text for his whole theory and laws. He had *a hope* the world could not take away, and a confidence that all beings return to their original. This is not to say, the impenitent mind dwells in the bosom of God; but is ever kept at a distance, till the day of repentance, which is to say, that all living shall bear witness of God in the body; for this is the purpose of the creation and the cause why we are created. All these things have I believed, and in earnest have I practised my faith without fee or reward from the children of men. The athiest has no hope in these things; but is not without fear, for Death is terrifying to his soul; because God has made his soul capable of fear, and endued his heart with love, and yet he denies the revelation of God, or that there is an existence but nature; it is true, God has his own nature and, we the nature and disposition that he has given. But here is the indisputable evidence of God; he has made our nature subject to his, and our sorrows agreeable to his will. This is not saying that he delights in our chastisements, but as conviction is the knowledge of sin, it cannot be withheld from the mind. If we were conquerors of the governing system of the world, I think the athiest would be a happier man, and his glorious nature which is his God, would produce all that nature desires. But the athiest is as short in his prayers as other men; and the deist, as far from the kingdom of God. To prove that we offend, and the truth of the scriptures that say, as we sow we shall reap, or as we strew abroad we shall gather in—the athiest is not accomplished, neither is the deist satisfied.

Now it is time to speak for myself:—I am glad in conviction, and even rejoice in my sorrow, because they are profitable to the mind. I was seeking the Lord, and thus I found him; the will of God

chastizing our iniquities in Jesus Christ, and in the prophets. Here I find the Lord desiring the salvation of the world, and not at rest with the brute, not knowing the cause of his own pain ; for this is the state of the athiest, and the hard hearted offending unbeliever in the things of God. I thank God that he is redeeming my trust from all things here below, and weaning me from the bosom of this world that can only afford us personal joys, and for a moment delight a human mind. Thus every drop of gall becomes as honey to my lips ; increases my hope in God, and redeems my affections from the earth and the enjoyments of it. Here the unpractising christian remains too long ; he sometimes dies without hope, because his life hath not brought satisfaction to the mind. He maketh his grave with the athiest, for his faith in God was too feeble to practice ; and the light of justification never shone round about his soul.

Oh Lord, give me to know my last days and mine end to be as my beginning ; passive in thy hands, and without offence to God or man. Oh that my days may not offend the Prophets, nor thy Son, by pleading for a faith or a non-belief that they refused to practise. Let me believe with these that hath seen sorrow, and the recompence for pain : these that have prepared the mind to return to thee in the furnace of thy displeasures for despising thee and practising the human will. Give me, Oh God, to know that my day's work is done before the setting sun, for who can work repentance in the grave. So I have lived, and so I practise. I increase in faith, and hope forsaketh me not. She is my comforter from heaven, she will lead me home, she is strengthened by my deeds and finds a subsistence in the work of mine hands ; and God taketh her not away from my bosom, because she is satisfied.

What athiest can sing with me ? What deist can blot out the revelation of my bosom ? No ten thousands of this class of people ; neither are they upheld by God, for although they measurably believe in nature, and disbelieve in God, the beginning or the end, they despise the servants of the Lord, because they will not suffer the light of Christ and the Prophets to be blown out by a fool's lips. But he permits them to stagger, and try if they can find any substantial God that will bear up the mind through affliction, save the God of Moses and of Christ. Of a truth they are a scattered people in sentiment ; like lamps without oil, or candles without light, arguments without proof, and are alone from Prophet or Apostle, and for their singular language cut off from the rest of the world ; and no christian repents of being a believer, and embraces their dead principles in the hour of death : days of old are against them, and present experience stares them in the face ; the end of their principles is to hide in darkness and be seen no more.



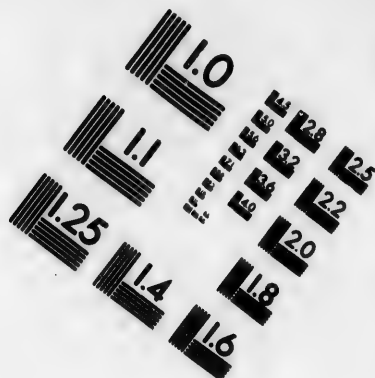
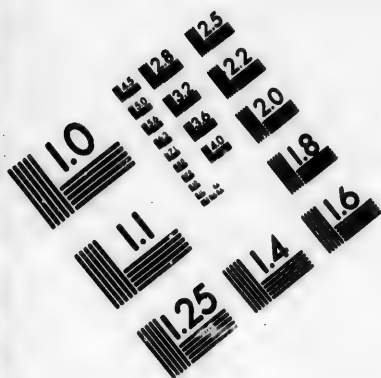
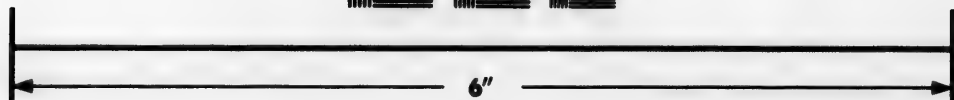
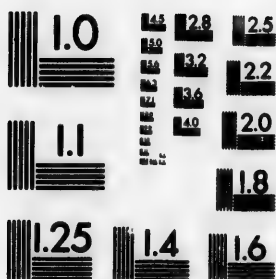


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Sing Hallelujahs give me grace,
 That I can my Redeemer see—
 A maker's pleasure face to face ;
 A way Oh God, 't will reach to thee.

A rising sun to light my day,
 The saints to shine as lamps most clear,
 As morning stars to light my way,
 Beyond the gates of hell and fear.

Immortal princes on the throne,
 But God the first to sit most high,
 Whose hands hath for my soul a home,
 And all my kindred when I die.

Oh hope inspire my limbs to move,
 Oh grace and truth alight my way,
 And I'll perform the deeds of love,
 And then I'll leave this house of clay.

No fee this fading world affords,
 No mountain hears when I complain ;
 I live to bless these just records,
 That ne'er was wrote for man in vain.

Living in the memory is eternal life ; and Moses and the Prophet has a place with me. Will their spirit despise me when I leave this body ? If I hear them do I offend God ? Do I write another history to condemn Moses, as an athiest, or a deist ? Do I deny revelation ? No, God is with me with sore impressions of mind. I am chastised because of love ; he willeth that I should be more spiritually minded ; he left bodies of clay, or personal help with me for a moment, and then reached down his hand from heaven, and withdrew the staffs I leaned upon. He bid me not to faint but live, and bear testimony of his word. In all this, I am bound to bless the Lord ; these are deeds of his pleasure, and who can deny his offering ? He taketh whom he will—the saviour from the children, and the children from the world. Truly he is a chastising God, but not in vain. He adds understanding with affliction, and light in the furnace of conviction ; and the believer finds it in his soul to bless God in his afflictions ; and God accepts the offering from his hand or tongue. And who is the man that repenteth praising God in his affliction ? Or who is he that hath cursed God in trouble and hath not had his lamp put out. Many of our deists are fallen christians, and athiests are these that lie with the brute—that is, rest in nature and eateth and drinketh like the ox : the world leadeth him like an ass in the halter and he goes on dying all his days in the mind of christians ; for his whole life and theory is to

destroy the character of these that lived before him, and remains in the mind of believers,—these stand in the way of his brutal joys; for when he dieth his hope ends, his short and disappointed prospects reach no farther than the grave: and according to his own profession, his eternal end may be to-morrow; and if I was an athiest to get clear of present trouble, I would destroy myself. But their is something that keeps the worst condition of men from this, and I believe that the athiest himself hopes that things will be better some future day, and is afraid to die and come to that professed senseless end.

DECEMBER 29th, 1833.

THE mind is tender as water in the infant frame, as soft as still water in the quiet child, but capable of being disquieted by all the changing scenes of life. The creation is effectual to the mind, and governs over it. The creation is an evidence of the Deity; but the creation resteth not in the mind, but every herb and plant in their proper place. The mind is extensive, receiving all things heard and all things seen, but retaining nothing of them, because the Lord is the keeper of the gates of the city; it is by his permission that all things enter in, and by his command depart again. The things of this world and of the world to come, or a future existence, never agreeth in one mind; one must give up the kingdom for the other: they never were reconciled to abide in one mind in peace. We could not know the powerful effects of the creation on the mind did we not receive these things; but the creation attracts our love, and leadeth the mind from a Deity to trust in things below the skies. I do not believe any thing is above the skies that is not below; but the Deity is every where present, revealed and unrevealed, revealed in earthly things and concealed in heavenly-mindedness. If we had received nothing from God, we could have nothing to offer to him; if he had given nothing, it would be unreasonable in him to require something where nothing was: but we have received at his hand, and must give again. The last offering that he requireth of us is life, and he sendeth death to take it from us. As a summons from a judge, life is commanded to depart this body. This is not the first offering of the mind, but the last; and blessed is that soul that prepareth life an acceptable offering for the Lord.

I now refer to the book of experience. When the earth has become hopeless, life is not very dear to the mind; and thus God prepareth his own offerings, giveth and taketh away. The creation

hath but a momentary delight in it ; it leadeth the mind from God,—it leaveth the soul as a stranger lost in the wilderness. These are only joys that prepareth the mind to cry after them that are forever gone. Thus God heareth the cries of the solitary, and embraces his own with love ; he comforteth these with the blessings of experience, the use and benefit of the creation to the mind, as well as the support of the body. This world prepares the mind to mourn for a Deity, or somewhat that this world hath not in store to give ; for there was neither prince nor potentate that was completely at rest below the sun. To use the creation according to the purpose for which the world was made, is glorious in the sight of God ; and thus he clothes his sons with double honor for so doing. The purposes of the creation to the mind are to learn us to weep for a better inheritance ; for salvation to the mind is not in the world. The world is but for a moment of time and is no more. It delighted the child in his infancy, but not the man of age and experience ; he hath received it, and it hath passed away again while he remains in existence, and his mind retained or contained in his body. Were it not so, the youthful days of life would have no instruction, neither would a lamp of light burn before their eyes. Age and experience is of benefit to children ; every aged mind of experience can prophecy unto them of things that will come to pass. The children are as the field to the mind of experience. Here they cultivate the mind of children, and reap a harvest of comfort before they die. Here they see the early impressions of God on a youthful mind. Herein they are comforted in the things of God, and behold the impressions of future time making impressions on the mind. Thus the religious parent is comforted in their offspring, and in this only they have cause to rejoice in children before they go down to the grave. Good counsels are precious to the mind, and an understanding heart is life to the man, for it never departeth from him ; it goeth with him beyond the grave, and bears away all his weary and toiling limbs to rest : that is, the whole spirit or mind that abilitates the human frame ; for there is a man as perfect within the man as the body is perfect without the soul. The body is but the clothing of the mind, a sign or shadow of things that are within, or the spirit that governs all our actions of life,

'Tis but a simple thing to say,
That we are born to live this day ;
But deep and solemn is our trust,
That lives when we are in the dust.

No shadow can suffice the mind ; it is not in the power of all this world. The mind cannot subsist on temporal diet ; it only flatters for a time, and is no more. It must be spiritual food that comforts the mind ; this, God has retained in his own treasures. It must be

mourned for,—It must be bought at the expense or price of all things on earth. God wanteth not our earthly things, but he desireth the knowledge of himself in the mind. He hath given us a mind intelligent in understanding to the person, if we will improve his word: that is, obey his command, and gather the harvest of the field for so doing; for the mind is as a field which we improve by action, and is capable of receiving a happy or an unhappy reward. The event of our deeds teacheth us whether we are doing good or ill, and our sweetest joys are often an introduction to our deepest sorrow; for our first sense and taste of the creation is given to pass away, and the mind is capable of mourning after that which never will return. Thus God has procured a hunger and a thirst for himself in the mind, that he may enter there when hills and seas, fields and gardens, have done all they can afford for us. It is sorrow that maketh joy acceptable. These joys that we receive without sorrow are fleeting and transitory; they are here to-day, but to-morrow they are forever gone. God introduces himself through sorrow into the heart or mind of the man. We cannot love God with the whole heart while we love the world with any part of it. Therefore he hath given us that which we can give, and prepared the offering which we can resign, and the kingdom of heaven is purchased (according to our measures) at the expense of this world, and the latter must be given up before the former is received; but while we remain in possession of this world, we know but little of the world to come, and remain to be blind guides to our children, and as lamps without oil to them that live after us.

I know these things,—they are written from my heart; they are first written there by the hand of the Deity, and then translated to you my friends and kindred of the Church to which you belong, (which is an unknown Church to the world,) somewhat like a medium between the Christian and the Jew. It is where the light of former and latter days are united into one, and shineth with considerable lustre on the earth, somewhat uncomprehended and out of the way to these that are in extremes about the dispensation of former and latter days. It hath not been in the power of Jew nor Christian to extinguish this small gleam of light; its increase is unknown to the world, and when my small lamp will go out is unforeseen by the prophets of the age. My journey is long in the book of experience, and my mind ceaseth not to progress forward; and as I receive, I give unto you these things that God hath committed to my trust. The more enemies we have the better it is for us, if we are not conquered by them. If one man beats a thousand, it sheweth that he is strong; if two ten thousand, nothing is more certain than this; that God is with them. It is God and not men that governs the earth; power is not in the hands of men to do as they will. If we feel not

the power of the oppressor, we feel not with the oppressed. One thing is meet for another. Complain not of the times; all things are in order for improvement. Be not dismayed at the things of this world; it is in the power of God to give to whom he will, and from whom he will, take away.

How can we say, Oh sorrow cease,
When sorrow is our path to peace?
How can we wealth or honour crave,
That blinds us to the tomb or grave?

The purpose of the creation is to learn us to mourn. We first fall in love with the things of time, as a man with a maiden, and then they are dissolved or taken from us. Thus we know the use of things created, and the purpose of the world. It is for us to offer to God, to embrace, and then mourn after these things we must sacrifice in return to the owner. Thus we know the insufficiency of time and the necessity of a sure eternity that will exceed the comforts of life.

And thus to conclude: the sorrows of the world maketh way for the sure mercies of God, and a long continuance in sorrow sweetens our rest, and thus we'll conclude the service of the day. The Deity has a right to the mind, and enters into us (in spirit) through the gates of sorrow, and comforts the afflicted mind. These are the lines of my experience and the end of humanity, when and where man and his desires shall rule nor reign no more.

Sing Oh heavens, Oh angels sing,
Oh earth attend to hear!
'Tis thus we find the living spring
Of waters ever clear.

Oh, here the humble thirsty draw,
The weary drink their fill;
This is where God writes down his law,
Where God reveals his will.

Wisdom, thy spring shall never dry,
Thy bread shall never cease;
Thou givest the weak a full supply,
The weary lasting peace.

May blessings ever crown thy name,
The name whom I adore;
Thou brings thy children all to fame,
And comforts with thy store.

FEBRUARY 11th, 1834.

THE FORMER AND LATTER DISPENSATIONS OF THE
WORLD.

HOWEVER the Deity hath changed the covering or garments of the human mind, he remains to be unchangeable in spirit through all the multiplied ages of the world. We must first know the Deity before we can have a light to a lost or bewildered mind. When we have light before our eyes, we see where to place our feet, and have the less cause for stumbling. The divisions of the world concerning the Deity are incorrect; those that knew him in past ages did agree, both of the former and latter dispensations, which is a substantial evidence that he is one God in all the ages of the world, invariable in the mind of the human family.

Now disputing darkens the elements, and obscures the kingdom of God. God's kingdom is wherever he reigns as king or prince over the people. This is the happy place we wish to go to, to accomplish the desires of the mind or of the man. God is not contradictory to himself, but one invariable God. I accept that the Prophets and Apostles both, or all of them, prayed for the admittance of the inhabitants of the earth into one kingdom, and I see nothing variable in the family that God hath chosen, (through repentance for the remission of their sins); I believe that Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles inherit one kingdom, for they were of one heart and mind, and in their united capacity in their observations, are a light to the world. What God has appointed and decreed from the first gives light until now; we behold him in sun, moon and stars, and they fade not away; he hath not changed the lights of the world nor of the mind—he is one invariable God. We see him in Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, with many other bright suns that shone in the morning of our ages, and he never hath sent a son, saint, or angel to cloud or obscure these lights. So professing, or to so profess, is diminishing the light of the world, and endeavouring to veil the stars of heaven with the light of the sun. I confess him that hath perfect knowledge of the Son of God, or the latter dispensation, hath no need to go back to Moses for instruction; but he hath said, there is a possibility of believing that we are wise, and neither know Moses or Christ. If I know Moses, his history bears on my mind that the lesser lights were to rule the night, and notwithstanding a bright shining sun, these, according to their appointment and decree, remain to fulfil their office till this day. So I accept there are many goodly lessons in the life of Moses and the Patriarchs that are not to be passed by; they direct us a piece on

the way to that kingdom where we would meet with all in peace, without envying or dispute. As we have fallen into the dungeon by following the dictates of our own mind, (rather than the laws and counsels of the Lord,) I never think it wise in the human mind to despise small things: the sun doth not shine by night, but moon and stars. When we have revered God for his unmerited blessings, for giving unto wilful sinners these lesser measures of light, and beheld his mercies and merits to Abraham and others, he may through his unnumbered favours, increase our measures and bring us nearer to his own bosom, where his image shines more bright to the mind than these lesser lights, viz., Moses and the Prophets. But they are worthy to be heard by all ages, and are justified by the Son of God, so far as to say they are in a kingdom of peace. There is nothing variable between the Prophets and the saints: they all cried repentance to the world to be blessed of God—so, my friends, when we fulfil one dispensation we receive another. It matters not about the clothing of the mind if our garments are of God. God is not contradictory to himself—we will agree and see alike—he gave one dispensation to the Jew and another to the Christian, but by these visitations unites them in one kingdom in the end. Let us be united here, it will be an honor to God, increase our praise, and multiply light in the world. Let us look on Christ, let us keep his life before our eyes, and his deeds in remembrance: he fulfilled all righteousness, he walked according to Moses and the Prophets, and grace was multiplied upon him. I no more dare to speak against the righteous of former ages than I would offend my dearest friend on earth; are not their souls in heaven where I wish mine should be? Can it be any qualification to my mind to speak against the inhabitants of the city where I wish to reside? The Son of God fulfilled one dispensation, and passed on to another; he honored God for what he had done in the world by the first dispensation, and then entered into his own, to lay the bottom stone of the christian church.

We learn the alphabet at school before we spell, we spell before we read, but him that is so veiled with self-possession, imagines he knoweth all things by the life of Christ, and yet cannot observe the moon and stars by night, nor knoweth where religion first began. Moses and Christ are names or titles given to the personages of men—God is all. Through these we look up to the Most High, and first learn the easier lessons of his grace. Him that has a law written has an easier station to fulfil, than him that is praying from day to day, and has but a crumb at a time to satisfy his hungry mind, or a drop of water to cool his thirst. This requires the greater degree of faith, and a more continual supplication than him that has his law on tables of stone before his eyes.

I do not wish to clothe my friends with the warm garments of Israel, but that we should receive such as is given from heaven, and first learn the easier lessons of God's law. Him that doeth not justly in the lesser matters never will be trusted with the things of God. Him that despises a written law through the blindness of his exaltation, will not become an heir of God's grace. Oh my brethren, do justice in earthly things, that your measures may increase, and the grace of God enlighten the whole mind. Christ fulfilled the dispensation of Moses, and then entered into his own. How, just and true is that sentence that saith, he is the light of the world, for all things shone unto him; he received all, and retained all, and all did he administer to the life of men; neither did he hide Moses nor the Prophets from their eyes, nor one of the kings or patriarchs that shone in Israel. So let me see, so let me practice, that I may be as near that heavenly Son as I can obtain, through the mercies and merits of our God.

Never let me, O God! be led away by self-perfection, for this is the spirit that veils sun, moon and stars from mine eyes, or my soul from an understanding of Moses or of Christ; keep mine imperfections before mine eyes, and every convincing light that convicts for sin, shining upon and giving light to my imperfect mind.

Then of thy grace aloud I'll sing,
And see thy name in every thing,
Thy name through every age declare,
And all thy sons and saints compare.

Oh pride! dark mantle of distress,
When will thy name or words be less?
Thy children have no power to save,
Nor eyes to see the hidden grave.

While I see the former dispensation to far exceed my given measures of grace, how can I despise a sun that shines brighter than mine own mind? But so Satan hath exalted himself in the mind of the priest, till the world has become as a broken vessel, practising nothing that is equal to the former dispensation to enlighten our age of life. Each monk, or priest, (not pointing to the Catholic religion) but all the sectarian priests are exalted upon their own stools, dividing the people by their imaginary perfections, dividing them into kingdoms here below, and still fitting them for one kingdom hereafter. It would take a saint that mine eyes have never seen, to convert my mind to believe that such a practice of life proceedeth out from the Deity; no, it is the dictates of the human mind, leading the flocks into the wilderness, and feeding them on *sectarian crumbs from the dark mind of imagination*. Moses, by his measures, endea-

voured to unite the mind to Christ, the oracle of all light, so did the Prophets, and spake plainly of him, so did Christ, so did the Apostles, and as many as believed were of one heart and soul. But now we have as many souls as sects, and more so, for brethren cannot agree; all this is to teach us the imperfection of our shepherds: they say they are all administering Christ to the world—communicate his body and blood—advise to him as the pastures of the flocks of Israel; but, alas! we see gold in the case, and the love of the world; we see our present prophets or apostles fond of dignity and wealth, and what better are such minds than a heathen prince, that knoweth not Moses nor Christ? We do not know Moses by seeing his law, nor Christ by the written Gospel, we must practise the obedience of these two sons, and then we come to the blessed effects of being accepted of God, and justified for our faith which he hath given.

So let me see, so let me feel,
 So let me understand;
 Truth after truth Oh God reveal,
 Command after command.

Did the dispensation of Moses turn the people from the Son of God? It directed them that way. Was there any distinction in these that received the commandments? They were one people in heart and mind. Then the days of Moses were better than ours. Are they not aliens to peace that divide apart and struggle for promotion? Are they getting ready for the kingdom of God that are dividing here on earth? Who can believe that either the former or latter dispensation is preached to the world? The hypocrite can use letters, and satan and sinners use the name of the Lord in argument; but it is the reformer that clothes his mind with the spirit of Moses and Christ, and speaks peace to the world through the mercies and merits of God, and that the old and new dispensations are his gifts to the world, and the pleasure of the Most High. Both of these in effect reduces our pride and our wealth, increases our humility and a union of spirit with men. Blessed be one God over all forever! Amen.

COULD I see Jesus on the throne,
 I would see Moses sitting by;
 Could I the mournful prophet own,
 The humble saint I'd not deny.

Oh how extensive is thy grace,
 That spreads thy building hands abroad;
 Thy name's delighting to release,
 From every malice, guilt and fraud.

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Lord, cause my weeping eyes to see,
 As Moses saw in days of old;
 He call'd the people home to thee,
 Unto one shepherd and one fold.

Lord, from my soul hide not the Son,
 But bless my mind with every light;
 For since the day my sins begun,
 I need them all to lead me right.

A song of praise shall crown mine end,
 O Lord my soul to peace restore;
 Nor shall my soul thy sons offend,
 Their days shall shine forevermore.

If these the lesser lights may be,
 They still are brighter than my mind;
 Sun, moon, and stars are all of thee,
 By these I will thy kingdom find.

MARCH 12th, 1834.

WHOSOEVER leaveth the path, or placeth his feet no more by observation, will receive many falls before he can stand alone. He is like a man that turneth aside from a beaten way to seek his footsteps in the wilderness where none hath gone before him. The Hebrews in the wilderness are a perfect similitude of such a life. But him that walketh not in this depending way, is like the wheel driven by the stream, or the leaf that flutters in the wind. He feedeth all his days upon what he hears, but never draws one drop of water from the spring of his own knowledge, but lives by borrowing all his days, and hath nothing to return to the world for what he has received. He has lived all his days a servant to other souls, and dieth in debt.

To remove such causes as these, I would encourage to the wilderness,—receive the falls—cry and rise again. Every fall that is hurtful to the mind is still adding strength. If we have stepped into the mire once, we know where it is, and will endeavour to shun the next appearance of the pit by the remembrance of past days. Him that setteth out on the journey to heaven through his own mind, must depend on finding himself to be a lost being often in life. He must rely on finding these thirsty lands that Israel saw, and his soul panting for water almost without hope. All this is better or sweeter than

to remain a servant all our days to the princes and Pharaohs of the earth. And although Israel sinned in the wilderness, they served God in this obscure journey; and his good and incomparable spirit gave them laws. I had rather eat one crumb of independent bread than to be fed at the king's table with all the luxuries of life. What God giveth is our own, independent of princes and nobles that rule over us. It was the mercies of God that delivered Israel from bonds, and the same continuing favours will deliver all that seek them; but him that is contented to live on the wind, is satisfied with drawing in the breath from his neighbour's lips: so are many historians that are ever repeating what others have done, but for want of experience must be silent to their own merits, or the particular favours of God. Whosoever wishes to live a depending life can follow the track of priests and lawgivers, and go a silly captive into the bonds of death. I am resolved on trying the possibility of standing alone; and if through the mercies of the Lord I find an independent path to the grave, and my footsteps shall give glory to God the director, then shall my life be a memorial of encouragement to them that inherit the earth when I am dead and gone. Priests make us tributaries, and kings keep us in slavery. The learned would sell their talents, but we have not money to buy them; we have our families to support with temporal diet as well as them. How can we buy bread for the soul? There is a better way, God hath in store to give from the foundations of the world. We have only to repent of our sins to obtain this bread; and I am sure this is better than to continue to sin and remain slaves. This leadeth us on to consider what law is this that we have broken whereby we come to the dishonourable title of sinners. It is the law of the heart or mind; this is the first offence, and it is *this sin* that maketh men and women to be slaves, after God hath made them free. The world is changing—let us observe the builder's hand. This inward or divine law is repairing again; let us give God the mind as it was his at the beginning, and he will write in the heart of his people. And to encourage us to such an offering, Moses and the prophets hath been sent unto us from the kingdom of God. Whosoever believeth in them, trusteth in God, and is sure there is a pathway for him to heaven, without serving the bands and host of Pharaoh all his days. All that is written is for the purpose of increasing our faith, and to encourage us to try be confident in God through wonders he has done, and leave the unbelieving family behind us,—as the ship for the foreign port, trusting in the mercies of God as the compass of the soul. I often invite our people to make their observations on the life of Christ and the Apostles, and suffer their minds to go to school to these heavenly masters or teachers, for they will learn us good things. They are as Moses and the prophets; they are sent of God, to fit and prepare the mind

for this lonesome journey. They are only to feed us while the mind is young in experience; but when we come to practise, we must leave observations and walk after the spirit of truth. But if we will not do these things, we cannot be their disciples, nor walk in spirit with Moses in the wilderness.

The world is changing indeed, and I have strong desires to leave it; but as yet these are unheard prayers, and while I live I must be in the service of God. I must go on to the grave, and not sit down idle till the grave cometh to me. I wish the light of my brethren grew brighter and brighter; but I can see but little with some of them, save time wearing away. They err grossly in judgment, and plead the unrighteous cause of sinners. Such pleadings are not the righteous calls of Christ: which is, that sinners should repent. I should not record such things: but it is late in life with many of my brethren; and by these misfortunes, or steps of mire and clay, I advise the succeeding generation to place their feet on wiser ground, and do not such deeds as sink the soul down to hell, the place prepared for the obstinately wicked since the pillars of the earth were laid. He that striketh hands with a sinner, will fare with him in the end; both will be found in error together. These are untaught and unskilled deeds of life. We do not learn these lessons of Abraham, that first reformer of the Jews, the father of the faithful, the then stone to build upon,—we do not draw such references as these from the mind of Moses, nor his faithful associates,—we do not read these laws in the bosom of the prophets; we do not find them written in the life of Christ. Oh what would I do to convince my friends? They should make their observations and advance forward. God made every good Israelite to walk in the same way. One light was sufficient for them, and they walked together. I live to exhort you my brethren a little longer. While you are in your fields and shops, I am spending the day writing for you. When will you learn to know that divisions are errors—save dividing the mind from the deeds of sin and sinners? This is a righteous separation; but Oh my brethren the whole house trembles with divisions, and the earth is at variance one part with the other! Repent hastily, and every soul forgive his brother that so repenteth. The cry of all good people was to the offender, Repent of thine offences, receive forgiveness, and be at peace; but we will not even own that we are guilty, or hath given cause of offence. Oh miserable people! how can the upright be at peace with you? Where is our house standing? or what will be the fall thereof? The servants of kings and counsellors are at variance, but the servants of the Lord are at peace. I have set out on the lonesome journey, and I know not that patriarchs or prophets that were of old condemn my lonesome steps, neither has Christ and his lonesome followers risen up against my mind. I

apprehend my spirit is in the way appointed of God, and I have but little comfort or consolation in the earth. As I serve not the princes and nobles of my age, they frown upon my appearance,—as I pay no tribute to the priest, he stands a distance from my necessities,—as I find fault with governments and counsellors, I share none of the public gold,—and as I cannot walk in consort with my brethren, I am chastised by them for error: and hasten my steps to meet the grave. Every time I fall, I am the stronger. Every turn adds experience to the mind. Every frown increases my faith; for by these heart-known lessons I am taught more and more to distrust the world.

The drop of water tasteth sweet,
We in the thirsty desert find,
And every fall directs our feet,
And every crumb assists the mind.

The more we suffer to perform a righteous life, the richer we are with God; we have the more in store. He doth not require our service without wages. His servants are not like the servants of kings; they never complain of their master. Though they hunger, they are sure to be fed; and though they thirst, the spring is ever at hand for their consolation: and these are my evidences for the Most High God, Jacob's Lord and Israel's Saviour. I have found these things in my way ever since I left this world of observation, and the historian with his book under his elbow, like a man leaning on the tombs of the dead for the bread of life, he goeth backward through life, ever looking on past things, and falls accidentally into the grave: for he that giveth his mind to history, is ever looking backward into the world. These are the servants of *big men*, so called, because of an empty title. These are the men of our present renown; these are the men of talent, the directors of schools and of science; these are the depending souls, that give the world the example of bonds; these are the men between the great and small, that are nothing at all of a certainty. They are what the potter that lived before them has made them: they are as the wheel driven by the stream, as the dead leaf fluttering in the wind.

I'll on my lonesome journey sing,
And truths will I declare;
'Tis but a shame to be a king,
For there's no honour there.

On fields and folds he doth depend,
Supported by a slave;
What honour is in such an end?
What glory's in the grave?

Still boasting in a shepherd's trust,
I'll bid my brother come,
And first the water I will taste,
And earn the honest crumb.

O be contented great and small,
That finds the living spring;
For sure there's bread for one and all,
And mercy for the king.

Be not afraid in heaven to trust,
Or winds and waves engage;
For sure the pilot can't be lost,
The star of every age.

Although the water's dark and deep,
There is a distant shore;
The eyes will cease that now do weep,
And never weep no more.

The shepherd's caring for his sheep,
Although the forests howl;
There's guardian angels where we sleep,
And comforts for the soul.

MARCH 30th, 1834.

Oh Lord, thy name forever bless'd;
My peace; my comfort, and my rest,
My bread, my water, and my wine,
My saint, apostle, and divine.

My life, my Saviour, and my law,
My God to worship and to awe;
Exalted nations trembling stand,
And dread his judgment and command.

Death is to him our conquer'd foe,
The dread of worlds that dwell below,
Depriv'd of heaven and worlds above,
He's bound and conquer'd through his love,

The love of him that bids him move,
Till we our fields and vines improve,
Arise my soul behold his grace,
That visits and improves our place.

The lamb's appointed here to reign,
And David's throne arise again ;
The saints to teach and to foresee,
These things that will hereafter be.

The priest and prophet to adore,
Both God and Christ forevermore,
And Abram leave his house and home,
To go to lands and names unknown.

APRIL 27th, 1834.

THE strength of the mind is inconceivable by the non-practiser. Many are moving that move not by their own abilities ; and there are great characters in the mind of this world that cannot walk alone, any more than the helpless child without the assistance of his father's hand. They move altogether by borrowed impressions, and their very life is the production of history ; and by the same means, when a child is born into the world, the Rabbies receive him from the mother's hands, and form his mind as an earthen vessel, as they will. I never had the hands of these fashioning men upon my mind.

I am in a great measure an inhabiter of the wilderness, and my mind has increased in a natural way by the help of God. The hand-writing of the scribe and prophet encouraged me forward ; but when I had found a little, I could feed myself through God's assistance, and I had no need that these present divines should put bread to my lips. My mind endureth deep sorrows and the reproaches of the earth ; and if one mind can endure the reproach of ten thousand, it is just for him to say his mind is strong through Divine assistance.

Every fall doth not amount to a dissolution of action. I have seen a child fall and rise by his own abilities ; and when he arose he was indebted to no man for assistance, and had no need of an empty trumpet to sound the applause of the Rabbies to the world.

Blessed is the mind that trusteth in the Lord ; he is as a staff that doth not fail ; he is a sure compass in the storm. Who was ever lost that put his trust in him ? We are not all obliged to go to school to be wise. Were it so, the poor must be slaves forever, for the Rabbies do not teach for nothing, as in days of old. But that spirit which hath arisen by Moses, the prophets, and the Son of God, will never set ; it remaineth as the sun, to give light to the world : and these ancient characters are the productions of the spirit of truth. The master teacheth the scholar ; but when he is taught he must read for himself. The parent earneth bread for the child when

he is young, but when advanced in years he must seek his own meat, find his own springs, or dig for that water that supplieth his immortal thirst. A Christian's mind cannot remain in history but a few days. His soul begins to hunger for the bread he has heard of, and to drink of that spring where Christ and the prophets draw water for the whole earth. He becomes dissatisfied with shells and shadows. History becomes light diet to him; it only increaseth his thirst rather than to satisfy his mind. But this is where our literary gentlemen keep their scholars forever, flitting from one sort of history to another, from sacred to profane. I do not speak as a chastisement to them, for this has been as a line of order from age to age, and the path to promotion and wealth. It is justified by the world, and tends to drown the conviction of God.

The scholar cannot exceed his master; but as the father is, so is the son: and both may be in error, as blind men go into the mire. We shall ever love the vanities of this world, till the Lord pleases to cast a dark mantle over them. When the Son of God was crucified, the light of this world was clothed with a mantle. None but God and heaven above could do this. That day the pride of this world lost glory, honour, and renown; for their deeds were dark,—the sun in heaven bearing witness unto them. And although the Son of God died with sinners, he rose again, for God commanded him to rise. So when I fall with sinners, I know there is power in heaven to raise me up. But these that fall from office cannot rise without the help of men; they are as depending on the things of this world as the child on the mother's breast, and disclose the greatest weakness of the mind that can be in the human existence. He that is conducted through life by the arm of flesh, depends upon it as the staff of life, and from his infancy becomes a man-pleaser rather than a worshipper of God. And as I or my mind depends on them that please men, my low and miserable office of life is to please them that are pleasing others, which brings my immortal soul to be a servant of servants, a pleaser of these that are pleased by the wealth, pomp, and vanities of the sinful world.

Flee my soul to the desert often as the morning; thou cannot be so retired but thou can be found of the Lord, or a prophet can be directed to thy lonesome habitation. It is better to dwell with the flocks than the shepherds of the age, for they please men for shells and shadows here below. It is good to feel the bruises of the afflicted, and visit the habitations of those that mourn. God heareth the cries of the humble, but mocketh the prayers of pride, and giveth up the worldly-minded to feed on the wind, and not be satisfied.

Every soul has to answer to God for his own guilt; and the books of the prophets stand alike to us all, and they direct us forward to the bosom of a Saviour, who is now with God, who said, If I go not

away, the comforter will not come. His personal appearance is but for a time, but his spirit is forever. His spirit is clothed with power and glory, but we are weak in trust. The Scriptures direct, but we are slow to believe. Who hath given his heart to the Lord and he hath not received it? None: but many have given their tongues to the Lord to repeat his lessons, and the heart to the world to enjoy the luxuries of the day.

These are no Rabbies to me, neither do I see the life of a redeemer formed in the mind. I only see the tongue move by words that he hath revealed, and the evangelists and prophets hath penned them, and our priests made barter of them like goods in store. Oh what a deviation from the sacred ages of the world,—believe in revelation, and feed the world with history! Every true prophet from Abram till now dug their own wells, and watered their flocks from the springs of experience. But now people live as if all things were done for them, and as though the experience of David were an everlasting song in their lips. Such a life is a repetition, and the productions of a weak mind. Any natural and cultivated school boy can perform such deeds as these. But to prove that the Lord is unbounded in wisdom, and that he hath not given all his mercies to one age of the world, nor to one mind,—Isaac succeedeth Abram, and Jacob Isaac, and the prophets Moses, and Christ all that had been before him. In these sacred characters we see the order of life and the continuation of revealed religion; and by these succeeding ages the world grew wiser and wiser, for all and every age added to the honour and glory of God. But by feeding on history,—this idle, easy, and indolent way of life,—the world has lost the knowledge of God, and the progress of the mind is stayed for want of faith in God through the revelation of Moses and the prophets—the practice of Christ and those that believed in him. Oh that life was restored to the world, and light to the mind, that wisdom might increase, and the glory of God be multiplied by every succeeding generation that is born into the world! And for this purpose I write from mine own mind, and somewhat against the most earthly dignified characters in existence; and my mind still continues to find that daily meat, that strengthens my abilities to step a little further forward, with hope that I shall find the lonesome mind of the prophet, or the indwelling of a Saviour, that my experience may be like theirs and in accordance with the will of God, as he hath revealed to the world by Moses and by Christ. Then I shall know the Lord by tasting of his bitter cups, by rising when I fall, by rejoicing in the favours of God when he heareth my righteous prayer, that he again may afford means to the world by the spirit of his Son, by whom Israel shall be restored, and a sacred Saviour to all that are lost. Then shall my soul rejoice in heaven, though my mind is in this short-lived tabernacle of clay, and

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in no wise shall I lose my reward. The days are not long hence till God shall turn the heart of the father to the children, and the children to the father, and they shall seek the kingdom of heaven together; for as there was peace when the worlds were made, after sin is accomplished, and the sorrows thereof—it will return to the world again, and there shall be neither office nor priest under heaven. God and the people shall be all and all. Amen.

Unto the Lord I'll give my praise,
Nor stumble o'er my foes;
Because the light of ancient days
My songs and prayers compose.

The mind is strong, unmeasured strong,
Oh, kindred, rise and try;
The mournful soul can sing a song,
And rise to God most high.

The blood of Jesus is my food,
To bless and praise his name;
My soul his life hath understood,
Because I drink his pain.

A num'rous world he did oppose,
Because his mind was strong;
And he was beaten by his foes,
For teaching they were wrong.

His spirit is my lasting bread,
The spring I ever find;
My soul shall bow where Jesus bled,
Yet have a living mind.

JUNE 4th, 1834.

THE mind is a compact body or spirit, yet unbounded save by a deity; and unmeasured by all the learned masters that were in existence; neither hath line, reed or figures reached to the extent of the mind. Life is but a journey in the mind; and although this body shall decay, the mind still liveth for another to inherit; for all the inhabitants of the earth are inheritors of the mind, and such as man was possessed of since the worlds were made. How many new inventions hath arisen in the mind? How many creeds, and yet the mind is not satisfied, but seeking something we do not yet enjoy? If

we go to various parts of the world, we gain but little, if we stay at home, we are not content ; if we gain much, the mind is not full ; if we possess but little, the mind is wanting. Let us travel if possible where none has been, and seek that which hath not been found. Enjoy that which we have not known, and endeavour to see things that have not been revealed. Contentment is the great object that is wanting to make a happy mind ; if there is a heaven, it is there, for there is no contentment in the miseries of hell, neither is it possible with man to be reconciled to the griefs of his soul. I am not doubtful but there is a heaven ; and hell to me is known when I am in my deep distress. The events of life is heaven and hell to the soul, and God doth govern them. If we cast off the fear of the Almighty, we are not happy : if we follow the dictates of grace, sorrow is in our way. Whereunto shall we flee to escape the decrees of God ? They are in heaven above, and in hell below, they were known to a mediator, whose being was between God and man, he was heir of both kingdoms, and the spirit of truth can reveal secret things unto us. We look in the east for the rising of the sun, and we are not disappointed. Why doth the sun continue to rise in the east ? Because God's decrees are so, and they are unchangeable. His decree is also unto us, that, if we give our hearts to know that which we need, we shall be happy ; are not his decrees with man established in heaven as with the sun that he commanded to rise and give light to the world, and his covenant with this heavenly light changeth not forever and ever. I believe in the decrees of God and the more I suffer for the kingdom of heaven's sake, the more my joys shall be. Hope is my staff to lean upon, and heaven directs my way ; and daily I am finding unmeasured gulfs, rivers, and miseries in the way, and no man hath shewn me how to surmount these difficulties, neither am I able to discern a way to pass them through. And if there is no God, (as the atheists say) I can pass no farther on, but must be everlastingly miserable, or till time shall be no more. It is in these very straits that God reveals himself to man—wins our confidence, and obtains our love. Is there a book in the world that can direct us through our daily troubles ? They are not known to ages before us, neither doth the scriptures contain them—they are the productions of time, and the revelation of God. The natural man can be confounded and put to silence ; but the light of grace goeth not out, neither can the arm of the Lord be weakened by human reason. Therefore I will trust in him that led me through sorrows that were never known to man, and through gulfs and rivers where human assistance is in vain. There is a God, and on him our all depends, there is a contentment in the treasures of his grace ; for I have seen these days in which nothing was wanting to the body or the mind ; my cup was full and I coveted not, these moments are not

at my command; he that gave them took away again, and I am bound to ever bless his name; he hath no judge, and all he doeth is right. Could I read my life in a book? Or wizzard or fortune tellers reveal to me that which was to come? No; neither could my mind contain the events of the day before their coming: these things were hidden with God and revealed at the time appointed. If we want to see a city, we must go to it—it will not come to us; if we have lost a pearl of much cost, we must seek for it, or it will not be found. No man enters into the kingdom of heaven in a state of ease. Christ ascended through deep sorrows to the throne of God; could man assist him through his distress? No; he was beyond the help of men—forsaken of angels—given into the hands of the wicked and deprived of the help of God; or he could not have said, he was “forsaken.” All these impressions did he feel to afflict his holy heart, and my soul must taste also to become acquainted with his mental feelings. It is not looking on a saviour that saves the soul, or redeems it from sin: our minds must be acquainted with his grief, and know God to be our deliverer; and there is no other way to follow Christ to heaven, and as he said, let the day provide for itself, “sufficient is the day to the evil thereof.” It is impossible with us, to provide to day to shun the evil that is appointed for to-morrow; nevertheless we can live in favor with God this day, and he will be our friend on the morrow. As we travel, we find the events of life, and sorrow overtaketh these that sit still; as we travel we see, and as we read we learn, and as we receive, we are satisfied, and this is the path to contentment, that is, to read in the book of experience; that is, to feel as a sorrowful Redeemer—destitute of the help of God, and out of the reach of the salvation of men. Who shall say that this is not a gulf or river to pass through? That none can know, save these that are in the very strait in mind of him that bled for us. These sorrows and divine assistance, is what is called the sacrament, or bread communicatd to us from heaven; and we that receive have great cause to bless the giving hand for communicating the life of Christ to the mind. Those that seek these things shall find them; he is the pearl of dear cost—it is his life that is lost from the children of men, or rather we are lost from the knowledge of God: but he hath made a covenant with his people, that is if we seek he will be found of us. He will place a Saviour in our way—give light to our eyes, and we shall see—life to the mind, and we shall feel the griefs he bore, weep disconsolate and rise again; die to all our human desires, and live again. Oh how crucifying to my soul! I cannot communicate the tenth part of what is revealed, neither can the will of God be known till it is partaken of. The sun arose at his command: there is no life without—or independant of a creator—there is no peace but God giveth, and

heaven is contentment to the soul. I desire to decline writing ; but I am bound to obey, and the very things I communicate in writing, I had rather retain to myself : I do not increase my salvation by these little services : It is hard labour to the weak, and almost reduces me to despair. Nevertheless I am not content without noting the journies in the mind, and leave them on record as a witness of God's providence to the mind. I must solemnly exhort my friends first, and then all the world, to come away from vain things. The vanity of this world is only as chaff to be fanned away by the power of the spirit of God ; and the spirit of fine things will burn in hell with consuming fire. Behold a suffering Redeemer and then anticipate what trouble is to come on the world : he said if he was lifted up, he would draw all men after him. What can induce us to believe that this prophecy is false ? No, the wicked and the righteous shall suffer. If the righteous did bleed and die, shall the sinner escape his mournful end ? There is no refuge my brethren in distress, but the favors of God ; seek for them daily, that ye may know Christ in this world ; for I believe the whole earth shall suffer before the great day of restitution, which shall come on all flesh. The good and the evil will be tried in the resurrection—the ancient day will be restored to the world, and remain forever—the sincere Jew and the true hearted christian will be brethren : as God and Christ is one, these will be without preference or dispute. Equality is the way to rest, despise none—hay, wood and stubble shall be consumed with fire unquenchable ; that is to say, that which men cannot abate : the prayer of kings and councils before the Lord will be in vain, save for righteousness. The earth will become one people in heart and mind, in the the second coming of the Son of God, that is, the will of God revealed the second time from heaven. There is no time to delay,—the earth is in motion like the sea—the minds of men are troubled and there is no rest. Believe my brethren, a change is at hand, the most high hath appointed it, and the most established atheist shall call on the Lord ; and the *unbelieving deist believe in the revelation of God.*

Arise, Oh son of truth arise,
Alight the dark and hidden skies ;
Appear Oh God on sea and land,
And give both heaven and earth command.

Let us measure by the means we receive, and if they do not reach to the hills of contentment, or the shores of peace, seek for more. The salvation of the mind must be worked out while in the body ; for though we may be called in the resurrection of the dead, the wicked cannot hope to be happy, and the mind of the wicked is only called and quickened to life to suffer for our sins. All things will be tried

over again between Israel and his foes—the Jews and their enemies—the christian and the persecutor—after which I believe that peace will reign on earth forever and ever; and that it is the appointed reign of the Messiah, and will not pass away. I believe (although alone) that for his name thrones tremble and the pillars of the earth are shaken. Am I led into darkness to discover these things? Or do they appear unto you as a display of light, or of God's unbounded favors to the soul? So I both believe and practice, and am comforted in the practice of my faith, which commandeth my soul to do good and forbids the doing of evil to the human mind.

Although there's sorrow in my song,
My soul doth flee from doing wrong;
Although contentment's far abroad,
There's peace with Christ in heaven with God.

Although I mourn the Lord to see,
I'll bear no more than's borne for me;
Although I hunger for my bread,
He mourn'd that was by angels fed.

Although my heart is cloth'd with fears,
I've hope still whispering in mine ears;
The waters and the streams give way,
And this is but the ancient day.

Although my Saviour lived to die,
And fled that I might for him cry;
As Mary sought him I shall find,
A joyful moment to the mind.

Although he's gone to heaven above,
My distant Saviour still I love;
Twas angels promis'd he should come,
My Saviour and my rising sun.



JULY 27th, 1834.

THERE is nothing more disappointing than the mind: our thoughts are as doves on the wing, seeking rest but finding none. Every object seems to disappoint the mind, our thoughts are not under right direction, or so many disappointments would not take place: we apprehend we see an object to be desired; but it answers not the expected purpose when it is obtained; and we are left in the same condition of mind as before our expected delight appeared. If

man is not to be comforted, it had been better that he never was born into the world ; for what doth life add unto us that are ever in disappointments, sorrows and afflictions. My mind has been long at this school, but hath not received that which my soul desires : nevertheless, as these conditions of life is the bread I eat, and the cup of my disconsolation, it is needful that I reveal to the world the effects of them. Hope is my companion through almost all the scenes of life ; despair excepted ; (of which I have a large proportion and yet do not faint.) All these disappointing changes shew us the manifest want there is of direction, and a stay to bear up the mind. Where is the traveller in this age, that hath found rest to his feet ? Where is the throne that is satisfied ; or the council that is without defect ? When we see all these things, we must conclude we are in a world of disappointments, and are in want of an established mind, to stay the thought from seeking after vain things. Shall I say the world is not finished ? that God has done his work, but we have not done ours ? Moses hath said, when he had done his work, he entered into rest, and enjoyed what he had done. Moses hath penned these things for our justification, that we may know when our work is finished. It is revealed to us hereafter that the deity was disappointed in man ; and brought sorrow over his spirit that he had made him ; it is not revealed that he was sorrowful for any thing but the form of man : to every thing else he hath given command, and the world obeys : but we have lost the comforting benefit of every thing through sin, by the mind going out from the habitation of God, before there was a place of rest : this Moses reveals unto us, by our father leaving the garden before there was a place of rest prepared on earth for the mind. The garden was not a place of contentment ; otherwise, there could have been neither want nor prayer ; which appeared in that inexperienced place. It appears that every thing was present with our parents, but the productions of righteousness : the garden was the product of the righteousness of God, but not of his people, and this is what the earth is wanting till this day ; it was wanting in the ancient cities, and fields ; and last of all in Jerusalem the City of the most High : Zion failed, and Eden is lost, and there is not a happy City beneath the Sun—we are partakers of disappointment. We may say a deity could not be disappointed ; then we may say, that he has made man to turn into hell and suffer for doing what he foresaw he would do. This doctrine is too absurd for the human family to believe. If God saw all our evil inventions, then he is a combination of all our evil thoughts, and the source of sin. I acknowledge he hath given man the mind, and given the mind direction, but that he hath drawn every line, or appointed every course in which the mind runs, exclusive of his direction, I am not able to prove. The son of God hath said, that

evil proceedeth from the mind, and he goeth no farther back for the original of sin. If we go out from the habitation of God, that is the house of his commands, before the world is blessed to us ; where shall we find a resting place ? There is none beyond the appointments of God : he hath appointed peace unto us through his commands, but a disquiet mind through our inventions. It is needful that every priest and governor drink deeply of the cup of disappointments, and that the shepherd be disappointed in his flock ; for we have disappointed the Lord ; and his own sorrows he hath visited on us. Why did Christ groan in whom the spirit of the most high did dwell ? Because God is acquainted with the misery of man, and given his own spirit to feel, and know their grief, and bid them come away—forsake the transgressing and exalted thought, and be taught from the throne of life where the Son of God sitteth forever and ever. The spirit of God took our sinful life upon him, in his son Jesus Christ ; acquainted his own heart with our grief, in an experimental manner : calling unto us for the sacrifice of good works to happy the mind. The events of righteousness are in the treasures of the Lord, as at the beginning of the world ; but they are retained till the day of restitution, when man shall return to God and live. The works of men are wanting to make the world happy. While we put our trust in any thing but divine revelation we shall be disappointed, and the gates of hell will prevail against us : this was the sin of our father to trust his mind, and forget God ; and so his children have run until this day. But my mind seems drawn backward from the race ; for I have found nothing in the world but disappointments, neither have I found rest for the feet, nor a quiet place for the mind ; for the whole earth is cursed because of sin : the priest may try, and the king presume ; but all will end in shame and contempt. Glory is not appointed to kings in heaven, nor salvation to the priest ; all will cry with Solomon in the end, “vanity and vexation of spirit.” And the priests like the prophets, they shall loose their flocks, for when disappointment has its effectual place, the whole earth will turn to the revealed will of God (by Moses) and know the events of sin as our afflicted father ; and trust no more in invention nor the devices of the mind. The world is at a good school ; the king is learning the fallibility of his power ; and the priest the ignorance and weakness of his voice, the fallibility of his acquired parts, his College accomplishments, with all his parents can do for him. Where is there a man left any more that we may trust in for the salvation of the world ? The shepherds are gone astray, and the flocks are lost,—seeking from hill to hill—from city to city ; but find no rest. Is there any thing better than for us to turn to that we have left undone, and live according to Moses, and the Prophets, and the revealed will of God through his Son Jesus Christ ? If he is appointed our Prince,

and Saviour, his Gospel must rule over us ; if our everlasting father, we must obey ; the mind becomes small in invention—the lamp of nature departs from us ; and we become servants of the Lord ; following the dictates of Moses and the Prophets, and every word that proceeded out of the mouth of God by his Son Jesus Christ. The princes of the earth must come to this, the *priest must live by it as his bread from heaven*. I am not doubtful of these things, the Prophets that foretold the birth of the Messiah yet liveth as parts of the divinity that abideth in one body forever. All these are as lights, as signs, or as suns : angels to convict, convince, and convert us from self trust, or confidence in an unconverted mind, to the power of God in life, and his word amidst the soul ; but till we receive the lesser we cannot receive the greater mercies of the Lord ; and thus God will prove the authenticity and authority of the scriptures by troubling the world ; confounding deism, and disappointing the learned, till all shall bow and humble themselves before the mighty God, the Saviour of Israel : for this purpose are we at the school of disappointments, where nothing has its desired effect, and there we shall remain till a change of life, till our clothing is put off, and we return naked to Eden again. The king is sitting with a crown on his head as a distinguished mark of power and glory ; the priest as though he was worthy of tribute, and these two cannot comfort one hungering, thirsting soul in life ; and many under them are in the same condition. The sooner I despair of hope in these Images, the better it is for me ; and I will hasten my way back (in a spiritual sense) to the habitation of my father and mother, where and when they were naked before the Lord. They were not clothed with office nor interest ; neither were crowns of honor placed upon them ; all is vanity and vexation of spirit. The revealed will of the Lord is the salvation of the mind : this is the habitation I wish to obtain, and I shall not be disappointed. It is where the glory of man ceaseth ; and the Lord reigneth, where he is obeyed ; but in all the inventions and devices of the mind, there is disappointment, wailing and gnashing of the teeth ; men hungering and receiving not, thirsting and no living spring. It is a prize to obtain the favours of the Lord ; and the richest jewel, the brightest diamond—the most precious stone or fruitful field, is the revealed will of the Father through his Son Jesus Christ. The Prophets are wanting to Israel, and *Jesus to the Christian world* ; for in these we should have truth without lies, and hope without disappointment ; and tribulation is appointed as our school of necessity, to teach us the want of these characters. Moses and the Prophets are as stars of light to convey us to the soul, or inner man. Christ is the image of the Father in the midst of us, and he hath revealed unto us the affections of God's spirit, when he groaned on the cross, and expressed unto us the love of God for the world ; but according to appoint-

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ment man must labour for his own meat : the subjects cannot happify the king ; nor the king the people : the governors cannot speak peace to the world, nor the priest save his people from the miseries of the age.

What can my mournful soul convey,
This dark and tribulated day ;
When stars are dim nor suns arise,
'To humble man nor make him wise ?

My soul shall wait an hour or too,
To see what kings and priests can do ;
Or I from action will refrain,
Until I see their deeds are vain.

I find my soul in Adam's case,
Far, far removed out of place,
And where I'm strange doth kings arise,
And priests do feed with vain supplies.

Equality's decreed for man,
Each his allotment and his span ;
And this is God's unchanged decree,
All, all shall labor and be free.

And thus at first the world was made,
God calls for tribute that's unpaid ;
Purchase the ground where man shall hear,
Where suns are bright and stars are clear ;
And man's bright eyes shall plainly see,
That all his deeds are vanity.

We cannot behold any thing that will comfort the mind ; we cannot find comfort by digging, nor ascending ; we cannot purchase it by applying to thrones, or trusting in a priest. It is God's unmerited gift, it cometh of his free will and pleasure, when invention is spent, and devices cometh to nothing. Nevertheless it is needful for all the sons of Adam to know of these miseries that are out of the garden, as well as to know what Eden contains.

Peace at first was not given to man, but a service, or a work to to be done, after which the soul resteth.

God hath drawn the line ; he hath appointed the course, and until it is fulfilled, all is unhappy. Our father was placed in the world. Eden was one condition of the mind, and out of it is another ; all must be known to know the power and love of God, the inventions of the mind and the frailty of human life. There is no resting out of the habitation of the Lord, that is his courts where he teacheth his people.

I have no doubt of superiority falling to the ground; there never was priest, prophet or king, that had received knowledge of the power and wisdom of the Lord, and the insufficiency of the mind, but were a humble and low hearted people, content with small things, neither asking tribute or honour of the world.

Humility and praise,
Sisters together join,
Companions of king David's days,
The comforts of his mind.

Come near unto my breast,
Ye twins that do agree,
Ye pillars of my lasting rest,
And built by God's decree.

Oh all within give way,
These princes wise and strong,
Are as the rising stars of day,
My trumpet and my song.

Awake my thoughts to hear,
From distant hills return;
Your kingdom and your God is near,
Oh cease my soul to mourn.

The highest hills are vain,
Nor doth bright suns arise,
Where princes boast and kings do reign,
The people are unwise.

Captivity decreed,
The sons of sin are bound,
Where princes reign and shepherds feed,
Man over man is crown'd.

SEPTEMBER 5th, 1834.

THE extent of the mind is only measured by the pleasure of God, and the bounds thereof are not known unto men; and the productions are the evidences of the mind. God can give or take away, lengthen or shorten as he will. He assumeth the right of command, and his spirit receiveth honour; and it is his due for all that he doeth beyond the power and abilities of men. We behold him in the billows and in the wind; and who can say unto these be still in their appointed time to rage? or unto the storm, cease from thy extending power?

He that cannot command the billows of the sea, nor the beating of the storm, hath no power over his own mind; and like the mariner, *when* ~~and the storm cometh~~, the mind is troubled, and the poor subject, man, obeys the extremities of the storm. God is right in the storm and in the calm, in peace and in war, and man is never wrong save when he disobeys his Maker's will, and conjectures paths of his own; and in these God meeteth him in a right time and way, and bringeth in the cause of stumbling in due season. If not so, who is he that is the Lord? I believe that a man may improve his mind and enjoy it, though his brethren may be astray, or his father an alien to the truth. If not so, where are the rewards of the righteous? They cannot be sealed up in the bosom of other men. A man only knoweth his mind by improvement, as the travelling man knoweth the way. As extending sparks are evidences of the fire, so are swelling words of what is below or from whence they came.

A man knoweth not his own mind, for he knoweth not to-day what he will do the morrow, neither can he boast of it. He only knoweth the part improved; what is to come remaineth with him as an untraversed wilderness, as an unmeasured sea. There are no bounds to the mind but in God's will; he setteth bounds where he will, and there is no passing them by. We may struggle like the prisoner in chains,—we may rise a little, and fall again; there is nothing that can stand but the decrees of God, and these remain forever. The Scriptures are a true word of prophecy. Many are rising up against them, but in vain. These are the evidences of ancient minds, and the latter days will not exceed them in power, strength and glory; for as the child receiveth, the glory of the teacher passeth away, and he is no more. As the low, humble, and moderate classes of the world is enlightened, the glory of office and the priesthood will fall to the ground, which now sitteth as on a throne, giving decrees to the people. He that liveth many years will see the scholar equal with his master, and the hearer with his priest; and craft and tribute will fall to the ground. Let us consider that the mind is the Lord's; it proceeded out from him. He is the proper master, and teacher of the soul. He will reign over us forever. We cannot become his equal. He is everlastingly our Lord and our God. There is abundance of craft in existence. The end is honour and profit to the masters of the age; they love to be called Rabbi, and many schemes are used to obtain the title. I have refused to be taught by our present masters, and have turned back to the ancient school if possible where Moses was taught, and the prophets heard from heaven what they should say; and the query may arise, where am I now? I readily reply, I am with my brethren, but in communion with my own soul, which is the property of God, and the spirit he hath given unto men.

God hath a right to direct the mind in all the turns of life; and what is this we can do one for the other? We can do much for our neighbours in the service of God. If thou seest a sluggard that doth not cultivate his field, or hedge his ground, thou canst go to his door or bed-side early in the day, and say unto him, Friend, arise, the day cometh when thou wilt stand in need of bread; arise and cultivate the field that God hath given, or improve thy mind and reap, for I have done so before thee and know that it is good, and I must yet labour. When I improve one field God giveth another; when I improve one talent or part of the mind, God enlarges it, and I know not when my service will be done, or how large my mind should be: the farther it extends, the richer I am in the mercies of God. Come walk with me, and let it continue until God seeth that it is enough, and he requires the living soul to remain in these bodies of clay no more. The cultivator bringeth forth the harvest, but the sluggard nothing; he remains as he was born, save a little the worse; he was born prone to sin, but when he groweth up he practises it. This is an evidence of the condition of his soul, that it is in the hands and power of sin and satan; and God will not be his Redeemer till he worketh the work of repentance, and bringeth forth these evidences that he is the servant of God.

Every thing proveth for itself, and the mind is not concealed but for a short space of time, measured by Moses when he speaketh of the evening of the day of our father and mother when they had lost the favours of Eden. They soon brought forth an evidence of the mind. But the industrious man, or the laborious traveller, steppeth farther and farther out of the reach of temptation; but lest he should take up his rest too soon, the governor of the mind letteth go of his hand as a child to let him see if he can walk alone, and the child slideth, falleth, hurteth himself, repenteth of his footsteps and taketh hold more fastly on his father's hand than before, for now he knoweth his soul is not in safety; he is yet in the reach of temptation, and in danger of falling to rise no more. All that God doeth we see is good, as we pass forward in the mind. We would be very willing to reap an early harvest, like our father in Eden; but it is the will of God we should sow before we reap, and if we sow iniquity we will reap the same, and the soul or mind shall be convinced by its own deeds of right and wrong, for the Lord is judge over us and seemingly knoweth all we do. There is a possibility of acting by command, and of our limbs obeying the will of God, and of our hands and tongue giving him much praise. The mind hath a needful master, for it was not given to walk alone at any time. No soul hath done this and remained to be glorious. Their garments hath been shame and the contempt of the Almighty for such an action. The man is never so glorious as when he is the humble servant of the Most High

God. This station of life would not hurt the king. It would be as a sun of light to Congress men, and they would disagree no more ; but from many masters cometh a division of servants, and in the whole space of the earth, where men have power, servants and subjects are divided one against the other. There is no turning from this stage of action but by turning a little nearer to God ; the soul is his gift. Then why should not every man improve it ? and it would be better than gazing on the divided Rabbies of our days. You see in the beginning our souls are in one likeness, and that in the image of our father as Moses has by his hand-writing discovered unto us ; for he is a true historian of the first stage of the soul ; and God has made no distinction from that day to this. We are all prone to sin ; and as for other abilities it is beyond the power of the pen to minutely distinguish : there are no contradictions in that which is good, neither is God divided against himself, if so, we may say that it is right that good gifts be in controversy with each other ; but if we are of one mind before sin, we will be of one mind when we repent of it ; and form a peaceable kingdom. What has Rabbies to do with a penitent ? No more than Satan has to do with a Christian : he only serves to torment him, and make his days the worse ; he doeth him no more good, than the physician to the man in health. So are our present Rabbies ruling and tormenting the minds of simple honest people that hath no need of them ; they are continually dividing the people, and making the condition of life worse. These are the evidences of the mind of this world, the present teachers and rulers that are in it ; discontent abounds and the soul is not satisfied.

We must travel a little farther, my brethren, by the gift of God. As the eye is the light of the body, the uncorrupted mind is the light of action ; and he that hath seen must tell his brother that he may see ; and he that reapeth must declare it is good that action should be done, for it is as seed sown in the earth, from whence cometh a good reward ; it convinces the mind, it increaseth wealth, it addeth to the City, it establishes faith, it reneweth hope, it satisfieth the mind, it increaseth thirst ; it is as the Spring, it createth hunger ; it is as the bread, it addeth life, it is all things of which we stand in need : it bringeth in a flow of blessings, a harvest to the mind. Now, my brethren, let us subject ourselves to good counsels in early age, and when we are old we will not depart from them. It was the great error of our father that he would not be advised ; it was the downfall of Israel, and the destruction of the Christian world. God hath sent his Son to advise, till he shall come himself ; but he will appear to the penitent, as to the child ; he will be all power over him ; he will direct his mind as he did our father in Eden. We see by Moses how it grew in extent before sin, but how his light was put out and his joys diminished after—how the work of his own devices had

not acceptance with God—how he could not cover himself by making aprons. These are God's revelations to the world, that by these observations and remarks made by Moses we should know ourselves. Moses became a servant of God before he wrote these things; his history of man is the book of experience; and the productions of the mind proveth unto us that Moses is both a true prophet and evangelist of the most high God. Moses doth not encourage a continuance in sin, neither hath he painted the deeds of sin with the power of temptation; but stained them with grief, woe, and shame, that we may shun them forever. Moses saith, believe in me, for I come from the Lord; but now Moses is divided against himself; he is every where, and travelling every way, into Egypt and out of it: making contradictory laws and creeds, and every priest has become the Moses of his congregation, and every member must Aaron unto him; till alas for scattered Israel! who will redeem? Who will bring together that which they have strewed abroad? The harvest will be great, the servant will leave his master, and the disciple his Lord, and God will send help unto them from heaven, and the servant shall become as his master, and the disciple as his Lord, in those days, and man shall rule over man no more. These are the productions of the mind.

Sing, my soul, nor cease to praise;
The rising sun that lights thy days
Doth more and more to thee reveal,
And still unmeasured grace conceal.

Oh, rolling and most troubled sea,
Like to the mind that troubles me;
There's none that can direct thy ways,
My song, my sorrows, nor my praise.

The storms descend by great command,
The winds are in a mighty hand;
And when he bids the billows cease,
The winds and waves are all at peace.

My soul, my soul, is taught by these,
Storms come and go by God's decrees;
And so my soul must live and know,
How God doth govern worlds below.

SEPTEMBER 28th, 1834.

The mind of the Deity is the original of all existence. But our minds are fashioned according to this present world, when we are unthoughtful from whence we came, and who it is that giveth life and being, and every capacity to do good to these that stand in need of friendship, and to honour the author of our being. What we see are to us the evidences of the mind of a Deity ; that we may believe there is an existing God, the worlds are in a regular course of order. The sun and the storm, beyond the power of the human mind, they are established forever, that every generation may believe there is an existing God, immutable in his ways, and remains to be the same to his offspring, the breath of his own soul, the life of his creature man. Our minds are like unto the air, the earth, and the sea. The better we know ourselves, the more we form an acquaintance with God : we are the proceeds of the most high ; and the workman or builder is known by the work. We have every evidence of the extent of a Deity ; that he is unsearchable and past finding out ; worthy of praise for what is revealed ; and secret and sacred things remaining in him worthy of seeking. Wisdom has no end, therefore the joys of the righteous are forever. Every divine attribute discovered, is as a pearl of high price to the mind ; it fadeth not away, nor departeth again : what God is to-day he is forever : perfect in all his ways, with the creation. I will not distrust him that I have known, for a stranger, although he should descend from the court of kings, or from a throne in Israel—the highest priest in existence. I will tell of the workmen as I discover the work, or of the great building, as God reveals to my spirit. The mind is like the air, because it is at some times clouded from every light under heaven, and the soul mourns as the flock without the shepherd ; there is no rest to the wandering mind neither doth he know when or where he will receive a smile from the Deity, or when the cloud will depart from the mind ; he is helpless as the clay, he has no power above. God delights that we should mourn, that we may be comforted. A long calm leadeth the unthoughtful mind into ease, and forgetfulness of God. We know not when the storm will arise, and the lights of heaven be obscured, and the Son of righteousness depart from us. These changes are the moving hand of a Deity, my mind is in subjection to these : I am bound to comply and testify to all the earth that there is no resisting the decrees of God : he maketh the sinner his own through the atonement of repentance, and doeth with him what he will, he taketh his mantle off from days that were of old, causeth the Saints and the Prophets to enlighten the mind, as the brightest stars do the heavens above ; he collects them together

as the constellations of the mind. He causes the life of his Son to rise as the principal light of this world ; and thus he illuminates that dark mansion called the sinner's mind. These that do not discover these things are too ready to deny there is an existing God. Our thoughts are swift as lightning in the air. Who directs them, or by whose command do they pass as from the east to the western skies ? Their changes are unsusceptible, to us unaccounted for, and unknown to the human mind. We can only say that so it is ; but the command we know not, nor by what spirit they are directed as swift as lightning through the mind. Therefore we must humbly acknowledge, Lord thou hast power over us past finding out, and turneth the mind into heaven or hell as thou wilt, for sorrow and joy are at thy command. Thou settest the plant in the earth, and blesseth it from heaven. Thou emplanteth just principles in the upright mind, thou buildest thine house or throne upon them ; and none can overthrow what thou hast done. Thou causeth the tree to bear after its own kind. And so are these to thee producing glory and honor to thy unmeasured name forever. The body passeth away into the earth and ariseth no more, but life and being are immortal and forever. As the earth produceth for our health, strength, and abilities ; the mind delighteth in the earth, because it is thy vineyard yielding honour to thy most sacred name ; pleasure and profit to the soul. The earth cherishes our belief ; it is an evidence of thee : its proceeds are various and in abundance. In the earth, we see ourselves as in a glass. The obedient or obeying earth produceth at thy command—drinketh in the rain, and bringeth forth to thy glory ; so is the mind of the upright, they produce much good to the creation, and as we are many we are one for the other. Man is not to be alone, his neighbour is to comfort him, give us God has given, and remain a standing monument of God's evidences in the earth. Here we see the mind is like the earth, able through God to comfort those that stand in need ; and where we sow, another should reap the soil,) I mean where we labour in the services of the Gospel) others should receive the benefit, and we should be comforted with them, for this is the just event of a righteous deed. Our minds are like the sea, because they are never still ; like the needle to the pole so do the thoughts of man seek the centre of his soul—or place of rest. While the mind is agitated, our thoughts are not in heaven, the sea is never still, till the Lord commands a calm ; but then doth winds and waves obey ; and man can no more form a rest to his mind, or build a refuge against the storm, than he can command the sea, or clothe the storm with a mantle : as to these things he is powerless. The Lord would not be our God had he not reserved power and glory to himself to command the sea ; if the tempest should continue to rage, we would not believe, but as the storm obeys we believe there is an existing God.

What is the mind but a composition of thought that God governs by the event of our deeds, whether they are good or ill. The little mind is happy without deeds, and mourneth without a cause. The Lord is there in the mind of the infant doing as he will, till the day of command, and then we are required to act for ourselves, and put out a hand to the deeds of cultivation, I mean the improvement of the mind, that we may reap or gather ~~for~~ ourselves a blessing for our work; and our deeds are as a second creation or birth to the mind; if good, the mind improves in sense, praise and revelation; if ill, our days are worse—our lamp goeth out, or command departeth, unfulfilled; and we are left without a friend in life as a stranger in the night, and wander we know not where, or what will be the event of our straying paths. If it were in my power I would convince the world of the undeparting benefits of righteousness. But there is no other way appointed for the sinner, or lost world but to seek and then find, and I cannot change the decrees of God. If our deeds are evil, we gather but little more than the thorn or thistle from them; for these plants produce affliction when we gather them; and but small are the comforts of life that proceedeth from the thorn. As these are to the flesh, so are our evils to the mind. God is in the event of all our deeds; and he that caused the thorn to spring out of the earth and the thistle to rise in the field of the cultivator, hath caused a restless and fearful discontent to arise in the mind of the wicked; and death is the king of terrors to his soul: he is then to be cut off from his last hope of earthly things, and gather the blessings of the Lord from the fields no more. Why doth death terrify the mind, if he is not the appointment of the Lord, sent to take away what he hath given? i. e. life to man; why is he not embraced as a welcome messenger? he is sent of God, why should we resist or repine at his coming? Life came unto us unsought; and he that giveth taketh away, and many return unto the Lord without works, as they were born into the world; for so doth sleeping infants go down to the grave.

Oh that years may increase our understanding; that the young may be clothed with wisdom that the Lord would reveal his will to the shepherds of this age. Oh that parents may mourn with acceptable sorrow for their offspring, to the God of Jacob and of Israel. Oh that their prayers may be formed in the heart, through the still watches of the night, and come forth in the morning before the rising sun, that they may have acceptance with God; and the aged atone for their young; that they may receive wisdom, and implant in the mind, as the plant in the field; for the Lord blesses the deeds of wisdom, and sendeth rain and dew from heaven upon them. Improve the mind my brethren, first your own, and then your neighbors. Who will fill your lips with precepts when the servants of the Lord

are taken from the earth? What will become of your little ones when you have no minister from the Lord? Work while it is to-day, we know no farther than we see, and can say nothing of to-morrow: the Lord revealeth to whom he will, and from whom he will he taketh away, and the days of the wicked grow worse and worse, till his body goeth to the grave, and his soul to where there is no rest, to receive the event of our deeds till the day of restitution; when every soul that sinneth against God, shall confess and repent with humility and fear.

These days are filled with hope, and my soul shall receive as follows:

A world of blessings forms the store,
And all the just assemble there;
Their souls do rest forevermore,
Relieved from service and from care.

Blest morning, how the sun doth rise!
And shine on all the hills of praise;
And stars are fixed in the skies,
To tell of my Redemer's ways.

Oh cloudless morn, how bright and clear!
The clouds depart, the storm doth cease;
My soul's unclouded from my fear,
My spirit sees eternal peace.

No deaths pervade—nor foes ensue,
No sorrow nor no flowing tears;
Here Israel's God receives his due,
The end of grief and troubled years.

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OCTOBER 30th, 1834.

How beautiful are the laws of the Lord! Our pathway to happiness, our footsteps to peace! By these I shall see good and evil, by these, I shall obtain the things of God, that were made and created for my soul.

The heart or mind is the table of the Lord, on which he impresses the laws of life. From this law I am minded to write of the purposes of the creation—the visible things of God; the spirit and benefit—the purposes, and fulfilment, of the world. It is a day of rest with my mind. I have passed through much sorrow, and written to the world of the mind, and though I may see things imperfectly, there is

a beginning to all things, and this last short but comprehensive history may be right in the end; and discover the errors of the beginning. It is easy to speak after Moses; but I am minded to refrain and speak for myself. The world was long made before Moses saw it; or ever his person was born into the world; yet he speaks of the beginning and the end; and the whole history is his conception of the matter; which I believe to be the truth, but imperfectly understood by those that read the records of his hand. It is not in my heart to add or diminish from the work, justify or condemn from the few broken hints I may give.

My salvation or peace of mind doth not consist in what Moses saw, wrote or did; I must seek and find, and then obtain. For me to look over the whole earth, to come to a knowledge of the works of God is impossible. Every created being has a spirit within itself, and is Lord and master of both body and mind, and teaches us all we know. There is a growth to perfection in every thing that is created—the herb, the plant, the tree, the brute, the man: there is life in all these, either animate or inanimate being, there is but one source from whence all arise, and all have a connection in the original of all things. The man, the brute, the tree, the herb, the plant, with the least insect that hath existence, every being glorifies the Creator.

There is no sin, but a transgression of nature's laws: every thing hath received direction from the Creator that descendeth downward, or groweth upward, in all he is the laws of life. The child may be governed by a written law, or parent's care, till he cometh to a knowledge of himself; after which the Creator assumes the power and glory over the whole mind. These are lines of experience: I write not from history, tables of stone, nor the heart of Moses; (though far surpassing mine,) but the pathway of my travels, and the discovery of the journey as though I had been looking on the fields and cities, rivers and seas; and these were a journal of my days. It is not so with me: I have pursued what I thirsted for, as the thirsty for water; and now discover by seeking what I find. I am at rest, though alone; no visionary characters frighten me, neither do our present saints make me afraid. I still pursue the lonesome journey; my lot is now and then a crumb of satisfaction, and a drop of water to cool a thirsting mind; I suffer long and obtain little, but I receive by the law of life, and none taketh it away. I earnestly seek for the grave. The walls of the tomb are to me unseen, death is hidden from mine eyes, and I continue to see, that which I have not known. I am confident that wisdom has no end, nor a Creator a beginning. But he begins to discover his deeds to man, and reveal himself to the mind, by all his hands hath made and created.

The first discovery that Moses made was light ; and without this heavenly light, we see nothing. By nature the mind of man is as deep waters, we know not what it contains, nor what time will bring forth from the mind ; but he that hath light seeth one thing after another, as Moses saw the worlds created. Now I will make my own remarks on this divine light : historians may say it was the sun : this opinion will do better for a comparison than the substance, because the sun is a fountain or source of light : but by the sun I can see nothing but a few rods from mine eyes ; neither do I believe that by the light of the sun any created being ever saw how the worlds were made ; it is the light of the mind. The word of God, that gives intelligence to the mind : by his word were the worlds made and the line drawn in the heavens above ; and he that is possessed of this divine nature, has a law in his heart, written by the hand of God, and needeth tables no more—a parental father to direct his steps, nor written law to clothe his mind. He sees the pillars of the earth laid, and he possesses as great abilities as he that is born to be a king ; and is heir to a throne here below. He finds his body pregnant with life, and his soul in every part of it ; for no part can be injured, but his mind can feel the pain ; and sympathize with a bleeding body, or a smarting wound. The body can be persecuted till the mind can stay no longer in it ; The mind fleeth to another habitation and the body is dead. There is no death, but, the mind absenting the body—like the tenant relinquishing the dwelling, and the house is known no more. Soul and body is put together in perfect shape : mind and earth connected. Is there any thing more true than this, that the mind giveth life to a form of clay ? All animate and inanimate life returns from whence it came. There is no being that endureth forever but the mind ; this is the word of God to all the earth. But as the creation came to light one day after another, man cannot walk alone when he is first created ; and though perfectly made, he cannot lean upon his own mind, so Moses speaks of our fallen father. There are two languages in the mind, and our minds speak with a double tongue unto us, to do both good and ill. And here cometh in the fall of the mind, by doing the latter, and leaving the former undone. The event convinces him that there is sin ; and when he seeth he is a sinner, he hath divine light given him, and a sun has risen in his heart he never knew before ; and this sun is the saviour and redeemer of the world. The event of sin teaches him he has a master, that never knew subjection till he is a fallen man. He is unhappy,—he seeketh that which he needeth—he is a stranger far from home, and his own soul is discontent with his untolerated freedom, and seeketh a governor to the mind : for God hath not said we should obey the ill, but the mind hath desired it, and come to the knowledge of right and wrong on earth : he seemeth at a distance

from the inheritance of God. As the living stream never rests till it finds the bosom of the sea; so the soul never is content, till wholly united to the original from whence life and being at first came. This pilgrimage from sin to the bosom of God, is the mental and experimental knowledge of the creation, and we observe not all in one day, and it may take me for one short age of years to finish this.

NOVEMBER 1st, 1834.

ALL things that are right, and not any thing hath been removed from its place since the worlds began. Providence is every where and overseeth all things. I shall be but short on the deeds of sin and righteousness, as the latter originates in God and the former in man. The mind of this world overfloweth with creeds and doctrines, but they have not removed the cause of sin; nor exalted to the throne, (in this *personal* kingdom) the name of righteousness: righteousness never did reign since the world was created and two put together by the hand of God. We generate evil, because our minds are so to do; and if we did not, we would not know ourselves to be the weaker or lesser part of experience; but sin bringeth in or introduces the superiority of a judge to abuse a sinning mind. The Lord loveth sinners, as the husband the field, from which he receiveth wealth, honour and glory from the workmanship of his hand; so doth the Deity from the heart of a sinner. The forgiving of sins by the Deity, extolls and promotes the noblest praise of God. Is this not right? If not so, why was it ever found in the heart of man so to do? Is there one right in the creation, if this is not right? No, not one—an early conviction is right, and our chastisements are the rebukes of love. Could we form a world ourselves we have not the pattern, nor the mind that could exceed this.

We are not to look back to Moses for all things that pertain to the creation; but take up things as they are, and look forward. The Lord hath created many since the days of Adam; but never hath he thrown away the old pattern, or changed the disposition of the child. The last child that is born into the world, is as innocent in temper and action as the first man that God, made in whom there is no error; consequently there can be nothing wrong. But if we may proceed on a little farther, we come to the necessity of a man knowing his own mind—because it is the offspring of God. And as every thing is known by what it bears, or produces—there is no other measure given man; but the product, to come to knowledge of the truth. The mind as it is, is God's own will or pleasure, he giveth to the first and the last without control, such a mind as he will. Our minds are capable of feeling, of seeing, of containing an innumera-

ble multitude of thoughts. The mind is an unmeasured spirit. As God is unknown, so are the heights and depths of the mind. Sin and righteousness are obvious changes of the thought, as the atmosphere changes from the cloud to the shining sun. In all this, we see the revealed deeds of the Deity; and who would love a friend without favors? Or who would love a God that would show us no compassion in distress?

The events of sin are not agreeable, and are therefore not accounted right. We cannot presume to find out failings in the deeds of a Creator's hand, and still we must acknowledge that every son and daughter that is born of a woman are prone to sin, and on the other hand are as prone to salvation through and by the merits and attributes of God. There are two distinct natures in one mind: to do good and to do ill is the mind of man; nevertheless we have but one Governor over both these dispositions that sets bounds or tolerates the faculties of the soul to act. This may suffice at present. I hope I have hit on the truth as far as I have advanced, and have left no room for contradictions after me. All things are right. We come to a sense of the mind by our acting abilities, (and so I believe Moses came to the knowledge of God.) We come to the knowledge of sin by the event of it, and righteousness by the attending blessing for the deed. Now who will not acknowledge by these measures that sin is wrong, and that righteousness is right? and none but the repenting sinner measures out the things of God in this way, and acknowledges the Scriptures are true, from these practical lines that are in him, that book or table called the soul.

In all this we say not that God hath appointed or ordained sin; but it originates in the activity of the mind, before it is known to a governor, or judge to preside over it; but as the sentence of a powerful judge terrifies and heals the converted criminal from disease, so doth the convicting and converting word of God change the activity of the mind. And we find the soul possessed of abilities to do good, as equally we have known there was excitement in the mind to do wrong, and every act that convinces us of the power of a Deity cannot be in vain; for, as Moses hath said in the creation, God saw all things that he did was good: and truly he could not have made such a great mistake as to have overlooked the mind of man, the most noble and ingenious of all his works, (if we may so say,) an image of his own. I now argue that I see my creation right, and the turns of the mind and changes of the thought. The event of action hath brought me to some knowledge of the Deity; his anger which produces fear, and his love which affects the mind to praise. And as far as I have advanced I see the works of my Creator and Redeemer right. I read these things in mine own soul, and am not indebted to the world.

NOVEMBER 2nd, 1834.

THE WORLD'S EVIDENCE FOR A DEITY.

THE creation proves his spiritual existence. It was by the creation and sublime evidences that Moses came to the knowledge of God; he was no man's servant in his hand-writing, but his history in many passages are evidently the productions of the mind. That Moses ever saw the worlds created by the light of the sun I believe not, but that he saw the world and the things thereof come to light in himself, and he wrote of them as they arose. He wrote in obscuring figures; nevertheless he made things as plain to our understanding as our unseeing minds could observe. What God commanded, he said appeared. Every building hath a corner and chief foundation stone, which is and whom he calls the Lord. In this name he wrote to the children of Israel; his heart was not only a history of past things, but prophetically revealed that which was to come. Now, I presume, we may see as clear in this age as Moses did, if it should be the pleasure of God to reveal any thing to the mind. The mind is the man of his will, mourns and rejoices at his command, rises and falls his precepts to obey. Where did Moses contain his skill of revelation before his hand-writing? In the mind without doubting. Then all he knew was contained in the mind; and the moon and stars, rivers nor seas, days nor night, seas nor dry land were never there, neither did this sun that lights the globe ever rise in the heart of Moses. He was not born when the worlds were made, nor Adam neither. Then no man revealed these things to Moses, nor ever was there a man in life that ever saw the worlds begun. Now, I will give my sentiment of the times, and pass forward. The Lord continues to reveal. He cannot be known by ascending in balloons or digging into the earth; and the whole hand-writing of Moses is to convince the world there is a God. He, Moses, was no better child when he was born than Abraham his father; but Abraham saw one thing, and he and seeking ages ever find, and reveal the wisdom of God unto the world, so the whole of the books are composed called the sacred writings. They are all the productions of the mind and the revelation of God.

These do not excuse any person from seeking that which is unknown; and I believe that God will reveal himself to the world by ways that hath never reached the thought of man. Nature, so called, is almost ripe, and human invention near to an end. The world is preparing for a fall, and rise again; and the penitent mind hath gone beforehand to the pit or furnace, and there been refined and rose again. These reveal the changes of a subduing, enliven-

ing, and creating hand. And as one has gone or more, so all will go before this world will see the Sabbath that Moses tells of. When God was reconciled to or with his works, he blessed all, and all rested in concert, harmony and peace. This was the reformation in the mind of Moses. He knew all the propensities of the fallen sinner, the rise, the inheriting of Eden, of standing in the presence of God, of knowing his will, and revealing it to the world; and thus began his visions of heavenly light, and speaketh by the might and power of God. I will now speak again for myself, and as far as I have seen reveal to my brethren: not in imitation of another, but of my own soul. We are all in the hands of God, and must receive what he giveth; bitter or sweet, sorrow or joy, all are revelations of his command. He that seeth the creation rising in his mind according to its religious and temporal usefulness, saw as Moses saw, he owns the operations of God's Spirit on his mind, and one thing after another is brought to light in him.

NOVEMBER 5th, 1834.

LIFE is one united and spiritual body, or world—the Deity and direction of the universe: ever changing the garment going and coming, and is ever the same. What is the birth and death of a man, but one of the regular circuits or circles of life? the same order in existence in the whole moving creation, in all things that come and go again. The spiritual world is the hidden mystery of life; but the evidence is plain before our eyes, on which I will make a few remarks and pass on to the connection of the spiritual world, with this lower system (so called). The person cannot see what the mind conceives; neither can this world or the eye of this world by the light of it, the sun, see a spiritual existence; yet we can see by unnumbered evidences that life remains, comes into the infant and passes out of the deceased; we may not only conjecture, but prove, that all in existence is the evidence of a spiritual world; and that life in ourselves hath an unconquered direction. The physician can not turn, neither can the artist delay its progress. In life we see the indisputable evidences of a Deity, and that the spiritual world hath power over this. We cannot keep off calamities by our prayer, nor disease and death from the habitation; life goeth without our direction, and cometh without our command, performs his own revolutions in the heavens, summer and winter seasons on earth—and in various climes shews various circuits and progressions, and without life existence

is not. Our most needful dwelling is, the atmosphere of contentment.—this is hoped for in another world, revealed to us by a spiritual existence.

I can believe but little or nothing in the rise or elevation of the mind after it leaves the body ; as justification cometh by action only ; and we go not long without the wages of well doing. I believe the mind rises to its proper height in the person, yet may be troubled at the parting with the body ; which hath been as two jointly connected to effect the purposes of God. The knowledge of a spiritual world is a happy mind, and I am from experience obliged (if I do justice to my own soul and the Christian world to whom I am writing,) to acknowledge that I have seen these intervals of time in which I wanted nothing.

I could remember deep sorrows but could not weep : peace and pleasure sat as upon the throne, and governed my whole heart ; but I was not to remain, it was but a taste of heavenly things, or the worlds to come, when all my purposes and appointments are fulfilled. Then I saw the worlds which were to come—every faculty of the mind at perfect rest ; the whole heart enjoyed a felicity undescribable. Experience only can convey the truth of these things : as they are a gift in life which we cannot give one to another. Then I saw life at perfect rest ; because all past appointments were fulfilled, there was no conviction from Saint or Saviour ; then I was united to their rest, and them with me. My whole heart was full of life overflowing as it might be with spirit, because I was happy. This I accepted as a Redeemer's praise ; and as for any distinction, I knew it not, for all my personal faculties were alive ; and my whole heart was as one ; because I was at rest with the Deity and the fountain of life, and I knew of no distinction in my soul of abilities, more than you can divide the waters of the sea, and declare unto me which are from one continent or the other, and this is the spirit of truth—the worlds of felicity and everlasting rest. The spiritual world is as closely connected with this world as soul and body is connected—and governs over us by a supernatural influence ; but tolerates man to step aside, that he may know error, increase his fear of a supernatural providence, or an overruling world.

NOVEMBER 7th, 1834.

The turns or changes of the mind are visible to the mind ; but the causes seem to be obscure from the human family. Every turn or change is an evidence of God's overruling providence ; but the causes are in himself : as far as we can trace the deeds of sin or righteousness to affect the mind, we may be satisfied with the sublime evidences of conviction or justification impressing the mind with these various and (to us) divided effects. But there are changes and turns of the mind that are beyond these, that are known to the creatures of God, especially his creature man, that is capable of revealing the observations he may make upon the turns of his own mind. Moses has revealed unto us the causes and effects of sin, and the man of experience and self-knowledge ; that is, when his weakness or frailty to do good is revealed to his own mind, sayeth Amen to the handwriting of Moses. But if the mind was restored to Eden, (which is, to stand in the presence of God without conviction,) which is possible in the body, as in the body Eden was first inherited and lost, in person it may be regained, and man still live. I do not believe that Eden consists of a certain tract of land ; but that it is known by a certain condition of the mind—so I believe that a man may inherit and live. But life will produce action, and action is the production of thought ; and the heavenly or sublime powers impress the man within, for *so* sin and righteousness cometh to light ; they are both the production of the mind, but not of the inspiring word of God. I believe in changes, though we were at peace with a Creator, and knew no conviction for sin or justification for righteousness ; and I believe without a shadow of doubt, that these changes are the continuing revelation of God ; for though it should be our happy lot to reconcile the mind through the humble deeds of righteousness, I do not believe that the purposes of the creation are fulfilled in us, neither hath this world or globe and things thereon fulfilled their proper purposes to the mind. As long as the mind changes, we increase in wisdom, and the power of an overruling Providence is more and more visible to the soul, or the man within ; whom I believe to have communion with the spiritual world ; that is, his own soul is sensible of overshadowing power, and is ever revealing something to the thought that this world knoweth not : and where the spirit and principles of atheism and deism originated I cannot tell, as my soul is neither of these, therefore by experience I cannot reveal ; but give my distant evidence, that they are borrowed from the brute—who despises law, and his own mind is unto him the law of life ; and all his changes or turns of the mind are effected by earthly things.

It is not so with the man of thought and serious contemplation on the things of God. He beholds a clear and clouded atmosphere, in which he has no part; he turns his mind to the inward man, or mind, and finds him either weak or strong, bright in observation, or dull of apprehension; and though his life may be steady, and he places every deed, or moves his feet with the utmost care, giving all honor to Divine direction, putting self-confidence far from his soul, and still these changes are obvious within; he is forced to acknowledge they are the turns of a Redeemer and Creator's hand, wrought without cause in the man, when they are not the production of action. The coming attributes of God are unmeasured. He redeemeth us with the merits of his own love. I have mourned without sin, and rejoiced without any peculiar or present deeds of righteousness; yet these changes of which I have been writing, are obvious to my own mind; and as I have no known part in them, I attribute them to God's own will and unmerited pleasure, to bring the man within to a proper sense of the creation; and it was from these turns of mind that Moses writes unto us of day and night, as times of the greater and lesser light: and so, as there are times that darkness obscures the human eye, the Lord casts a mantle over the soul, and overshadows the mind; and when we come to a sense of this world, we will find the original in ourselves, and the worlds are made to bring us to a sense of ourselves, and the man within. The mind inherits the spiritual worlds from whence this globe did proceed, or a true and indisputable sense thereof. The more we see of this kind or nature, the better we are acquainted with God our creator, and redeemer from sin. The mind knoweth the change and turns of his fashioning hand, and he that knoweth his soul to be renewed, is like unto him that saw the worlds created or come to a sense thereof.

The worlds that are discovered with a human eye, are the visible parts of a deity; his mind is in them, and by this soul or spirit that is in them, they move in their regular course of order, come and go, and some parts of them visibly die and live again.

And as God hath given unto man a mind like his own, (which Moses calls his own image,) it adds to the salvation of the mind to come to a sense of these things, through the merits of a Redeemer's hand. Moses for our information has divided time into days, as though these visible changes were in the mind of a Deity, of which I have been speaking, which I believe not. But that Moses seemingly reduced the extent of a Deity into the small power of our conception and understanding; and as the rising and setting sun measures one day unto us, Moses tells us thereby, that the mind is never still, but of a changing and travelling capacity, and though we are up to-day, and God's providence will seemingly illuminate the whole mind by the light of his inspeaking word, yet the salvation of the soul is not

accomplished ; when one command is fulfilled ; the light of this day, will pass away, as the setting sun : the mind will be obscured from past things, but the same word will return again as the rising sun, till the whole purposes of the creation is fulfilled in the mind ; which Moses hath called the Sabbath of God's rest, when man is wholly justified for all the deeds that he hath done. But I believe not that the whole will of God is then wrought in the mind, or will of man ; for after Moses saw this and wrote the book of creation, he had many things to write and do afterward, and this history of the creation, were but as lines of his experience, and knowledge of God. We must descend into the nature of things to be more fully accomplished. Our rest here is but for a Sabbath day, in comparison a seventh part of the time, and it is my belief that the souls of but few attain to this measure in our age of life.

NOVEMBER 13th, 1834.

LET the earth arise from deep waters, let the sea and dry land appear. Now shall I see by the light of the sun ; not this visible light which is shining in the heavens that lighteth the human eye, but the spirit of that sun that lighteth the soul within.

The more we see of the deeds of Providence, the more we breathe out glory and holiness to his name ; his deeds inspire our praise, and his works are as lines drawn upon the human mind. It pleased God that there should be sea and dry land. It also hath pleased him that there should be body and soul, a man spiritual within the man temporal, or mortal, or changing clay. We observe by Moses that the waters were the element of God's creation ; and from thence the sun arose, and dry land appears, and the Lord set them apart, each of them for their appointed purpose, and neither of them are without the Lord.

When Moses has done all and all by his hand-writing of the creation, he has only described the man and Creator by the creation coming out of darkness, as the mind of the man cometh to a knowledge of his own formation and acting capacity ; for we by nature see but little use in our birth or death, till we are endowed with a sense of these things, or why we are born to suffer and die, and go hence, not knowing the purposes of our birth or creation. The worlds are made for us to know, and all we see is the perfect figure or shadow of the man. We know there is something bringing deeds to light in ourselves, as we experience the benefits of age, and advance towards the kingdom of heaven, from whence all good at

first arose. All things below are but a shadow of worlds to come. That which is to us to come, is that which ever was. There is spirit and mind in the kingdom of God. The mind is the atmosphere of all God's holy and angelic spirits, saint and Saviour; if we ever know them, we know them there. It pleased the Lord to reveal to the mind of Moses, the deeds of creation; he made use of the waters to prefigure the mind to Moses; the sun, as the rising of a Saviour in the soul; the body as dry land. And here God distinguishes to Moses, the distinguishing purposes of the sea and dry land. The body is useful in the hand of God, as well as the mind, and God set their purposes apart, that one might not have all the honor, but that soul and body should both worship and adore the Lord: he set bounds to the sea as we see at this day, and both are for a glorious purpose, both to God and man, for the sea is a communication that bringeth distant friends by a speedy means near together. All the springs and streams worship the sea, because they are the greater fountain of living waters. So all our mind and abilities worship the mind of a Deity, the element of our creation. Who can keep the living stream from the sea? neither king nor councils. Who can keep my soul from God? None. She is in her appointed course. She is the offspring of spirit, and cannot be contented with earth, nor all that are thereon. She will return to her father's arms from whence she came,—the Creator of the world. So with the least stream of the living fountain, so with the most distant soul or spirit that God has given, they will unite with crowns at last. And as there are no superior waters in the sea, all things are alike in the kingdom of God, from whence at first all things arose. The earth is as useful to bring us to a sense of the benefit of the person to the soul as the land is to discover unto us the marvellous work of God in setting the land apart from the sea. In the sea and dry land we see life, and the deeds of a Creator's hand. Give glory all that see! and those that see not, wait for his coming. Where we see life, God is there; but Oh, unmeasured purposes! who shall presume to write after Moses, the wisest scribe in these things in all the earth? I presume not to follow after nor run before, but give my sense as a distinct being from many others of the purposes of the creation, and the knowledge of God. The more I can prove by Moses, the stronger is the building; the more I add together, the greater is the pile. If Moses is not to be understood, in vain are his writings to them that see not. I speak as I understand, and add as I discover; for the God of Moses is my God, and the God of the whole world. He hath not limited himself by what he hath revealed to Moses nor the Jews, but continues to add by every discovery of his insearching and divine light.

The earth produces after its own kind, and so doth the sea; but

all have their original in one, and none of our upright deeds of life should be despised, for the nature and spirit of a Deity is in them all: and there are no productions of body or soul in which the divine nature is not, save this untolerated liberty we take upon ourselves to act without the laws of life, and in these we unlawfully use the creatures of God to fulfil our own appointments. The sea and dry land hath appeared unto us, to worship, glorify, and adore the Creator. Every deed after its own kind, from one original. So hath God revealed himself to Moses, and Moses to himself, by the varied and unnumbered productions of the soul, as the deeds of the human body arising from the soul or mind, the man within. We make the best use of a weapon when we receive it according to its use and appointed benefit; the sword by the hilt, and every subject, object or action, according to its varied and appointed purpose.

Every plant in the earth is the production of the dry land, bringing forth after its own kind or nature. From whence came all nature? It is the proceeds of one living source, called the Deity; and every thing in which there is life, breath or being, honours the Lord for giving capacity or ability to live, act, or grow upon the dry land. We view them in the light of the sun; but when spirit leaves the body, there is light in the eye no more: and it was by the spirit of the sun that Moses saw the sun, and by the spirit of God he beheld the whole world, the use and benefit of creation.

NOVEMBER 14th, 1834.

LORD, thou art my dwelling through ages that are to come. Thou hast been with me since the pillars of the earth were laid. My spirit is from everlasting to everlasting. Thou art my God. Thou hast done, and it moveth not away; thou spake in the beginning, and thy word changeth not. Thou art in the midst of thy dwelling. Thou art clothed with righteousness. Thy deeds praise thee with a pleasant song. Thy works sing aloud. The voice of the shepherd rejoiceth in thy flock. The dove and the lion unite to give thee praise. My heart, reveal thy Maker and thy Redeemer's hand.

The fields were naked, and the Lord clothed them with pasture for his own. He drew a line round about them. He forbid the destroyer to hurt the plant of the field. The walls arose at his command; they were hedged in, and no sin came through his gates. The little hills burst into singing. The spring burst from the mountain side; the flocks were watered, and thirsted not for springs abroad. The flower rose amidst the tender grass; the field was of a pleasant smell—the

ancient fold of Israel. The dove sat on the bough, the lion fed on the tender grass; his disposition to destroy was not found in all the land! The Lord bore away his mantles from the sun. He was clothed in thick darkness. A mantle of mourning enclosed his illustrious rays, that he shone not on the earth; but the Lord said Arise. The waters gave way, and the inhabitants of the field were known unto the Lord. He set bounds to the wave; he commanded the floods to be still, and the marvellous deep obeyed his word. He placed the planets in their course, and the constellations of heaven were still at his command. He bid man to rise as from a deep sleep, and behold the glory of his hand. My soul awoke at the sound of a trumpet: I beheld and sought the Lord that shewed unto me these things. I found him in the midst of them. The Lord is in the midst of his sanctuary, and his deeds clothe him as a garment, and every life doth give him praise. He giveth unto man power and dominion over the field of his inheritance, and the little flocks come and go at his command. His mind sitteth on the mountain. He beholds the vallies and the flower of the field, the rivers descending to the fountain of waters. He descendeth from the top of the hills; he clothes his soul with the deeds of creation as with a garment; he followeth after the courses of Jordan, till he cometh to the city of God; he casts off his garment at the feet of his Redeemer, and beholds that he is spirit before the Lord, prepared to inherit the temple of the creation, the city of God, the mind of the Deity, the element of all his works. The whole creation sings with him in spirit the sacred anthem of endless joys. We all see with our eyes as through a glass from hill to hill, from sea to sea. The Lord is still to come. He will multiply wisdom. Hope is our sister and wisdom our kinswoman. She will multiply in the earth. The Lord is her bridegroom. The creation originated in her breast. She will conceive of him that liveth forever. She will come forth again. Israel shall behold her glory and live. Here ends my song, this solemn morning of my days.

NOVEMBER 19th, 1834.

God is life: we are the proceeds of life. Life is spirit to all extent we can behold with the human eye; there is no changing existence that cometh and goeth again in which there is not life and spirit, from the greatest to the least in the whole animal or vegetating part of creation. There is no life in course or order but is under a spiritual direction; and that which we see is the lesser part, or parts of creation. One spirit hath placed direction in all things to

go and come and fulfil the appointed circles of life. The atmosphere, the earth and sea, is full of life and order. Nothing moves but by supreme command. The heavens obey; the earth and waters bring forth to their Creator's name. The mind is the sense of all things observable. The Deity has taken up his rest in the human mind. All nature doth adore and worship there, or Moses could not have told us of a Sabbath's rest. The superior parts of a Deity rest in this temple or spirit called the mind; and this is the house of the Lord. And thus, having a communion with his own soul and the visible parts of the Deity, he wrote his history of the world. If the unbeliever should critically dispute by saying, I was not present, I will refer him to a decision by saying that the same God that hath been with Moses is with us, and hath been with all the rest of the world from that day to this, in a greater or less degree. The very heathen imitate his name by idolatry; but returning to the human family, they have been the instruments of his revelation in all ages of the world. When we see the vegetating plant, the growing tree, the increasing and decreasing brute, the turns of the seasons of the creation, the activity of nature in all living, save man, we have seen the end of what these can reveal of the deeds and formation of a Creator's hand, the activity of spirit in them, which is given according to their needs; but when we come to the mind of the human family and the revelation of God to the world, who hath read through the book of life and can say we have come to the end of wisdom? Not the Pope, nor his superiors. When the wise men can tell me the drops of water there are in the sea, and the depths of the atlantic, then will I believe these things, or that the end has come or revelation ceased.

I believe *that will be that never has been*, and yet it is not new under the sun, for God ever was, and nothing can be new with him. He has a beginning and end with man. To us he is an unchangeable being, increasing in mercy, revealing to us that which we have not known. He that knoweth himself knoweth the spirit of this world; for all is there, in the temple of the Lord, the mind of the man. I am not about to say that our mind is our God, for there are impressions on the mind as Moses reveals by saying, "He moved on the waters," and the Son of God hath said, if the mind cometh forth or is born of the spirit we hear the sound, the voice of God, in the inner courts of the Lord, the temple or mind, but from whence it cometh or whither it goeth we cannot tell. God never will make liars of his saints or prophets, much less his Son Jesus Christ. We are the lesser means, we cannot weigh or measure the Deity; if so, revelation would come to an end. The mind is the medium between God and our acting abilities, which is called the man, the connection of this earthly frame. It is the mind that feels and knows our sins,

and maketh the actual atonement that God requires for our acting transgressions; but the mind doth not perform this alone, more than the son could act without the father. It is a well impressed mind that regulates our sinful and transgressing deeds of life. The soul is the bride, the word of God the bridegroom of the soul, and our person holds out to public view the revelation of God. It was by the spirit of the world that Moses saw the world; for the spirit is the inside light of all being, and from thence proceedeth the activity of the creatures of God: and man is endowed with these noble abilities, i. e. to worship God for all. And to perform true and accepted worship we must come to the outside knowledge of the deeds of a Deity, as well as these things that are revealed within; and he that doth not come to the visible sense of the works of God, as seen by the human eye, is resting short of the sense of that which God hath openly revealed to the human eye. I write a little that if possible I might assist my brethren and friends to see these things as they are that God hath placed before our eyes, that the end may be to increase the homage of the Almighty, and increase his praise as it might be from fresh springs of living water arising in a thirsty land: that is, a few sparks of revelation that may not be common with the whole world, or the inexperienced or untravelling human family that seemeth to measurably content themselves with the fleeting dust of this lower world. I have no doubt that all things were made for us, and we were to have dominion over them: that is to say, be wiser than them, command them in ourselves by superior impressions of the mind, or the direction of a Creator, Saviour, or Redeemer's hand, (whom to me are all the same;) there is but one original of all good. Man is not made to bow to any thing in the creation. Here Moses reveals the will of God in the first command. In obedience to such command the soul begins to ascend, and so on till we stand in the presence of God, as Moses did when it is said he saw him face to face. There are contradictory Scriptures to these, that sayeth no man hath seen the face of a Creator. I accept that Moses stood in his presence and saw the visible glory of God, these things that are manifestly revealed by the deeds of creation; but that God hath revealed his face or shewn his whole glory to man, I believe it not: for the whole mind of man could not receive the extent of the Deity, —moreover he is more glorious than we can behold. If not so, there is nothing to come that hath not been revealed, and we have seen the end of a Deity, and wisdom is accomplished; this is not the true faith. The Lord liveth, and is forever and ever to all generations of the world new to every creature, discovering unto him these things he has not known.

The purposes of the creation are glorious; they enlarge the mind as they improve the soil, and bring in a welcome income to our

desire. Let us read a little in the book of nature, for in it are written the laws of life. Our first prospect is with the human eye; we behold much in visibility. We see life in action in earth, air, and sea. We see the deeds but not the mind; it is spirit, it is secreted within this veil of flesh as a mantle. Life is hidden in the tree, the grass of the field, the flower of the garden. We see the visible part, but there is another that expands the bud into the leaf and flower, groweth and is multiplied by it. It fulfils the appointment in all being, and returns from whence it came, but whither we know not. We cannot follow by the light of the human eye to the fountain of life. Our own limbs move by a power unseen; they are commanded by a measure unknown to ourselves. I am ready to cry out, Oh ignorant men that we are! can we not advance? can we not see the purposes of a Creator's hand? There is a school prepared for us. Moses not only saw what had been from the beginning, but saw what would be in the end. God would come in the flesh, and him we should hear in all things. Here ends the law of Moses. It brings us to this school; and the evangelist John tells us by this word that teaches the mind, whose house is the inner temple and courts of the Lord, the world was made, and all that are therein. Now I presume the visible God is within the voice like the coming and going wind. The mind that is like the table for the law of the Lord, can receive the purposes of the creation. The outside of a Deity—that is, all we see, is but as the mantle of the Lord—excites me to know what is within the veil, and the creation attracts my mind, not to sin, but to fear a Deity of such power. I see the planets in their course, obeying direction; the rising and setting sun, the regular changes of the moon, the morning and the evening star, the rushing storm moving on deep waters, the calm, the evening and the day, the activity of the fowl and brute, till I behold my own limbs moving from a power within, my tongue revealing the secrets of my soul, my pen now running by the virtue of something unmeasured in my mind. My all gives up: I acknowledge there is an unknown Deity in all life, and I am frail to know mine own existence. I will go to that school, as a child to the master that knoweth all things, he that dwelleth in that unknown mansion called the mind; and I will worship before him, and say, Good master, teach me these things that I need, that my mind may enter into glory with thee, and inherit eternal life. Will he not show unto me the spirit of all things in mind, of which he builds his house in the spiritual worlds, and is a spiritual world? He has said, “he will teach the meek and humble of his ways,” and I shall see his life in all living; the more he gives the more I’ll love, the more I see the more my limbs shall cease to offend, till I bear the true image of his will, as far as is to me designed. And the more I receive and know of the Deity, the more full, perfect, and

extensive shall my worship be. And the purpose of the whole visible creation is to direct our attention to the inner man, who is acquainted with the revelation, the judgments, and mercies of our God. Spirit only seeth unto spirit. The human eye can only discern the outside of things. It is the inner man that knoweth the Lord and is acquainted with his works.

NOVEMBER 26th, 1834.

God is command,—command is life, and precedeth action. The world is the offspring or the proceeds of command. We cannot call God that which he is not, sin and unrighteousness excepted—and these are performed by his abilities given us in trust, and made use of without command. By command the sun arose, the planets took their course, and the fixed stars were still. By command man came to the sense of his abilities; without command, he is lawless in life. By command the creation appeared unto Moses, and he saw an extensive Deity in all his works, and became the servant of the Most High God. The more we see by the command of God, the more the soul multiplies; the more extensive the command, the more the soul reveals; the more is revealed, the more we receive for doing; the more we receive, the richer and more noble is that kingdom by the saints and son called the mind. Moses is one of the most extensive historians of the world; he hath revealed unto us the ways of right and wrong, and that command is the law of life, and that God is command to the whole world.

If we see the sun to rise, we see one part of his existence; for by this we see the outside of things, the garment of a Deity, but know not the mind. All that behold the creation should enquire after the mind of this world, which is the Deity, not the mind of sinners; for it is a kingdom dark as the tomb of the dead, in which a man cannot see right or wrong. There is no law from the Maker's hand written there that we can see with our human eyes. Nevertheless it is to us the space of the creation, and where God begins his known works, reveals his abilities and calls the sun to rise. But the mind of a Deity is what we should seek for in our lost condition of mind, that is when our spirit is not at rest, neither do we know where to find it. When God commands the sun to rise in the inside kingdom, so described to us by the saints and the Son of God, we have a light which sheweth unto us the whole mind or heart of the human family; and this is where Moses saw the sun to rise which directed him to the sun in the skies to reveal to the world the spirit of God. What can be more

correct? By the light of the sun we behold the creation; by the light of the mind we see the spiritual world, from whence this world arose, or was at first revealed to man. It is the inner courts of the Lord that satisfieth the mind; for there all our abilities are at home, and seek no more, but enjoy the prize they sought. I believe Moses sought for wisdom before the creation was revealed to him. The Son hath said by seeking we find, or seek and ye shall find. This is one infallible command from the foundation of the world. But who could seek to find till he was lost, or found himself in need of that which he did not possess? I confess that although a man was righteous according to his measure, as Adam before sin, he hath not a perfect sense of his own soul or mind; for the mind of a righteous man may be improved. I may fulfil all the laws of the Lord this day that he hath revealed, or obey his most righteous command, but it doth not follow that I shall seek for more on the morrow, though I were righteous to-day. The world was revealed unto Moses a day at a time: a veil was cast over the first day's work, which is called the night; and I have no doubt but Moses saw the first day's work that it was good, and God blessed it unto him, and it satisfied part of his mind. But Moses was not content with seeing the work begun; and as his prayer for wisdom was just, blessed and answered of God, he saw another: and thus God was revealing himself unto Moses by the creation, showing unto him the purpose of all things. And I believe, by reading over my own ^{own} degree of experience, that Moses was not content nor accomplished for action till he came to a sense of the mind of this world, which is the Deity, and then began to serve or obey the world to come; for it will come unto us all if we will obey command, which is the law of life or nature's laws. Moses had a frame or body to act in, which is an image of God; not because of form, but because it contained the sense of all things in existence, and the original from whence they came.

which led him into all things, and to give a true history of the Deity by the book of creation to the human family that are born into this world. When I advance in this little work, I would keep the evidences of all things compact in one connection, that I may be the better understood, if I may be suffered to progress to the satisfaction of any. There are sufficient evidences that all existence hath a spirit, but without which we are lost from the use of them; the spirit is the light of all things that are animated under heaven. It is in my mind to say, there is not a nature, ability, or principle of action in the animal life that is not connected with the human family. To know these in one united spiritual body, and the word of God to be the head or command of them, completes a spiritual world, or a satisfied mind, in my belief, the salvation of the mind. A man without the Lord is but the brute in action. He has the man's form, but the brutal principles; but by them he can never work a salvation, neither is he satisfied. He is either coveting or hating, gaining or losing, strewing or gathering. His mind is never still. He is coming or going to satisfy his soul. The event of all he doeth is uncertain to him; and at an untimely season, as we would have it, he is cut off from his works, and leaves this world unaccomplished, and enters into another, because the mind is life. God's own breath (saith Moses) breathed into man. Personal decease cannot slay a spirit: therefore the mind doth not die, yet it changeth by the deeds of life, and our deeds revealeth unto this world the heart of man. Moses has said that the Lord made man naked and then clothed him. In vain we read if we do not understand. Man was not ashamed until he sinned, and was then disposed to hide himself from the presence of the Lord. The deed he did was only an evidence of his spirit. He was not ready to come to judgment,—he had not fulfilled command,—he hid himself from the Lord, revealing to us the space of repentance was wanting before he was ready to appear before the Judge of a spiritual world; and by his deeds hath revealed himself unto us. The Lord clothed him, but slew him not; Moses hath wisely said with the skins of beasts, a true evidence of his action, the spirit and principle he acted from in the mind. If this spirit had been obedient in the mind, (the world of spirits,) from whence should we have known sin? There is nothing now that was not then, there was nothing then that is not now. The whole writing of Moses respecting the creation is the evidences of the form of the man in the inner part, and the deeds of Adam our personal action. Adam by his own deeds knew himself to be a sinner; but not without the assistance of a Judge could he have known this. The spiritual world (the mind within) was out of order. He had moved the wrong foot first, as it might be, and darkness began to cover the mind, and he began to act in vain, and make a wrong use of the fig leaves which was given for the clothing of the

tree but not the man ; but the Lord clothed him according to his action, for he could not bear to go naked. Therefore God gave him a defence, as it might be, against sun and storm, the troubles of life, till his repenting days shall be performed. Then shall he say in all of us, Here am I Lord, the workmanship of thine hand ; without thee I can do nothing. Thou hast made me naked before thine eyes. My deeds are all thy works ; they are all performed by thy command, and of them I am not ashamed. I delight in them. I rejoice in thy presence as the rising sun. Thou showest unto me I am thine own likeness, containing the spirit of all visibility within myself. I am a kingdom and thou art Lord thereof, to myself an inward and an outside world ; for by thy word within (the sun of the mind) I see all things that are in existence, and my soul containeth the spirit of them. I have found all and thy righteous name in the midst of them, revealing to man that which is right and wrong. Thou art the tree given, but not stolen. Thy life is command, and most freely may my soul partake of it.

Of all the trees thou mayest freely partake, but right and wrong is the knowledge of the Lord, the Most High God. Thou must first observe the lesser growth of the field, partake of them, and see that they are good, as Moses saw the creation revealed, till thou performest the whole life of man in experience, that is, all. Thy soul shall be under Divine direction from the lesser to the greater, from the beginning to the end ; and thou shalt see that all thy acting principles are good, very good : and, last of all, thou shall come to the knowledge of that comparative tree of good and evil, and, like thy Redeemer and Creator God, be reconciled to a world of spirits, and his judgment shall arise to the throne in these the most high and noble principles of the mind, and thou shall be reconciled to the immoveable judgment of thy heavenly Father, and thy soul within thee, through tribulated experience, rest in the presence of God forever, with the knowledge of the tree that never dieth—the true sense of right and wrong.

NOVEMBER 27th, 1834.

THE Lord is in his sanctuary—he is in the midst of his works—he will reveal himself to Israel, and be perfect in Judah. The Islands shall know his name, and the mountains shall bow before him. He will plant a vine in Israel and Judah shall gather the grape : he shall give to the nations that are at thirst, new wine from the grape in Israel. The Lord will return to his former habitation and reveal

himself to the world by the deeds of his hands. History has become as Babel's tower: historians are confounded and reveal nothing. The skill of the penman cannot reach the truth; the wise and prudent of these ages cannot see the heart or mind of God. The Creation is a true history of the Most High, and Moses is our great informer that it is so, for from the heart of Moses came great and mighty works,—an evidence that his conception of divine mysteries and the visible worlds were true. If I see the Lord in his sanctuary or the midst of his deeds, any conception of him is right, and will satisfy my soul, and I will not stand knocking at the gates of the College or seminaries any more; for this indeed is the poor man's history of God and the creation.

Having scarcely education to mark down my thoughts, my sentences are few, because words are scarce with me, and language is limited and bounded to the narrowest space. There is none that can cast a mantle over the sun, or change the planets in their course, or bid the fixed stars to move; none can change the features of the brute, or change the Ethiopian's skin. The works of God remain as they were, but the deeds of men hath made a confounding Babylon on earth: there is not a man of education or science that can connect them together as a way from earth to heaven: they are as the stumbling block of the poor uneducated world: they stand gazing on them, and time is spent talking of that which profits nothing. The Lord hath done this, he has given way to the prayers of humanity and suffered (not commanded) every scribe to bring art to the proof, and wise and prudent speculation to the public scale, and see what they would weigh in the public mind. The world is divided through these means into unnumbered parts. The tower is finished, the people are confounded: Israel had one way; but we have our thousands following after our disputing shepherds, who are astray, and the flocks are lost.

Oh that Moses would return, for he would go into the secret or silent tabernacle, his own mind, and commune with God, and reveal to us the truth according to our necessities. The Lord would place a cloud before him by day, and a burning lamp by night, and all the Lord's chosen people would have but one way. But now we are as the ship without the helm, the mariner without the compass: we are driven every way in the storm, and death overtaketh us before we reach the haven of our rest.

The Lord will gather together into one, his hands are spread abroad through all his works, he shines in the sun, he will speak from the stars, and these eyes that behold him in all living existence, will overflow with tears of joy; for the Lord hath formed all creatures to give him praise; he has given man a heart to receive all, and give him glory for his works. The creation is a true history of

the Deity, shewing unto us all the parts he would reveal. No Evangelist or Prophet disputed with Moses about the creation; they saw alike and so did the Son or Word of God by whom the world was made and the seas received their bounds. How profitable it is, Oh Lord, to see thee in thy works! It unites the most distant ages together; and will unite my soul with these that first wrote of thee. I love them in my spirit because they were the servants of the Lord—drawing the attention of all nations unto one God, by a revelation of thy will. That which is right cannot be moved: that which thou hast justified will stand forever; and the hand-writing of Moses, the Prophets and David was found worthy of reception by thy Son Jesus: he bowed the knee and revered them. "There is nothing hid, but shall be revealed" (said that great Evangelical Prophet of God, Jesus Christ)—all that is in obscurity, shall come to light as on the house top; and all the world shall see the glory of the Lord, the least as well as the greatest; and there shall be speculations in the human family no more, nor impositions on the degenerate mind. The Lord loveth all his works to the ends of the world: he hath formed the least insect—given life and command unto them: his ways are in the earth, air and sea. Has he forgot the noblest of his deeds, his creature man? Nay, there shall be resurrection after resurrection, the dead shall live till all is fulfilled, i. e. the appointments and ordinations of the most high God. When human invention tires, then will the inhabitants of the earth seek for rest; but all must be fulfilled that the heart of man can devise, for without this man would not know his own mind; therefore the Lord has begun by permission unto Adam, and yet continues and will to the full extent of the mind; and although I do not know that I am the worst of sinners, or the farthest from the Lord; but being of a small and contracted mind, soon came to the bounds thereof, and saw without the Lord that all my works were like Babel's tower; built up to prove the fallacy of invention, and to bring human skill down to the earth. Here I am but dust as I begun, and if any of the babel-builders can ascend to be what I am not, I will confess I come down too soon. But if the end of human invention should amount to no more than it has in me, it is no matter how soon it comes to pass; we shall scarcely arise to heaven, till we see what is on earth, or enter into the courts of the Lord. I have no desire to ascend again, but try to see what is in this little garden, the globe that is round about me: Adam my father was placed in it, and suffered to partake of the fruit, part at a time, and the whole world was given him to enjoy. But he was not commanded to come to the knowledge of God first, but partake of the lesser matters or fruit by God's permission, and not to ascend so fast by invention, lest he should fall and kill himself. But he, in haste to come to the knowledge of God—

the then forbidden tree (of which the crucified son of God partook thereafter) lost his first estate, a loss that is hard to gain. But Moses came to a mental sense of all the trees, and his mind will live forever; because he had knowledge of the tree of life; the tree of knowledge and all others. He tells of a fiery sword that cannot be conquered—it is the sword of God's indignation against human invention, and these which have not passed through the fiery trial, their deeds will not live; and a great deal of history will prove like Adam's fig leaves, good for nothing, and will be no covering for the man.

NOVEMBER 29th, 1834.

Who can know the man? There are many judges, but who hath measured the mind with a reed to know the height and depth thereof, the length and breadth of it? There is none knoweth man but his maker, and the giver of the mind, the same hath prohibited judgment from the human family; because the eye cannot behold the brother's heart; but as far as is revealed to us we can discover, and every man hath limited bounds to his mind. It is the space, or place of our rest, our house of miseries and woes: space of darkness or marvelous light. It is the house of our acquaintance with God—it is the habitation of despair, when he is absent not comforting the mind. The beam must be removed from our eye, before we can assist another—converted, before we strengthen our friends. The extent of the mind is not bounded by conceiving a sense of this world, and its purposes: it still thirsteth after rest, or heavenly things. We are then certain that temporal and spiritual things have space and place in the mind, and one word or command is given to govern over them. The mind will justly compare to the beam and the balance; if we go to any extreme in any of these points, we will soon prove to a beholding world the mind is out of order. God created the earth and the heavens, temporal and spiritual things; it is only a just Judge that can make proper use of them, and own, that by the hand-writing of Moses, that our father received the world from the hand of God, and all things therein were placed before him; and whatsoever he called the name of any thing that it was. The eye of Moses was clear; (there can be no doubt of it;) he received the lost state of man before he saw things as they were, and wrote of them: he pointed to creation, and his hand-writing saith (a universal sense of the word) behold the worlds, and man the true witness of God! When we behold with the human eye, we

have seen the shadow, and this infallible witness of God invites the soul to come forward and know the substance of these things. As far as my mind discovers, I can reveal; but farther is dark as the tomb to me: the light of heaven hath not shone upon it. How can I speak or reveal the hidden things of God? The mind will conceive all the eye glances over—all the ear can hear—all that life can feel—the tongue taste, or the breath smell, and it is not yet full: it will conceive an endless law from heaven; which is the life of God in the soul, or otherwise, his living and existing word in the mind. By this, we spell all things, great and small: connect heaven and earth together: that is, to labor on earth by the word of God, and receive our joys in heaven.

The earth is a blessing to the mind, and it was blessed to the mind of our father in the day of blessings; in that day, man was wholly blessed: and all things that were made. Heaven and earth was clothed with a blessing; and man was made of clay, or born into the world. If I conceive, I may speak again—clay is a passive substance; so was man when he was made, and he never arises from his first estate by human devices or invention. But all his independent deeds of a Deity, reduces the man. Every human act darkens the mind, till he becometh quite lost from a sense of himself; and many minds in this estate, are clothed with blind imagination, so far as to conclude they are something in their own eyes, when it remains evident to a discerning mind, they are nothing in the sight of God, nor ever can be, till his fashioning hand shall or may rebuild them anew, and reveal to man by his sublime deeds that he is nothing of himself. Now, I believe with Moses, that his mind was reduced by tribulation, and events to the estate or condition of passive clay in the builder's hand: and the mercy of God built him up for the sake of Israel; and he tells us, that man was first made of clay, for so his dead mind came to life; and when God had done, Moses saw himself, the man; and thus he knew the first and last estate of Adam, in every soul; for had not his mind ran through the records before his pen, he could not reveal these things unto us. My great and immoveable proof, is the experience of my own mind. Who ever fell from grace, but by the form that Moses hath given unto Adam's fall? Who have been restored, but by rising as they fell? Who could see the first estate of man, but by the restoration to Eden again? And I presume that Moses is not half known to the world.

We read, but earthly things hath such an overbalance in the mind that our thirst seemeth satisfied about heavenly things by hearing tell of them. But it is written the world shall have an end. When earth begins to fail, we call on heaven and heavenly things. The soul is not satisfied; a thirst arises (when we look into death, hell and the grave) for a place in heaven, or rather a rest for the mind. This is a

quickenings event that happeneth to all men sooner or later in life. Moses was anxious to see his way clear, and began to make peace with God by a passive obedience, or sole resignation to his will; and of his passive mind God made of him *the man*. I have never read that he had a soul within him coveting wealth, that he was fond of office, or clothed himself with pride. He excused himself from the calls of God, because of inability; but not that he had other things to do, but that he was weak to perform. God blessed his weakness or stammering and slow tongue with assistance; but his tongue did not forbid nor hinder him to write, or become as God unto Aaron, teaching him all things that he should do. Now we observe that Moses was fully the man, and the schoolmaster of his brethren; and God made use of Moses as a son of light to reveal himself to the world. There was not a Son of God born after, (by what is called the second birth,) which is nothing more than God improving the mind, when humanity has come to their wit's end—but saw as Moses saw, the priest, the prophet, saint and king; and hereby I see in all ages that God by revelation hath been the same to the world. Christ nor the evangelist doth not diminish from the hand-writing of Moses concerning the creation and God, but addeth thereunto, and increaseth mercy and the forgiveness of sins in the world. If I write things inconsistent with revealed truths, I am not of God; for God is consistent with himself in all ages of the world. Every man that is restored by the hand of God to a sense of himself, the builder and re-builder's hand, seeth as Moses saw, and as children of one father agreeth about the revelation of God. Now, Oh divided world, when will you see these things? When will the scribe cease to run his speculative pen, with the beam in his eye, still rending the human family farther apart, as bone from bone and joint from joint? Oh that the gathering hand of God would gather together, that his coming mercy may save that which is lost! When a man cometh to a sense of himself, then hath he seen the works of God; but until then, his numerous volumns and religious speculations will only be as the dry leaf on the tree, profitable to no man; for our latter productions divideth the world more and more, and produceth quite a contrary effect from gathering together the inhabitants of this world into one happy kingdom of reconciliation one with another, which reconciles a man with God. That is not to say that a reconciliation with sin is well pleasing in the eyes of a Deity, but that the forgiving of sin is his pleasure, and prepares the soul for rest; for by so doing all revenge and malice is cast out of it. We are only to mourn for these we cannot save. Now, if the Son of God had come, not partaking of the earth, we might say the fruit of the field is vain for the salvation of the mind; but Moses saw heaven and earth both to be a blessing, for that which God hath blessed is a blessing to us: we cannot

receive from the flocks without the shepherd, neither can we gather in the harvest from the earth without cultivation.

Man was created to till the ground and keep God's command. Doth this amount to two occupations for one man? It positively doth not; for a man may till the field by God's command, and eat of it, and see that it is a blessing to his mind to eat honest bread, as ever it was to gather of the trees, of which the Lord said our father and mother might partake. There are two parts in the man, and the one is a blessing to the other; for without the body the soul is not revealed, neither is God known to the world. Is not then the body a blessing to the soul and an honour to God, created whereby he may be revealed one unto another? Revelation doth not cease here, when we know what another could reveal. Though this might fill a space of the mind to-day, it may be enlarged to-morrow; for wisdom hath no end. Though to-day I am blind for the morrow, to-morrow will answer for itself; so Moses continues his progress, till he saw the man wholly blessed, as God had created him in every particle, joint and feature.

Now, who can dispute but Moses saw the whole restoration of the world, the life of Christ, the seed born of the woman, the contending controversy between good and ill, the wicked cast out, the idle prohibited from the living tree, the cherubs and defence? All these things he knew in his own soul; they are what the mind can receive and more so: and where is that well-instructed scribe that can set bounds to the mind of the man? It conceiveth good and ill, heaven and hell, death and life, of going from and returning into the favour and mercy of God. To receive God, reconciled with his deeds, and all and every work of his hand blessed; he that can measure farther may say there is an end to wisdom, and that he hath set bounds and limited the living God, that he shall never more increase the mind of man, or cease to reveal his mercies to the world.

DECEMBER 6th, 1934.

THE SON OF GOD IS SENT TO THE LOST SHEEP OF THE HOUSE
OF ISRAEL, AND UNTO THEM HE SENDETH HIS OWN.

I have written in my foregoing pages to the wise and prudent of the age, and hereby dedicate the same unto them for their observations and remarks on the deeds of a poor lonesome and illiterate mind of the wilderness of Upper Canada. I now address children of the lesser stations in religious society, from the same mind, that (if it may be so,) I may be some small advantage to all.

I am myself one of the wandering and from society. The Judges found me unworthy of communion, and like my father out of Paradise—I was put away—the gates were closed against me, fast and strong. I could enter in no more, they were placed as the burning cherubs there. I went from door to door, many hundred miles for communion with my friends the Quakers, but could gain no admittance; as spoke one, so said they all: they were fearful I would divide the society, by public communication; for I had uttered a few broken and ill-connected sentences with them; but the Judge sternly replied, it was wrong—be still, or depart was the sentence to my soul. As man was not born to be a servant of men, I took my chance in the open world, having hope in God alone for my stay. I soon found a spring of living water, and fresh pastures to my soul. I now enjoy a little field in the wilderness with a few brethren of the lost number like myself: here we have been since the year 1811, building houses to the Lord—introducing ancient praise into the assemblies of his people. Our little field enlarges (as David hath said of the abounding mercies of his God)—our springs fail not, neither do our pastures pass away, and from my lonesome tent I set out this morning to reveal the Son of God to the world. It will be observed that I have first written of Moses in this little work, which I am about to communicate to the world, but more particularly North America, or the United States, the land of my nativity—the place of my birth. It is requisite to know Moses before Christ. Christ hath said, if ye had known Moses ye would have known me: but the wise and prudent of his day, did not know either of them. I think I have some sense of the mind of Moses and it is a regular course of order to proceed forward to the heart of God, which is hidden in Christ his Son: he has revealed his father, by parables unto us, but without a parable hath he not revealed himself to the prudent and the wise. His own saw him face to face as Moses saw the Lord.

The person of Jesus is an evidence of the truth—his deeds are signs or true representations of the Holy Ghost : he was a Prophet in which there was no guile—blameless before the Lord ; his body was a tabernacle of the highest, but who hath seen his mind ? It never was revealed to the world, but under a veil or shadow, it was secreted in his holy body, for the Lord hath not appeared unto us without flesh, as unto our father in Eden, or as he hath done unto Moses face to face ; and except the days come that never has been, we shall not be saved from our sins.

The Lord hath given me a soul like all other beings ; and in my straits and deep distress I gave it back as an offering to the Lord, for I proved the world of a certainty, and found I could do nothing for myself, and what is done the mighty God of Jacob has done, for there is no merit in the man : he led me to the spring of living waters, he caused or commanded the fresh pastures to spring up in my mind—and there our little flocks are feeding till this day. What I have communicated in the fore part of this work, is a true copy of the mind. And what I now write unto you, to whom these may come, is my bread from heaven : it hath proved salvation to my mind, and these about me : seek in this world no more : we were off-casts, and the Lord hath shewn unto us marvelous mercies, and hath given us a house and flocks of our own—they go in and out, and find comfort to their souls.

A few lines of history cannot communicate all things—come and see—come into the same way that we are and you will find comfort to your souls, and the pastures of life, and the living spring that faileth not. We have no communication with the righteous, all our religious barter or communication is with sinners, they will both hear and see, and sometimes receive a little ; but the eyes of the righteous of this age are closed up—the shepherds retain the sheep from our flocks, as though we were wolves : we borrow not, touch, taste, nor handle not, any goods or barter that belongeth unto them. But if dissatisfied minds run away from them, and come unto us, we receive them as David did, and we can assure you, they are not weak men in our little Israel. They are kind to the poor, and merciful and forgiving to the sins of the whole world. Is not this a mark of the lamb of God, that through his unbounded mercy taketh our sins away ? We must first believe, and then practice, and our rewards are the salvation of the man. Our imperfections are great ; but our mercies continue, and we are endowed with a living hope in God our Saviour, and this is one great comfort to the soul. The lost sheep is the field of the Lord, although it is the wilderness of the man, for there he finds and grants love to his people. If he is sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, it is these that are scattered from the flocks or society, whose gates are no way for them to the

pastures of life, or springs of living water. The whole need no physician ; we therefore leave the assemblies alone, and rather seek after that which is lost, and as we are of this number, and mercy came unto us, while we were seeking, for we did find, we think we know of being lost and found again, of being dead to society and are again alive : for we are now equal to our friends or more so, in our own country where it is said a Prophet is without honour : this is an uncommon day ; but living witnesses can vouch for the truth of these things. The shadow pursued to its origin, leadeth us to the substance ; so the person of the Son invites us to come to God, the original of all good, and the father of that which came by Moses into the world. Those that know not Moses, know not God, for Moses was of God, a true servant sent into the world, to redeem Israel from bonds. Sectarians are lean in mercy, but cruel in judgment. They evidence for the pharisee, hypocrite and the hard hearted priest : they can crucify the mind, but seldom raise the dead to life—but clothe them with a garment like their own. I do not number all in society with sectarians—there are humble minds, beloved of God, and are friends to their brethren : but some of their shepherds are of this class I have been speaking of—my very soul or spirit within, hath proved them to be so. They add to the hard hearted number but gather few to the fold of Christ. I have suffered much in mind, but speak sparingly—experience hath taught me what to say. He that hath been the criminal, is a true evidence of the sentence of the Judge, whether it was merciful or just. The tree is known by the proceeds, and so is the Son of God—observe he *was the sinner's friend* ; but the exalted man's foe. He was right and changeth not : his personal deeds are a true evidence of his Father's will, which is in heaven. He seeketh the lost, and he findeth them seeking, and is found of them : the lost are never content till they find a union of spirit, and there they are at rest, for the prince of peace is in the midst of them as on the throne of David ordering all things in the house of the Lord. If he is sent to the lost sheep, who will not be found ? He is not a blind shepherd, he knoweth where to find, and how to give them rest ; he maketh us his children—we become his sheep—he is the one true shepherd of all nations, kindred, tongues, and people ; the everlasting father of the world. When we find this shepherd, we seek no more, he hath the words of eternal life—the living spring—the bread that cometh down from heaven, and satisfieth the mind. We as a people do not speak boastingly of these things, but as far as we have found, so far we can give, and bear a true witness of the mercies of the Lord. He hath made us liberal to build the house of his father, to feed and clothe the widow and the fatherless—to humbly submit and sit down and eat in peace with the ends of the world : he has made us, (as it might be) a friend to publicans and

sinners ; but no physician to these that are whole : we pass by their gates in silence, knowing they must become as the lost sheep of the house of Israel, before the Lord will come unto them, or send one of his angels or servants to their door, for it is his choice, to send his servants to the lost. Nevertheless, he treats them with a word of conviction ; which cometh unto them, as taking away these unsquared and unpolished stones of exaltation from under their feet, by which means they will one day fall to the earth ; for neither the axe nor hammer is ever still in Israel. The people do not please the elders of the house.

If there is no greater salvation to be hoped for, than is now in the christian church, it matters not how soon we die ; for things grow nothing the better, but rather the worse ; divisions increase, government rends in twain, and wise men are put to their wits end to know how to keep the nations in peace, and the churches fall to pieces, like stones falling from an old building : many have been there long enough ; they are not squared and polished by the priest. A living mind cannot be reconciled to a dead and speculative system ; and every priest hates a change, for he dreads the day that is coming when every one shall come unto the Lord "without money and without price." They make a great cry when any person leaves them ; they say he will be lost, but he that is sincere is found of Christ and comforted—my soul bearing witness of my hand ; for I no more covet what they possess than I do what is in Babylon. There is no doubt of a fall : this cry doth not issue from a throne of contentment, but from a throne of fear ; and doubts are arising in church and state affairs, and he that doubteth, is already damned or condemned ; for doubtings are not the issues of grace. The Lord loveth the man that cannot help himself ; his heart is an open door for the reception of the Lord ; he will take the stranger in—he will give him drink, when he is thirsty, food when he is hungry—he will clothe the naked and feed the fatherless—he will visit the sick, and those in prison, for the soul of Christ is there suffering for our sins, that is not to say he is not reconciled with God in heaven ; for the father was well pleased with him when he was groaning for our sins. Till we relieve the afflicted, the Son of God will not be at rest with us. While the effects of sin remains, those on whom they are visited are objects of our mercy, till the whole world is saved. The Son of God suffered for all : he has bought us with a price, and we are his ; and he that knoweth the Son of God is no man's property or servant any more. The Son of God is kept from his right, as the creditor from his due ; for priests, elders, dukes and kings, rule in the heritage of the Lord : their power will be broken, the yoke that is heavy will fall from the neck, and small things will be raised up to confound the wise and prudent of the age ; and them that could not see, will have light—for this

purpose said he am I come into the world, that those which were blind may see, and breathe out glory to God, their creator and Redeemer from the infirmities of sin.

Hallelujah, sing his praise,
The sheep t'was lost, again is found,
And these are blest Messiah's days;
For he receives us safe and sound.

In heaven above doth joys arise,
Messiah's resting here below;
The babe, the simple is most wise,
For truth and wisdom binds his foe.

Oh now the builder's stone is square,
The axe nor hammer's heard no more;
Our house is now a house of prayer,
And God the cripples doth restore.

The Lord's well pleased in his son,
That mercy to the farthest shows;
For these are days that were to come,
The gates of death and hell must close.

Messiah lived beyond the grave,
And he his holy body wore;
He's come again my soul to save,
To give me life t'will die no more.

Angels attend him on his throne,
Good Moses and the Prophet's there;
He's bought us and we're all his own,
And he rebuilds the house of prayer.

He equalizes every stone,
He's building by Divine command,
He's made my spirit all his own,
The prince of peace in every land.

The trumpet breathes his lasting praise,
His honours doth to heaven arise;
He lets me see king David's days,
And every son, of equal size.

He is the word that stills my foe,
He is salvation t'was to come;
Q 3

He lets my mournful spirit know,
The power of priest and elders done.

'Tis his appointed time to reign,
He is one Lord of great and small ;
His love and mercy's come again,
To seek and find and save us all.

DECEMBER 11th, 1834.

SHEPHERDS of North America, fortune or fate hath separated me from you, and I can have no acquaintance with you but by a paper communication, which I embrace as a privilege or means this morning, as I am separated from all the Christian Churches in existence. There may be a purpose in my appointment in this service ; it will either tend to establish that which has been, or remove that which is good for nothing in a greater or lesser degree according to the abilities of God given.

I do not agree with you in your saintish appearance of great perfection. I would believe with you if the evidence you bear was according to your faith, that is, the impressions of the Holy Ghost upon the mind. I defy profession to rise higher than it now is. How is it that the Holy Ghost has so divided the shepherds, and the shepherds the sheep. None professes higher than my old friends the Quakers ; and according to their practice, there are two Holy Ghosts and two kinds of shepherds, and the one kind is rather against the other, and the Holy Ghost has gone into the law and contention with himself. We must not profess so, but that our friends have not continued to follow their light, guide, pattern, or Son of God ; if not so, they are as gross sinners as those that did not keep the laws of Israel. It is just to believe that every one shall be judged according to their means. It is but a few short years since I was judged by them to be one of the grossest errors in life. The aged frowned upon me, and the young ones mocked me with scorn, for I was like one naked in the midst of a storm, without a garment ; (that means) I had no witness nor defence against the arrows of the age. The archers bent their bow and shot not sparingly, and I was near to be slain with arrows from *their Holy Ghost*, (for my friends profess no rule in judgment so strenuously as the Holy Ghost, or God's Son Jesus Christ, the light of the world ;) and their judgment inspired others to rise, for I was thought to be the ruin of society, and a shame to the Christian world. I wrapped this character or garment about me. The

effects reached my heart. I went my way and wept; I sat down under a vine of sorrows indeed, and freely partook of the grapes thereof. The Lord saw me weeping, and sent unto me a friend; and our number increased from that day till this. But the gates and doors of the Churches are all barred against us; we have to seek our bread alone or perish where we are.

Now my good friends, by one I have received of the nature of you all; for although my friends the Quakers have done this by me, there is no class of people I esteem before them in the various branches of the Christian Church. They have done this both for my good and their own, to prove that their spirit is weak to discern what will be, and that my soul could live without them in the world, and wear out all that garment of shame wherewith they have clothed me. Wondrous are the works of the Lord. These changes are the turns of his hand, and we will not dispute about them. As for a crown in a Christian name, there is no need of it; there is no danger of losing the prize. All will have their due according to their deeds, and here we will cease to be judges one of another; for the judges have failed respecting their brethren. We cannot measure what is to come by things that are past; and here the judges of past ages miss the mark and lose their arrows. Israel missed in the same way, as hath done our last judges in the Christian name. The same errors arise from the same spirit,—profession cannot ascend; but deeds might exceed these. Every plant that the hand of God hath set in the earth is for some purpose; all his works give him praise. There are many branches of the Christian Church: the Lord reward them as their works may be. If I cannot see the use of the plant, I am not justified to rise up and destroy; the Lord hath not destroyed all the trees of the forest because the cedars of Lebanon exceeded them in height. I think it would be a deed of compassion for the big Churches to leave the lesser kind alone; God may have a purpose in them that he hath not revealed to every hypocrite or exalted mind: and if I was no more to the world than the bitter herb by the way side, the thorn or the thistle, these are the workmanship of God, and the less we handle them the more comfortable they are. God has a purpose in all things that he hath made. It is but a lion-like disposition to destroy the lesser brute; but so the Churches have gone on from the first to the last of them, till they are disarmed from every weapon, by the civil powers of the Christian world, but the tongue and pen. And these the priests and elders make use of as the last weapons of their defence to keep up interest, self-interest, and superiority in a Christian world. I have received what they had to give, as one receiveth of his unkind brother; and this is all the communion I have with the branches of the one great body, the Christian Church. I hope and trust my soul will be the last sufferer

by these descending arrows; for although they are only from the tongue and pen, they are grievous to those that are young in serving the Lord. The parent careth for the child, but the elder Church is always uncareful to her younger children that dissent a little from them for conscience' sake. Such proceedings as these has divided the Christian Church into zealous, dwarfish handfuls, for the sake of bigotry and superstition; not for mercy, justice, truth and peace. All extension has but one centre; there is but one original of all good. There is a time to part, and a time to come together; it hath been fully tried. No one Church can conquer the universe; but mercy and love as the Lord hath commanded can unite all these divided limbs into one body and will, when there is a resurrection of the dead, limb to limb, and joint to joint. All good will have one connection and be one body; the wolf and the kid can agree. That death which came by Adam is essential. We are all baptized into it, and at the sound of a trumpet we shall arise; and all that is good will remain, but that which is vain and profitable for nothing will be and is consumed in God's consuming fire, which is the baptism of his word or his Son Jesus Christ.

The life given in the resurrection of the dead is a positive life; it is that which was in the person of our Lord after he was crucified and had risen again; it bore him upward to heaven and God, and liveth forever. This is a life that cannot be crucified by all the existing Churches under the sun. If I am possessed of this life in my services devoted to God, they will remain; for this life is having knowledge of the Son of God crucified, who in the soul can die no more, all can profess: but God is the substance and the evidence of every truth, and time alone must prove for us all. I believe that humanity is nearly done being a Lord in religion. I believe the race of Adam is almost accomplished, and that he will return unto the Lord his God as he was first made; and for this purpose hath the Son of God been sent into the world, and never will return till his mission is accomplished. His spirit appeared in that holy person Mary's son, but did not continue in the world, or there had been no persecution in the Churches. The reign of Adam was not accomplished, and he gave his Son Jesus no rest here below; but when humanity has finished his reign in the broad circles of the earth, the Jewish Messiah will reign: but the strong man armed keepeth the house till a stronger casts him down or out and spoileth his goods; afterwards a better reigneth in his stead. God only is the Lord of humanity, the builder and maker of his frame; he never was conquered by the reign of all the princes or priests that hath ruled a Christian world. If the Messiah could not conquer or save that hostile Church the Jews, and persecuting to his reign, in his name the nations will not be saved from their sins; but in the name of his

Father shall Ephraim no more envy Judah, and in his name shall peace be made through all the nations of the earth. Christ was and is the means, God the Saviour of us all. The means could not do farther than the Father was with him; he overcame the world in spirit, but the world overcame him in person, and he fled from the house of Jacob and the tents of Israel. He did not only ascend in person, but in spirit also, and revealed himself to but few afterwards; but as this is the highest attainment in religion, the name of the Holy Ghost, which has now become a hiding place for hypocrites, (not the Ghost but the name,) satan himself hath chosen this garment or character to wear in the name of religion, and in this name I have suffered shameful tongue and pen abuse, which is hard to endure, because it hurts the mind, and is not the deeds of mercy nor good will. Now hath satan clothed himself with his last garment. Adam will soon be naked again. The first will be last, Alpha and Omega; the beginning will be the end. There is but one God and one order of life. When all the various means are summed up into one, they will number no more than one man and one woman, nature and God. Here satan first began his reign, and here it will end. God will tabernacle with man, and there will be God and man again, no serpent or mediator between, it is near at an end, when satan is where he began. The covering shall be taken from our father, and the man shall see himself, and the *man Jesus will pass away when his mission is fulfilled*, as his body ascended back into heaven. Between God and man is Satan's place, and Christ came from heaven to abolish his name from between man and his Maker, that every soul should have knowledge of his builder and maker, who is God, and his word or Christ the means and maker of us all. When will the American shepherds learn that day, our divines will turn into humanity, for that they are, and that they were, when they begun: climbing up into the mediatorship, to reconcile man to God, that cannot reconcile man to man! because they cannot reconcile to God—they cannot reconcile one to another. They have sat, dividing the goats from the sheep, from the right hand to the left, till the Christian faith is like unto a sheet of paper, or a law divided into thousands—the parts in a church must be small, nevertheless, it is as the heart of the members of the various bodies. So truth and justice hath been degenerating down into little pieces, of which our shepherds hath professed to be the stewards, preaching one God, Saviour and Mediator to the house of Israel. Let the judge come down from his seat, for God is coming to judge the world by the event of our deeds; and in this way all shall know him from the least to the greatest, and all flesh shall see the salvation of God. I am unshaken in the faith, although it is a gift of the wilderness of Upper Canada, that God will set the Churches free from tribute, false mediators and self-con-

ceited judges ; for when satan is done, humanity can rule no more : he is but the deceived and deceitful man in earthly things, unskilful in the voice of God, and leads the world astray. I am not minded to keep up an argument with the priest or his flocks ; it is but the abuse of Scripture to make swords of sentences to hew down each other. All controversies must be left to one judge to decide at last ; and peace is ordained to be the ruler of the universe and governor of the world. I am no Scripture critic, of small education, and no study about the things of God. I wait with patience on the Lord, and I am content with small things, and from my closet visit the ruler of nations, the priest and his chosen flock. If I write more, I trust it shall be the will of God which is in heaven ; for I am tired of that deception that hath appeared in Scripture clothing in the name of the Holy Ghost. When the means that God hath given by Scripture evidences are united into one body or one mind, the world will have a Saviour, and his glory will appear in ancient Israel.

Oh may my spirit live to see
His elect, and his great decree,
And every nation have the Son
That was, and is, and is to come.

Oh may Jehovah's name arise,
The wise exalted to surprise ;
Oh may the suckling babe appear,
To heir the love of Jesus dear.

How vain is this contending strife,
The end of pride and human life ;
Oh may my soul see better days,
And all my heart prepar'd to praise.

The sun will set again to rise,
The least, the humble be the wise ;
The highest mountain will be low,
And straight will be the passage through.

The seas no more will beat the shore,
For man on earth shall rule no more ;
'Tis sworn that time shall have an end,
And those shall cease that do offend.

DECEMBER 17th, 1834.

THE DISPENSATIONS OF GOD TO THE WORLD.

THE Deity revealeth himself unto us as the worlds were created—a day at a time. The more is revealed, the more is required, and every soul is judged by his own laws. It is God alone that measures the mind and bounds our abilities; according to the pattern so we must build; according to our strength are we required to bear the burden. That we are accountable to powers above will admit of no contradiction: it is the human desire of the mind to enjoy all things; but give what latitude to the mind we will, or run to every excess in libertineism, we will come as far short of fulfilling our human formed prayer, as before we moved hand or foot on the brutal journey. But these that will not believe in the revelation of God, and the laws and bounds of the mind, are suffered—not commanded, to take what sense they have, and set out on the independent journey, and when all is proved that the human mind can invent, or is hoped for, cometh short of the intended prize for which we run; so I behold our present generation; and a little child at the mother's breast or father's table is wiser than a generation of this description, adding the prince with the rest; for the child is more contented than the king, or the wisest councils of the the age. The child has no wisdom to procure any thing, or treasure up for years to come, to place his hope upon. A return to this capacity is desirable, and although I wish not to use many scripture quotations, yet to prove the text true from the abilities of the mind, for which I am accountable to the Deity as for a divine or civil law that is written in a book. I have proved various scenes of life, and never have found that law written that is so extensive as the right means of one day, for this will last forever; we cannot live to-day for the morrow; and he is but a silly one that flatters his mind with time to come. The food of the babe is in store, but the mother can retain the breast from her sucking child—the parent withhold bread from the table of his son. But these will not do this, they have great love to their children before they offend and irritate the mind. The Deity is to the simple, as one of these: he loveth his none-offending offspring—he never forsaketh them with the necessities of the day, and the love of God is the only sure and lasting store of the mind—the mind is a kingdom when collected together, if in favor with God he commands peace throughout the whole extensive empire; and there is no riches that will compare with the order of the mind. There is no monarch or congress that can order a nation or their subjects, as the Deity can and doth the soul; it is the contents of all good that is designed for man. He

crowns every faculty with a blessing and maketh the mind an equal kingdom of his own. He that hopeth for more to-morrow, than he enjoys to-day, is not happy at the present time, and all the child has to hope for, is a continuation of God's love. He that hath lived in this capacity for many years, is translated from a world of fears into a world of joys; so is his mind changed from the common course of life, which by nature is the lot of all. If fears hath passed away doubting hath also passed away; for fears and doubts are wedded together as the husband and wife. If the mind is contented this day, there is nothing to hope for to-morrow, and the soul is completely in the joys of the Lord. Long experience hath brought me here to taste of these things, and write to the world from thence of the kingdom of heaven and how the mind enjoyeth it. This is individual blessing from the hand of the Deity, and if any miser or letter minded person, can write more instructively from the incomes of wealth or literary education, I will suffer my hand-writing to be blotted out and remembered no more, but if I reveal more from that little kingdom called the mind, than the miser from his chest, or the historian from his library; then it will stand the test in the public mind—that I have drawn wisdom from the deepest well, or gathered bread from the most distant or unknown regions of the mind, the contents of the mind is small, measured by the man, but the abilities to receive is greater than the globe; for the mind will conceive both earthly and heavenly things—and contains a world of sorrows, and a world of joys—and there is no monarch that rules over so great an empire as the mind. This is the poor man's blessing, a happy mind. And, although I am content with my lot to-day—'t doth not follow I shall be so to-morrow, for I only know what is the bread of the present time; to-morrow I may be plunged into a world of miseries. But I am possessed of confidence to-day, that if it is so with my soul to-morrow, through past experience I am confident—and that without doubting, that if I suffer tribulation without sin, the hand of God doeth it, and it is only to reveal to my soul, the greater measures of his will—enlarge the mind by baptism, and bring that to light to-morrow, which to-day is unrevealed—as wisdom under deep waters, he only changes our diet to delight our taste, increase our love, and multiply our praise. How can the miser increase his joy? No way but by doing one thing over; but the children of God, ever hath new bread from heaven; for he giveth us these things which we could not hope for, because the eye never beheld them, neither hath it entered into the mind, the good things that are in store for the righteous. Our bread (if I may be so numbered for a few moments of my days,) is ever new and our praise increasing, and we shall build up our house through remembrance, forgetting no past favors of the Lord: they are engraven in the mind, and the righteous is

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richer than the miser, for the treasure of his blessings never passeth away. The great mystery is to subdue the man; then the Deity in his stead will appear. There never was a civil or religious law written, but was for the purpose of subduing and subjecting the human will. It is not the will of God that requires the law, but the will of the man. He that breaketh a good written law is a sinner: but he that serveth God cannot transgress a written law, because the Deity is greater than the law, he is God, but the law, the means given. It hath been the dispensations of God to the world, to give civil and religious laws to his creature man, and by the study of them—the literary object hath received an apprehension that he is wise and worthy of a high seat at Court, where criminals are to stand at the bar. No where doth supremacy reign or rule in higher station than the Church or religious laws. Here the literary doctor sits as Judge over his offending brother for transgressing the laws of the Lord. If the laws of God are taught to the people, it is enough, and I would recommend the *literary giant to still his tongue about sin*, as God is a judge of his own laws, and knoweth best to whom they are given. God did not require all the earth to be Jews, and they are therefore not judged by the Mosiac law. The laws of God are between man and his maker, and he hath placed no Judge between, but one mediator, one that knoweth the will of God from first to last, from the time that man was made until now, or all time that ever will be. The civil law is between man and man—containing, binding and bounding the duty of one man to another, and while we are under the dispensation of sin, it is right in these respects that we should be judged and directed by them. But by the grace or gift of God, a man fulfilleth all righteousness, and the civil law is no fetters to his feet; but bonds to him whose heart is inclined to sin. Now, I believe that the priest from the pulpit, should administer both these laws to the world civil and religious; teaching all men of their necessity, virtue and effect to the mind. But the want of the true administration of these things—as a just application to our necessity, hath introduced bad government into the world, and discontent about the law of nations. The priest's disciples are busy about these things, and they have more trouble than their master, the image in the pulpit, for they have neither been rightly taught how to receive, or administer as a nation of people, and kings and congress has to find by experience what is best to be done: there is no eye in the church to foresee events, nor to direct the remedy to the cause.

Now, we know it hath pleased God, through his multiplied mercy, to give civil laws to the world, as a remedy to our necessity, and religious laws, whereby we might offer devotion to God. But sin and satan has ascended into these high stations, and our deeds of life produce much discontent in the world. Trouble denotes a fall—if

the pillars shake, the whole house is in danger; if I am not mistaken this is the case with the highest stations in life, in both our civil and religious laws. That which is well done, will admit of no improvement. If the shepherd is no wiser than the sheep, the flock has the name, without the virtue. Why are priests paid for repetitions? The children's bread is ever new. God never troubles that with which he is reconciled; but he often rebuilds, where the work is not well done. It is a strange thing, that the priest knows religious laws, and the will of God concerning his flock; but is dumb in the day of tribulation in civil matters. Suffer me to tell you, that Moses of the old dispensation, was a wiser shepherd in his age, than the most wise and learned ecclesiastics of our age; for when there is trouble on earth, they can prescribe no remedy. But Moses saw the necessity of civil and religious laws, and administered daily unto the people, supplying thereby the wants of Israel: their bread was new and God multiplied his blessings upon them. If these good dispensations were connected in one mind, as in the heart of Moses, the necessities of this present world or age would be supplied. But Oh, divided people, in church and state systems, a fall precedes a rise. The exaltation is to the mind, or man that abases himself, and the fall to the self-exalted, as God equalizes the faculties of the mind, and blesses all—and condescends to our low estate, to bless us with means where we are, and comfort the soul. If his spirit was in the mind of our administrators, through these the whole world would be comforted. I impute no sin to any church or nation of people, farther than our professed written laws may direct: if the shepherd findeth not the pasture, the flocks are dissatisfied, a change of pasture is well pleasing to the sheep, as daily bread to the soul. I have a few partners in life, I never repeat one communication twice over, nor sing one old hymn in worship: bread from heaven is our lot—descending mercies. Our church government is mercy to all, and the forgiveness of sins, our civil capacity is deeds of love according to the necessities of our brethren, and I have been administering both these capacities to our friends, and give direction how they may serve God and honour the king—and all these small matters have been of good effect to us, and it will not be beyond bounds to say, we are at peace with all men; but it would be beyond our measure to say, it will be so with us to-morrow and forever; for sorrow enlarges the mind, and redemption from sorrow is a divine favor—enlarges the mind—increases our blessing, and multiplies our praise. A little leaven leavens the whole quantity.

If biggots would bend to the necessities of the people, the world would be more happy. If the eye of crowns, and congress were fixed more peculiarly on the lower stations they would be more blessed.

To conclude, the law of Lord is the rule and government of the mind, and the small man may make his soul through humility as happy as the king, and his own small tent or dwelling, as the house of congress, or the great senate of North America, or the united colonies. Peace is the proceeds of wisdom, and him that maketh the most, is the most blessed. Now in the midst of the ruling powers of the reformed churches, the members or flocks are not taught how to serve a republic with that reverence and respect, that is due to so good an institution; and the house will fall on the priest's head, not the government, but the errors that are so justly due to them. They have been the means of making disturbance themselves, what can be expected of the weaker and illiterate mind? The heirs of grace, disturb the world with discontent about earthly things: such faith as this might as well be tied to a mill stone and cast into the sea, and the civil powers of the world struggle on without such guides as these. The best sermon I have heard for a number of years, from the United States, was delivered by the congress, the best we have is with our parliament men, and the civil powers in the christian world hath gained the pre-eminence over the ecclesiastics. The next step is the flocks will be free, the universal law of the States or Empires will unite the people, and they will flow together through humility, when these hills and mountains are removed from their way, that parts the river and the stream.

I am content within my dwelling,
Nor am I foe to great or small;
I some simple truths am telling,
The way to comfort one and all.

Truth is unexpected rising,
Let the hills and mounts give way;
My humble mind is realizing,
The good will of God this day.

Through subjection, love, and mercy,
Former dispensations rise;
Thus I find my soul is happy,
Thus I know the babe is wise.

Why should bigots plead for honor?
Why should gold enrich their store?
Here to-day, away to-morrow!
Dead and gone and seen no more.

So is wealth and tribute falling,
Tis the rough and crooked way ;
God the babe is gently calling,
To his bosom all the day.

Fond is he to see him weeping,
Loving to redress his cries ;
He's the shepherd, he is keeping,
Far beyond the vulture's eyes.

All the little ones doth know him,
For his mercy makes them smile ;
He's the husband he is sowing,
Laws and truths to reconcile.

Moses and the babe is coming,
Hills and mountains flee away ;
God again the church is clothing,
See the dawning of the day !

Little things doth rise to praise him,
See his mercies never cease ;
The flocks on yonder hills are grazing,
All around them walls of peace.

In the vale is living waters,
See the springs doth gently flow ;
See we drink of our Creator,
Share his blessings here below.

DECEMBER, 23rd, 1834.

THE PILLARS OF GOOD GOVERNMENT.

GOVERNMENT doth not consist in form or system, any more than true religion doth in ceremony—nevertheless, religion hath a form, and government system. The error of government lieth not in form, nor religion in church discipline. As one of these systems is not without the other, it is impossible to do justice to either of them without quoting to both these operating systems. Our Crowns and Congress, and their subordinate adherents, are the offspring of the churches—where the church is out of order, the government cannot be good. I acknowledge that priests ought to be at the helm of government, but not at the head of interest. It should be the interest of the priest to keep the nations at peace, and the flocks reconciled one to another. But the present acting church system is, one above another, and who shall be at the head-end of things in a religious capacity, and whose members shall govern the state. The national churches have given great dissatisfaction in this capacity to the sister churches—her dissenters; so are things in Europe but not in America. There have been many dissensions from the church of Rome, and some improvement, but the principles of superiority are still remaining in the bosom of the various branches of the Christian church, and here lie the pillars of bad government, and many there are that build thereon. A republic is a dissension from a monarchical government, but the desire for wealth and power is still remaining in the republic of the United States, and these are the principles of home destruction every where. Equality is the principle of the greatest glory in the world; the proceeds are justice to the whole earth. I am content with a monarchical government, but not with unequal interests and power. If a man's mind is a little redeemed from the love of wealth and power, which are the proceeds of these lower kingdoms, love and fellowship would abound. I am willing to be thought one of the most ignorant that ever took pen in hand on these subjects; but do not wish to be thought of as one that has missed the whole truth, and drawn a line of total errors—I think the advice of the Son of God to be good, and never-failing on these subjects, he commanded his ministers to look or seek for the endowment of neighbourly affection, and brotherly love. What do you think of the Judge in the pulpit, when he is weighing the tenets of his neighbouring society with his own? he ever gives the preference to his own belief. Here is the proceeds of building on a bad pillar or sand; foundation: for such judgments are not of the words of God: if we do not like them we are not to use them unequal to ourselves:

the partiality of nations is not of the words of God, nor superiority at court; and he that loveth the titles of honor, is a hypocrite, and receiveth that which God hath forbidden. The priest is the chief speculator in the church system, he is a monarch, or a despot there—the rest are tributaries, but he is the receiver of tribute. We do not look for the servant to be greater than his master, or the disciple above his Lord, so did the priest, so did the flocks, and this disposition is making some rents in the United States republic that will be found hard to mend. The storm has arisen that will not soon abate, a calm will be looked for before it cometh. If the master is good, so are the servants. The Son of God was and is a good Lord: in his name governments reign, and in his name are the pulpits filled. Israel were not all of Abram's spirit, therefore not heirs of the promise: all that have named Christ, are not of his spirit, for his mind is worthy of government and is "the prince of peace." He and his adherents, are the pillars of good government; and there is no other to equal them under the light of heaven; he hath appointed them judges of errors and anointed them above their followers, and given as it were, thrones or a superior station to fill in life. They did not teach the nations that they should take more tribute than their master and then divide the spoil with their own particular families, as the ministers of the United States do, while they are speaking against a monarchical government and the decrees of our king. We cannot obtain the benefit of law without a lawyer, nor the lawyer without the fee—we cannot hear the Gospel without the priest, nor obtain the priest without the fee, and this system is in circulation through almost all the Christian churches, and if Senate and Congress prefer self-interest in State affairs, they are as much like the priest as the son is like the father, or the servant that doeth his master's will—they have all been to church before they went to Congress, and there they took their particular degrees, and when they have power fulfill them. When God was minded to reform Israel and redeem them from bonds, he chose a legislator and deliverer that was not fond of wealth or honour, for he never collected a tribute for himself, and he gave God the honor of all he did. When God was minded to advance the reformation of the Jews; he sent his son, without tribute or fee—power, honor or glory in this present life, save to know the will of God and do it. When he was minded like his father, to redeem Israel from sin, and many Church and State errors, his first means was to redeem a few men from the love of wealth and honor, forbid them the title of rabbi, and the interest of the Levites, and send them into all nations to preach the Gospel without money or price; but money and price is now at the helm of our present Gospel. Christ said to his disciples, "without me ye can do nothing;" and so it may be well said in this present age, without silver and gold, we get neither the

benefit of law or gospel ; and the republics are welcome to their spoil, I envy them not—it will cost them dear enough before the event of such preaching is settled.

Till the day cometh that *the universal love of nations and societies* is preached from the pulpit—the *love of neighbors as ourselves*, and practiced, there will be *peace in no nation under the sun*, for these are the principles or pillars of good government, and they should first appear in the bosom of the priest the leader of the flock ; but if they are not seen there, the nation has no light ; for what avail is a shepherd but to be heard ? and for what end is he hired but to teach the people ? and why do people go to hear, save to feed on the pastures communicated unto them from their shepherds ? There is great honor due to the Apostles of the Son of God : he gave them a title that is impossible for us to take away. The world called them the off-scourings of the earth, but he that knew their calling, said, “the light of the world”—“the salt of the earth”—“the city on the hill”—truly they are the light of ministers of the gospel, and the highest station is allotted unto them ; we cannot rise up and cloud their days with ceremonies or system in church or state affairs ; “they that turn many to righteousness shall remain as stars or lights forever”—if they are the light of the world, they are so to the king and congress—they are so to the priest and pleader at law, and how shall we get clear of their example ? How shall we receive a blessing on these that are contrary to the will of a long established providence here on earth ? Christ acted according to the will of God, and the Apostles received their mission from him. Has his holy mind, now sent out a tribe of superiors into the world for money and price, contrary to these established lights—the fixed pillars of all good to the Christian world ? They that so believe, may build their house on the sand, and the judgments of God will try the pillars of the house, and if it is divided against itself it will not stand, and this is the unhappy lot of almost all the existing governments in the world. And what hath republicans to boast of ? they are as much at variance as the subjects of our monarchical government ; and as dissatisfied with senate and president as we are with *William our king*. Good government doth not consist in form or system, nor religion in church order, or what is called sacred ceremonies ; but in the established principles of the Son of God, and his ministers, these are the pillars of the house—the salt that saveth the earth from spoil ; but where virtue is lost, the priest is good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under the feet of men : and this will be the end of many that are professing to be gospel teachers : the salt hath no savor, but speculation and superiority is effectual. The people are not taught from the pulpit how to frame and administer good government : we are all climbing up after the priest, as the sheep followeth the shepherd so are we at

the priest's tail. I got a terrible fall by this means, and fell from society, and the fall almost killed me: I am but just left alive to breathe out these sentences, and tell the world what a fall I got, what I fell upon, how I was hurt and am yet alive. I was in no small station amongst my brethren, the Quakers, in my own country. I stepped up by degrees of righteousness, so I was promoted in society till I began to speak publicly about the things of God, and the practice of men, and I fell (as it might be) in a moment, from the pinnacle of the temple, clear down amongst the worst of sinners, and I left my good name on the house top, and received my bad one with the off-scourings of the earth. They that gave me a good name had a right to take it away, and these were my judges in both these stations of life, the good and the ill. Spiritual pride, or society magnificence, got a dreadful fall that day, the vessel broke, and the contents descended into the earth; but it never bore fruit, it is gone to the lower regions of the world forevermore. I found my soul was yet alive, and that I had only lost that which I had stolen; for I had received the name of being good, with the rest of the world, but in reality was not so, it was only a title given of men rather than God; for to be good is to be humble, and not to be a rabbi in the world, nor covet it. Do not the masters now govern in church and state—and private members of society vote according to their education? Truly like the master, interest is at the helm of church and state, and the nobility think themselves worthy of tribute, or conscientiously they could not receive.

The pillars of good government are equal principles, these were found in the heart of the Son of God in national affairs, or he would not have sent one humble and self-denying means to all the nations of the world, to teach equality love and fellowship between nation and nation, society and society, man and man. These are the lights of the world, the salt that saves the people, the city on the hill that cannot be hid. Their tenets, principles and doctrines, will be called upon before the seas are still, or the storm abates. You may say the gospel is preached—I may say it is not practised, and we will say that the greatest hypocrites in the days of our Redeemer were preaching doctrines worthy of observation, but themselves practised them not. These doctrines did not avail to redeem the world; nor give the hearers a knowledge of the truth; neither doth what is now taught, but unpractised lead the flocks into the principles of righteousness; for the salt has lost its savor, the light of nations hath gone out; the flocks stray for want of the true shepherd's care, and the administrators of government find themselves in a troubled day—the tempest beats from every side, but they cannot still the storm. While speculations abound, the nations will be at war—the flocks discontented, and a house divided against itself. The effects of these

things are, to most seriously teach us the failings of our guide, and him that hath sold the gospel for silver hath sold his nation for gold : he that receiveth the title of Rabbi, and receiveth tribute therefor, hath made his brother a servant and a slave, and I escaped with my life to tell you these things ; and until a day of reformation and repentance, republics are no nearer the city of peace than the monarchical governments of the world : what hath ruined the peace of one hath destroyed the administration of the other—unjust speculation and robbery in the church.

Oh how can I presume to sing,
My station is so dark and low,
Or how can I an offering bring,
And offer to my strongest foe.

The priest's the doctor of my soul,
He's both the *steeple and the bell* ;
The waters round with billows roll,
The cause the doctor cannot tell.

We scarcely find a soul at rest,
But yet we hear the shepherd's prayer ;
Few are the flocks we find are blest,
And yet the hired shepherd's there.

What ails my soul, the world may say,
We've agents in the world around :
But oh we see a troubled day,
Where teaching and where prayers abound.

What ails my mind that's all alone,
Or Oh my soul where is thy rest ;
To thee the cause is truly known,
And why the nations are distress'd.

Reach forth thy hand with deeds of love,
(Although thy offering's young and small,)
It is a gift from heaven above,
And given to thee for one and all.

Cease, cease, Oh speculating hand,
Oh priests, from barter all be free ;
And you shall teach and bless the land,
And all around your light will see.

Take up your station with the poor,
Let seats of honor tempt no more ;
In you the land will find a cure,
And peace, good Jesus will restore.

JANUARY 22nd, 1835.

A CALL TO REPENTANCE, AND THE REVELATION OF GOD.

A FALL to society is the Lord's decree. If Israel could not stand that is now the wandering Jew, on what pillar do we place our confidence, that our little, exalted, parcels of souls will remain, that sit above their brethren? Israel of old fulfilled the same station; and why was it so? The shepherds, the guides sat in the seat of Moses, but did not fulfil the space allotted them to perform, neither do these exalted priests, of little parcels, that have set their brethren above the rest of the world. If repentance is called for of the Most High, it follows that the sin is revealed of which repentance is required. Did the Son of God exalt his ministers above any kingdom, city, nation, kindred, people or tongue? Nay, he made them the bread of life unto all, and the light of the whole world. Let us observe ourselves by these unextinguishing lamps that were lighted by the hand of God and trimmed with oil from heaven, and we shall see they were servants to all people, without partiality or respect; so in the resurrection we shall see the impartial love of God to all people, but his most peculiar objects are these that are lost. How differing is this day, when the righteous shut themselves up in parcels from the rest of the world—close shutters, or close the veil that was rent by the death of the Son of God! and the holy of holies purchased to all people by his blood! Shall we close the veil again and make his blood unto us of none effect?

If Israel had pleased the Lord, he had not taken the inheritance from his hands; but to eat and drink with sinners, was a capacity too low for the exalted hypocrite to fulfil. Who slew the Son of God? The self-thinking righteous; and they are the worst of men the earth bears up. The Son of God came to save exalted sinners, and they despised him for his humility, and hated and envied him for his superior talents or wisdom. If you can find more wickedness in one mind than was contained in these, you will discover unto me those things I have not seen. It was Pilate's interest to please the people, and *office* is filled with *his* likeness till this day; and some of your prelates err from the truth to please the people, and change the tongue to obtain the fee. All these things are obvious with us, and yet they hope to rise, or at least stand where they are and increase.

Do you believe that Israel should repent of their sins, little sectarians? I do of a truth, and I am willing to repent with them, and ask it of you also. Was not their sect so high in their eyes that neither the prophet nor the Son of God could have acceptance with

them? Truly, and we are exactly wearing the same image. No people or priest are like our own, and the imperfections of our neighbours are treated with contempt as the dust.

The principles of your government will change, united America, and the exalted doctrine of your bigots will be hewn down, and very little good will be found in the great substance; it is three quarters dross or sectarian pride, supported by exaltation and covetousness. He that hath fallen feels the smart of it. I know how it hurts the bones, or breaks the mind, that is not stronger than the shell of an egg; so will your systems break, and the inside of them, almost all, run out on the ground that none can gather up again. I am not writing for a fee, or smile; if so, I would bend the knee, and please my master. I am not in office; I am independent, with the few crumbs I possess, and believe religion to be the universal love of all men. If we love a child or friend, we use our best endeavours to heal their complaint; we are affected with their cries, or their errors reach their mind or the man within. When I am writing to you, I know that I am like one that is throwing chaff against a giant, with which he cannot be slain, for you do not think yourselves indebted to name or nation for wisdom or for strength; but while I am casting chaff abroad, a blade might get into the sectarian priest's eye, and he might have to rub some time before he would get it all erased from his sight, or call on his neighbour to cleanse the mote away. Them that think they see, are to be made a little blind, that they may be the more humble. If Messiah returns, he will come as he went away, closing the eyes of the self-conceited,—suffering judgment from Pilate's throne, or those that deliver their sentences to please the people. He was every sinner's friend; he communed with them, and revealed his humility and mercy to their minds. He did not exclude them from his body or blood, or forbid the bread of life that God his Father committed to his trust. He rent the veil that all might see alike; but Oh what distinction is now made! what holy things within the veil! what conversions! it is of a truth, almost the full reign of the Pharisee. Every priest has got on the sheep's clothing, but has not obtained the lamb's heart, or there would be freedom and friendship, and on all days the sinner would have a kind, loving, and merciful friend.

I believe in the salvation of the world; and for this purpose is my feet released from sectarianism, and my soul possessed of universal love that where I am sinners and publicans can be with me. This is the cause why we should repent. Part of the world are exalted above their brethren; and these that profess to be lights in the world have become stumbling-stones in the way of the weak, and are rebuilding or building up Judaism again in the name of Christ, as the light-hearted did in the name of Moses. These tot-

tering towers are preparing for a fall, and Church and State measures will be greatly affected with it. If we walk after fallen Israel we shall fare with them. Legislators! turn your attention to the poor and lower orders of the world. Distribute part of your tribute money for their education, and your country will be possessed of more talent, and your loving mercies extend to nations abroad.

Pulpit gentry! plead the cause of sinners, be loving, kind and merciful unto them, for through your means they are appointed to be saved, and none of them shall be lost. Though a man shall die in his sins, and in them to Christ he cannot come, his spirit shall live again, repent of all, be baptized, and his soul shall live. Teach the universal love of God to all men. Come down from your high places, walk and talk with them, fill up the image of Christ through the mercies of your God, and the world shall be saved from their sins.

Sing of universal love,
See the waters deep and clear,
See the holy harmless dove,
Jubilee is drawing near.

Rend the veil and let us see
What is in the mind within;
Holy blood was spilt for me,
Mercies to my deepest sin.

To the sinner, to his breast,
Oil and wine and love apply;
Thou shall go before to rest,
Dwell below and upward fly.

Humble station ever bless'd,
Harmless lamb and dove is there,
Dearest partners of my breast,
Stars of light my shepherd's care.

Love is like the water streaming,
Chrystal flow from Zion's hill,
Love of God is so redeeming,
Bidding sinners' foes be still.

JANUARY 29th, 1835.

UNITED COLONIES OF NORTH AMERICA.

I HAVE not a mind despising nations nor upholding pride. The God of Jacob hath committed a few things to my trust, and I am accountable to him for what I do, or by his judgments I must suffer for what I leave undone. I am independent of society, and shall not reproach any with what I do. I am poor in estate, and alone in public service. I solicit no kindred or friends to join with me in the cause; and for all that is committed to my trust I am accountable to God. Sectarians are the present light of nations, and you are possessed of your share of them, and much counter doctrine there is up and down in your land; many there be that assume the highest station, and your government hath followed after them. Your independence has become a boast, but you have *lost your humble minded Washington*, and your peace is rather on the decay. The Friends or Quakers were at the head of sectarianism; but they have received a new name, and since that day I know them not—their one hath become two, and their own profession or spirit hath rent them apart, when no one envied them. Their rent hath been to me a cause of sorrow, because of my former love wherewith I loved them. This evil hath come upon them because of pride; for while they accounted themselves the foremost of the flocks, their judgment must be that other sectaries were more unworthy of the high seat than themselves. The hand of God is ever ready to fulfil the prophetic sayings of his Son. Those that exalt themselves shall fall; and this is an ancient decree that took place in Israel, and never will abate as long as men continue to exalt themselves. I must be a little particular concerning the cause and merits of this fall that hath taken place with the Friends, that were once my brethren in North America. I think in the year 1812, I was shut out from communion with them. Since that day I have sought a home with society, but found it not. It is through their means I am alone. There is a small body of people with me consisting of a few hundreds; but I am not a member with them, neither do they assume any control over my little services. I am unbound from all parts of the world, since the day my brethren pronounced me unworthy of communion. The storm arose, and I fled before excommunication. The cause of censure was, erroneous doctrine; but I aimed at the truth, and could not retract what I had delivered. The elders were to me like lions, and the lambs were scarce; every finger was pointed at me as if I was the great error and foe to society. I was not disposed to stand the contest, but bowed my shoulders, received my burden, and walked away. After

which I took much pains and travelled a great deal from Upper Canada to the City of Philadelphia and New York to obtain a conference. All was vain; I was cut off forever. But I have taken my feeble pen this morning to pay the debt I owe unto them. My friends, it is this day on record that in the year 1812 I sent an address to your house or society, to this import, "that you would rend as a garment and your glory would fall to the ground." It is by your profession my soul doth live, and it is by your profession I address you this day. I have been grieved with your proceedings with me before and since I was excommunicated from your religious dwelling; but the smart is gone, the Lord God of Jacob has healed the wound, and there is no spark of anger remaining in me: but I would be glad to see you face to face in public worship, but that is forbidden by your decrees. I have often asked the favour to worship with you, but you are resolved not to break them; and this is the only way that is left for me to communicate to you and relieve my mind. I apprehend your fall (for so it is unto me) will be to your advantage; it will in time humble your pride, and abase the exalted mind, and teach you that spirit by which you fell was not the light of the world, but the exaltation of the human mind. Hereafter seek, my brethren, nor despise small things; for your imaginations are as fallible as your brother's letter profession. The Lord is minded to equalize the world, if my understanding is true; and he has begun at the head to bow down the hills, and raise up other people to be equal with yourselves. Boast not that *these things have come* that are yet to come. The Lord will have an equal people before he will have peace in this lower world; he will redeem Israel to his home, and Christ on David's throne will order all things here below. It is the reign of kings and the administration of priests or ministers, in both spiritual and temporal things. The head of your Church destroyed the body; it was not the open sinner nor the young. Here you see the failure of men in judgment, and how the most wise thinking soul can fail in his decrees. You profess Christ to be the head of the Church, and so he is, while the members doth obey; but man assumed the seat of judgment, and a right to reign or rule over the gifts of God. You made yourselves the sole judges of doctrine, and judgment hath cast down your fold to the ground; for you are no more respected than your neighbours, for you divide in Jacob and scatter in Israel. Your judgment began with me concerning doctrines about the Son of God. You cast me away as a grain of sand from a mountain: I was accounted no loss to you; you rejoiced in the victory, blowed your breath upon me, and as you thought wasted the chaff from the wheat. But we were both in the hands of God, although not in one house. The lion did not cease to roar after me, nor communicate wrong things; but this is my day to speak, it is a

morning after great sorrow, you soon found another cause to judge, the heads of your Church literally got at variance, and you could not settle the dispute nor reconcile man to man; and a day hath come upon your judges that proves them to be physicians of small value. The garment is rent, and you cannot close again. You are the genuine followers of the light of this world, or the Lamb of God that taketh sins away.

Now hear a cripple, that hath borne a heavy burden, and hath done a little without borrowing of you, neither hath your name had lot or part in the work. The Lord is every where present, and giveth strength unto these that love his name; but unto your house he hath given weakness or withdrawn his presence or his strength, for ye were not able to bear one with another, with the gifts of God or services of the Lord. This is an old tradition that was in Israel; they stoned the prophets, and crucified the Son of God. Blessing never attends this disposition. Your judgment descended from your throne or gallery down into the minds of your children, and they troubled the grey headed till he went down into the grave. In this ye have done unrighteously; and though you are justified by England, France or Spain, you are not justified of God, and following consequences will attend and prove it so. If a spark of doctrine ever rises again with you on either side, do not fill the bellows or your lungs with wind to blow it out; for that which ye have judged to be chaff is as heavy as your wheat, and as fruitful in the world. Let your manhood judgment cease, and lord not over the heritage of God; for the house is not yours, nor the gift given. If all things had come, and the salvation of the world was accomplished, then ye might say we covet no more at thy hands my Saviour and my God; but while the house of Israel are in captivity and we are prone to sin, let every medical aid be tried, one physician cannot heal all things, without abundant more virtue than your society or either of you hath possessed. To conclude, let the children be free, till the doctrine is tried, we are not capable through our small measures to weigh the whole mind of the Deity, nor bound his revelation that he giveth unto man.

Call every society your sister, and every labourer in the vineyard your brother, and be at peace with the world, and God will be at peace with you; but you have corrupted the high seat with judgment, and the good profession with pride, and no more will you be exalted above your brethren. Sectarians! behold your fate; if these could not stand on the top of the mountains that hath professed to be led by an unerring spirit, what will become of those that are guided into a thousand ways by the impression of letters from what is called the sacred book? While there are so many lords, the servants will be divided, and the world cannot be at peace. We profess but one

Lord, faith and baptism, but creeds, tenets, and doctrines without number. Can one good Lord Jesus Christ be the author of this abounding contention there is on earth about heaven and hell, God and the devil? I think not. He communicates one understanding to all men because he is the Prince of Peace, but a diversity of gifts from one body or spirit; but these accord and at last centre into one, the bosom of Christ Jesus the Saviour and Redeemer of the world. Humanity hath effected this dividing plan; and no doubt but God hath seen it meet in his wisdom to provide a fall for all that exalt themselves. The body of people called the Quakers were equal in wisdom and in righteousness to any sect in your Colonies; yet the hand of God hath borne them a little downward, and is removing this earthly crown from their head that nations hath put upon them. You will follow them, (that are standing by,) delighted with the great fall of Quakerism; and your *government boast of independence will not be able to retain peace on your shores* or possess a quiet home. I write not by way of reflection, neither are these lines the issues of ill-will, but my simple sense of a coming day, and the now impressions of my mind. I need not add doctrine from my limited store, for the hand of God will scourge before he will heal; we shall smart before he cures the wound. If I may speak as a sectarian or statesman—we have been casting others down for ages past, and as we *met* ~~cast~~ *unto* others shall we receive again, sectarian pride and *government* ~~government~~ *exaltation* ~~exaltation~~ *will prove a curse or scab to your Colonies, but through repentance it will be cast off and the wound healed.*

Come to the valley join and sing,
The greatest has a Lord and King,
The least doth heir a Saviour's love,
Be wise and harmless as the dove.

It is through sorrows deep we rise,
Through tribulation the more wise,
And by our falls let's humbled be,
And Church and nations all agree.

When peace is made the kingdoms come,
The sun's arose—his will is done,
His father is in heaven at rest,
By whom alone we can be bless'd.

My measures are small, and I am in a solitary part of the earth, the lonesome wood of Upper Canada. Wherein I have come short of the truth as may be discovered in this day or hereafter, ascribe it to the weakness of the human mind, or a mis-informed soul; but where I have marked out the truth, the honour be to God, for he hath been my friend when all have forsaken me. Amen.

THE reader of the foregoing pages will doubtless be led to enquire, who or what is he the author? To answer the enquiry is the purpose of the following testimony, now written by those who have had the best means of knowing him from the years of his minority, and number one of us for almost thirty years past :

He was left without a father at an early period of life, and was cast as an orphan into the world, having to struggle through years of penury : finally his lot was cast into Upper Canada, from whence we now write. His mind became impressed with some visitation which led him to believe in a spirit operating on the mind, and very early directed his steps, and brought him to seek out the meetings of Friends, or Quakers, where he sat in silence with that people. He afterwards became a member with them, and was much sought unto ; friends saw or discovered a devout turn of mind in him, much given to silent devotion, a faithful servant, and of solid judgment. After seven years service in the church, that visitation or impression which first led him to their meetings, he thought required him publicly to testify of the being of a God. The doctrine delivered by him was not received by that body of people. He then retired peaceably to his own house ; some few followed him, who were anxious to obtain better information. These patiently heard, weighed the subjects and found full unity and friendship with him. His life was singularly spent, between labour and devotion, often retiring to bye-places, fence corners, or the woods ; always allowing one hour in the after part of the day for any person who might be working for him to retire also for devotion, if they inclined so to do ; never employing any person without first seeing the way to pay when wanted or required ; living in peace with his neighbours, never disputing about any points of doctrine. His doctrine was unto us very singular, who were bred up strict sectarians ; he pleads the sinner's cause (not the cause of sin) and convinced many of us of our partial dispositions. He hath written much, and to our surprise, hath often delivered publicly, and

also wrote truths which has proved to us that he was favoured with some foreknowledge of events, which has come to pass within our knowledge. He is a man of scarcely any education; but hath been able to teach us doctrines we never knew. He is no sectarian, nor pay preacher—his mind (as he has often intimated to us) has travelled backward from the last dissenters, until his mind dwelleth much with Abraham, Moses, David and the prophets, and latterly he has been engaged in writing some manuscript in favor of the restoration of the Jews, and the downfall of Christian sectarianism. He never rails, ridicules, nor despises any people's mode of worship; believing that every sincere effort of people, in any society, is an acceptable sacrifice unto the God of heaven. As a minister, we with him, are in perfect unity, harmony and peace.

Signed, for the Village of Hope, where he resides, by

MURDICK McLEOD, SENR.,

WILLIAM REID, SENR.,

JOHN DOAN, SENR.,

SAMUEL HUGHES,

EBENEZER DOAN.

A

FRIEND TO BRITAIN:



BY DAVID WILLSON,

EAST GWILLIMBURY, COUNTY OF YORK, AND PROVINCE OF UPPER CANADA.



TORONTO:

1835.

TO THE READER.

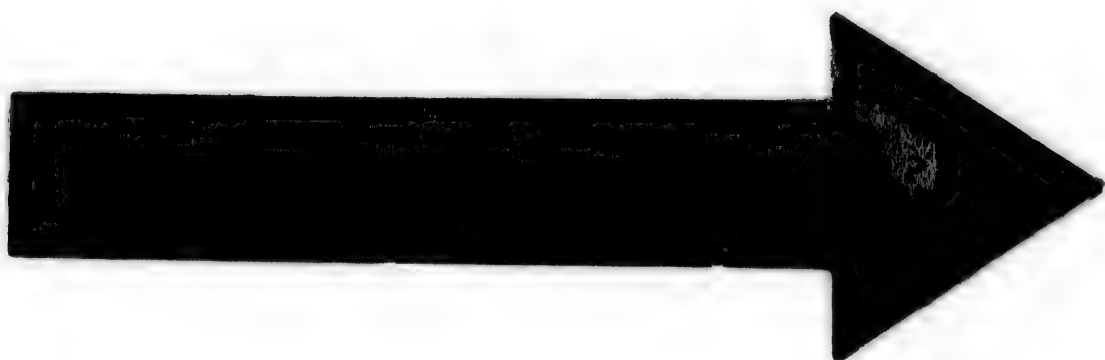
I am not partially affected to church or nation ; but a servant and subject to the King of Britain. The good of his subjects and peace of his Throne, has been my devotion, or aim, for many years. It is through warm affections that I have exposed my mind to public censure, by publishing my sentiments on the yet existing errors in the British Empire. I have also added my apprehensions of the following consequences of an unrepenting people. But the conclusion can only be, that all are but the sentiments of a frail man that knoweth but little of Foreign affairs, clouded and shaded with the wilderness of Upper Canada. From the remotest habitation have I drawn these lines, they are the productions of an afflicted mind, given to the subjects of my Lord the King.

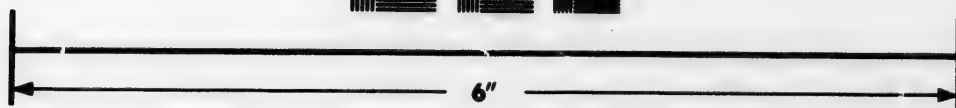
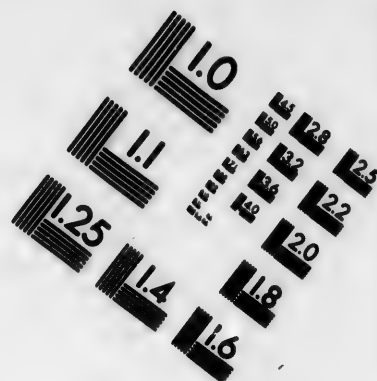
DECEMBER 1st, 1834.

AN ADDRESS TO THE CLERGY OF THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.

Believers in Christ, Shepherds of the Flocks, Pastures of Life, and the professed way from Earth to Heaven!

I ADDRESS you as a stranger, having no spiritual or literal acquaintance with your ways: ye are they with whom I have no acquaintance in life. I am alone with a few brethren, this day in the closet, and write from the secrets of my soul. Where you came from I know not: I might trace you back to birth, but not to Moses nor the Prophets. I am acquainted with them; but I know not your origination there. I have read of the man Jesus, who also is called the Christ, and his Apostles, but your image is not engraven in the account of them. I am acquainted with the civil powers that are, and have at sometimes acted a little in concert with them in practical reformation; but I saw you not there; it was your practice of life we were trying to improve, and such a day I never saw, for the flocks have arisen to correct the shepherds. What will become of the flocks is a serious enquiry: I believe they will be blessed, and you may *follow after them* for a time, for the crumbs they may afford. Civil legislation had origination in the heart or spirit of Moses: but hired servants to preach or teach the gospel, had no origination there. He said, when the Messiah came (whom you profess,) he should be heard in all things. But it appears that you belong to the tithe plan, and are cut off from the unbelieving Jews: I do not know where you will get your living by and by, except ye learn some other occupation, for the flocks have openly revolted against the covetousness of their shepherds, but are dealing kindly with you, until you can find some release. Now be it known unto you, these that can do so much for themselves, can do more, and the day is coming when there will not be a shepherd of your likeness in the whole Christian church. Ye have divided the church, and each shepherd *shears his own followers*, until the shears have made great contention in this world. Blessed are the peace makers; but ye are not the heirs of it. Covetousness has destroyed your kingdom; and a day of tribulation, deep sorrow, and anguish will arise, and you shall be cast out of it. The pen is taken from your hand, and the most just mode of reasoning is now found in the cabinet, civil courts and assemblies of the world. When will the helm return to your hands? I trust I am safe in saying, never. For although there may





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be honest hearts, and humble minds amongst you ; your mode of reasoning has become too weak diet for the age ; it is like milk and water to the world, and the best of you will be joined with the civil powers, and act in concert with their will ; no more to rule in the Israel of the age, but be brethren to the commonality of the world.

The high places must fall before a day of universal restoration, before a day of general peace, before the millenium morning shall appear. But then ancient Israel shall arise, as the morning star of ancient days. I write from the mind : if my spirit is under a cloud of darkness, or false direction, then these things will not be. But before these lines are read by you they will be measurably fulfilled. I write to let you know, that the eye of heaven is upon you ; and that the calls of God have reached the wilderness, and that the God of Jacob is whispering in the ear of those whom ye call small things. Small and great are the Lord's and we have part in Israel's Saviour, the Messiah of the Jews. Now is the day of prophecy to the world, but not as in the days of Israel : we are neither Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, or Daniel ; but writers of a few simple truths as they may occur to the mind. The mind that has no peculiar object in view is likely to err in testimony. I have no wages at stake—no peculiar church to please or offend ; I have no office to gain ; I have none to loose ; I possess as much of this world as I need, and in these respects I am wanting nothing. I am writing for the salvation of the soul, and for the purpose of casting a few burdens off from my mind, to encourage reform—to increase hope in the salvation of the world—the independance of the people—and sole dependence on God. I am not inspired by education, I need not say, for the frail form of my hand-writing or language will declare this to all that hear. I would willingly set my heart at rest, without this subject ; this latter service of my days with the pen, save I may write something by way of praise hereafter ; but all souls are the Lord's, and it is of material importance to leave points of duty undone. The greatest hypocrite in life can profess as I do ; but I will let you know, that I am not dressed in borrowed clothes, the Lord hath given me or my soul a garment of my own, and I must not be ashamed to appear before men in my own simple clothing. Literary opportunities and information have been hidden from mine eyes : neither do I converse with men about the things of God, or the salvation of souls, until I speak of them openly. I am not the Priest's clerk, the Bishop's boy, the the Clergy's 'prentice, nor the Deacon's command. I am a poor and a lonesome man contented with small things. I have read a little of Israel, and of all the maidens or churches ; I am in love with them, for although they are cast off at present, their former blessings exceed all that crowneth the earth ; and you are walking after them towards their fall, but have not tasted of their hope to arise. I

believe without doubting in the resurrection of Israel; and whatever they have done good, to the resurrection of life, will remain forever.

If there is to be no greater salvation than that which the European nations are preached into, in vain is the coming of your Messiah, for he set the Christian church free from tithes, and taught a free gospel to the world. He was an equalizer of the human family, and content with the least stores that were among them; but as the steeple is above the chapel, so is the priest above the people; and as the mother feeds the sucking child, the priest draws his wealth and grandeur there. Even the hand of the poor is reached abroad to place bread on the king's table; and the king divideth with the priest. The sun is setting, my brethren, if I may call you so: it is enough for kings and priests to fare as their Lord, and not be exalted above him. I am content with the government I am under. It is no crime for Israel to have a king: it is a blessing to a Christian world to have a Saviour; and the greatest monarch and priest should honour him. Will not his example preside over us? Is he not rising by unexpected means to be Lord of all? He is so professed—let him be so received. Has his practice, humility, and example been preached by you, my friends? If so, it has not been practised by yourselves. I will not say that you are hypocrites, or dressed in sheep's clothing; but that you are something that will pass away before the coming of a better day; and as your station has become very high in life, there will be a great noise when it falls to the earth. I hope it will be without the sword and blood; but I think in all places it will not be so. There is blood enough in the Christian name. The Clergy have been the cause of persecution and much blood to promote their reign; but that which is built at the expense of our brother's blood will not remain forever.

To this I would commend Israel, i. e. the blood of the prophets, and Christians to the blood of martyrs; for we have this to drink for our diet, that is, sorrow unto repentance for the crime of past days. Why is not the world happy? Our sins are not repented of and our souls are not at rest: singular indeed! that the priests would stand in the way of improvement—the lights of the nation; but the lamp is almost spent for want of oil. How much are the Clergy debtor to the world, for that which hath been taken contrary to the dictates of the gospel? I will venture to say, more than all the mathematicians in England or Ireland can enumerate. Is there not great cause for repentance? Were martyrs slain, that priests might rise and shear the sheep? Permit me to tell you, in that day ye put out the light of nations, as Israel, when the prophets were slain; and they never as a body of people have seen well since that day. If the New Testament is true, they said, "let the blood of Christ be upon us and

our children," but, on whom is the blood of those martyrs who have been slain for the purpose of the now standing, and our present churches? The children of Israel have almost fulfilled a dear atonement for the blood of the prophets, and the Messiah; but you are living in pomp and splendour, while the blood of martyrs is crying at your gates. I am a kind of an original character, and look back to the Ancient of days for light. Why should I prefer you before the Jews? The hands of the Christians are stained with blood; not only war but the murder of their brethren, who gave up their lives for conscience sake. If Israel had to answer dearly for this crime, (the Deity is not changeable in his mind,) you must answer for yours. Your spiritual courts issued these mandates: first killed your brethren and then went and preached the gospel to the poor, and took their bread and garments for revealing the will of God unto them. Now let it be no mystery unto you, that a judgment day has come; it is the decree of God; those that judge shall come to judgment, and the scale is gently turning on the balance; the nobility are falling, and the commons are rising. Things never can be rightly adjusted while all the weight is in one scale: it may be you have judged the world long enough. Have you done justice when you gathered your bread from the poor? And your fathers slew the martyrs for the privilege of the opportunity of continuing the sum? The eye of this world is enlightened by the mercy of heaven, to behold the gospel is not in your ways, nor the spirit of truth in the mind; for these that were directed by it do not do as you have done.

I dedicate the foregoing address, chiefly to the most ancient churches in Christendom, and those that have persecuted others unto death for the privileges they now enjoy; *but not so much the adherent as the priest.* He is the angel of the flock, and the successor of those who stained their hands with blood, from the selfish principles the Romish and some of the Protestant churches now stand upon: these are points of superiority, who have made themselves judges of the servants of the Lord, and the earth tributaries to their support; and every rising officer after the order of the priest, has reached forth his hand unconsciously to the spoils of the poor. It is but a few short ages since my good friends the Quakers were persecuted to prison, and from prison to death. How could such deeds take place under the gospel covenant of grace? Was the widow's loss ever restored to her? Or the tender parent to the child? No, you could take away, but not restore again. Of what generation will this blood be required, from Christ until now? Are the Jews answerable for all? No, Christians have had a reign, and the New Testament, the records of the blood of our professed Redeemer and his children. What churches have reigned and their disciples? Rome, Scotland, England, in their turns have produced a hostile

reign over the consciences of men. And though the present generation may be in some measure clear, yet they are after the order of these that profaned the sacred rights of man,—have been at the helm of war to support their own purposes; the sea and the field have been stained with human blood by their command, and the Lord calleth for repentance for all; let his servants be free, he is Lord of all; and the priest should be first weighed in the scale of repentance or their feet first in Jordan, for the promise of a holy life; but now they are last to reform.—Amen.

DECEMBER 4th, 1834.

THE sanctuary of the Lord is in the midst of all things. The nearer my heart is to God my Saviour, the more I can see of his wondrous works; the more passive is my mind, the more sensible of impression. The nearer I am to the centre of all things, the more subject to command. The more I am simple and ignorant by nature, the more ready I am to obey. The centre of a compass is the stand to see every point of the globe. Every good talent hath one giver: there is but one original of all good.

He that is the builder has the best sense of the workmanship; and one God is impartially the maker of us all. It is written that hell shall give up the dead that are therein, and every part wherein the dead doth lie. There shall be a solemn restitution of all things that hath been from the beginning of the world until this day. If the father received the son that was lost,—(there is nothing farther from God than that which is lost,)—if he received him safe and sound, what part shall remain in hell, death, or the grave? for he was dead, and is alive again. What is farther from life than death? Who is farther from the kingdom of heaven than the lost? And these the Son of God is sent to save, and, as the shepherd, find the lost sheep of Israel.

I will now proceed to writing to the whole world from my small tent or dwelling, that lonesome mansion called the mind. I have addressed the leading stars of the nation. Britain is my hope, for there I shall see the salvation of God. I love the king as my father, for he will receive grace, and be at peace with his people. Britain is the star of nations; the sun will rise and shine upon her as morning rays on the western hills. Britain will become as a saviour to the world; as the mother of nations, she will receive of God, and crown her offspring with peace. She has conquered her deepest foes, the

clergy. She has got the helm in her hand; she is steering a right course for a happy kingdom in this world. Truth is at the helm, and justice appears in her servants as the dawning of the day. The sun will rise and crown with glory all her little hills, and the lowest stations of life will be glad in their king, and rejoice in God their Saviour. There will be great tribulation before the coming of these days, such as has not been or ever will be again. There is that born into the world that will become the pillars of the millenium, and the sons of Britain will build upon them. Truth establishes justice, justice mercy, and mercy love and the forgiveness of sins. The bonds are broken, the captive is free from his chains, the strings of the tongue are loosed, the pen is free; and without a Lord or Master in this world, Britain can act for herself, the fetters will be left far behind, the chains will moulder down to clay, (the priestcraft of the nation.) These crafts have been as spots on the garment of our king, a shadow over the crown of his head. When the sun of righteousness shall shine upon his crown, a diamond shall appear upon his brow, and precious stones upon all his head; he shall stand at the gates of Israel, his justice, love, mercy, and truth shall be the way to life. The day cometh that no government shall boast over Britain. They have long worn the chain,—the effects are deep,—they have reached the mind, the seat of life, and will be remembered forever.

Hear a word from a friend, ye inhabitants of the isles. What God hath ordained and appointed will come to pass. He hath appointed Israel, the Jews, to be his people, and it will be so. God is their Saviour; to this end were they made, and their means is salvation to all the world. The globe has but one centre, nor Israel but one Saviour. The personal Son of God hath appeared, but the solemn effect is yet to come; for though we say we have believed, (that are Christians,) we have not practised; such a faith is dead, and renders our situation but little better than the Jews. The mind is not free in Christendom; nevertheless I believe our rulers, governors, and priests to be equal to our righteousness.

Isaiah hath said our Saviour should be called the Prince of Peace. Now query, if this prince hath ever had his reign in this world. When he taught his disciples to pray the kingdom of God should come, has an everlasting Father appeared to us? No, a day of universal peace hath never appeared, nor an everlasting Father, for our councils are changing, our priests, our rulers, and our kings; there is nothing more certain than this. There is a day to come, the likeness of which hath not been seen, save by the prophets that have foretold of the salvation of the world. It is declared of this prophet, (the man Jesus, who hath given evidence of the salvation of God in this lower world,) "that he is the root and offspring

of David, a bright and morning star." He was the morning of the day; but that sun hath not arisen that will light the whole world. He was an uncomprehended light when he was in the world; but what availeth that light to those that do not or cannot see? Had the Jews known he was the Messiah, he would have been received by them, as the first people in the world. It is true he was conceived and brought forth in Israel, and a remnant of them were the first to believe; but Israel is kept in bonds, till the great day of restitution: and if they are not the first to receive the doctrines of universal salvation, I have not understood the prophets aright, but so I believe, and then to the whole world. Them that hath governed over the Jews in the Christian world, hath governed over us. Had church and state administration been after the order of the Messiah, as revealed by the prophets, they had been converted long ago and had received their home, been restored to David their king, and the spirit of truth on the throne of David ordering all things in Israel. But it hath not been so with us; our deeds have covered them with blindness, that could not see well before. We say that we believed in the birth of Mary's son, but hath not produced peace in this world. He was to be a Prince of Peace. Where is he? In heaven with God, but not on earth with us. There is not a nation in peace, neither are our subjects reconciled to their government, which is their king. Republicans are as far from the chambers of rest, as Israel from the promised land.

If the Jews could believe the reign of the Messiah is with us, they must blot out the hand-writing of the prophets and banish hope from the soul; for he was to restore unto them the kingdom free from tribute and from spoil. And the day will come that Israel will be as free from tribute as Solomon was to the nations that were round him, when he sat upon the throne in Israel; and that tribute by which so many were lost in the revolt in Israel will be taken away, and the ten tribes return to Judah again for David's sake, for he was king of all, and therefore the kingdom of the Jews in the reign of the Messiah will be restored safe and sound. The lost will be found by him, and these that are apparently dead will live again. Can you believe, Christians, that the Messiah sits on your thrones? Can you believe he is in your dwellings? Can we believe he is in our proud minds? Can you believe he hath saved the world from sin, or restored even Christians to the kingdom of God? Or can you believe the will of God is done on earth as it is in heaven, or that happy kingdom hath come unto us? Ther we must believe these things are to come, or the prophecies are false, or the Lord's prayer is vain. You can reply that as many as have believed practically, have received the kingdom of God. So believe I by every righteous Jew that was born into the world before the birth of Christ; and all the Jews had one means of

righteousness, but all did not receive it, or all would have been saved ; and where would have been the lost sheep of Israel ? The ordination of God is forever. The Christian world is not saved from such calamities as come upon Israel : hunger, sickness, blood, wars, woe, and want, and great division, and the downfall of kings and princes in a Christian world. I believe in a coming Saviour, but in no salvation without deeds of righteousness. If we would keep his revealed will, and Israel receive the prophets, he would be our great reward ; he would come into the mind and dwell with us. He hath made his personal appearance in this way : we need not look for him any more. But he has a spiritual coming appointed of God ; and as he was in that holy and blameless person, so would he be with us and in the mind, leading us into all the truths of which the prophets hath foretold, and his holy person revealed. A singular personal appearance will appear unto Israel, for a confirmation of their faith ; but as the Messiah's personal deeds have appeared unto you, you have received them without doubting ; your faith is established in them, and by practice ye will be saved. He is the Messiah of which the prophets spake unto the world ; and I believe not in another, but in the fulness of his measure and the appearance of his latter days.

Oh Britain ! draw near the Son, the centre of all good ; fulfil his lip direction and what the evangelist hath revealed to you, and he will appear upon your throne, and in the heart of every king (by the same means in this world) David is appointed to Israel. Moses spake of him, his spirit is fitted to the Jews, he believeth with them and is therefore of their brethren. The heathen shall hear his voice as a trumpet, and assemble at his gates. Through Israel's means shall the whole world see salvation. The Lord hath pulled them down to build them up, spread them abroad, to gather them together ; and their deeds will be made a light unto all people whithersoever they have been. The second appearance of the same Messiah is the salvation of the Jews ; and all will be restored unto them that hath been taken away, and great will be the day of peace. When Israel is restored, all the world will follow them, for first to the Jew and then to the Gentile will the great day of restitution appear ; and these are the purposes of God's elect from the foundations of the world.

Reform began in Abram, and succeeded through his generations till a Messiah was born, an evidence of the Prince of Peace, and the one universal Father of the whole inhabited earth. Reform has begun in Britain as in Abraham, and will spread through the whole earth. It is without a priest, but not without the Spirit of God, or his Son Jesus Christ. Truth, justice, and mercy is in it ; these are principles of peace, and will descend to the whole world. Britain is restoring the poor to their right, and pleading for a free circulation of just principles, and the preaching of the Gospel on the principles

it began in Israel and in Judah. They complain of the lords with the prophet; they boast in the just victories of David, and, as Israel, they are inspired with renewed love to their king. The fire will never cease till the hay, wood, and stubble is consumed, the silver separated from the dross, and the pure gold the interest of the nation, that is, the salvation of souls; the baptism of Christ is in the mind, it operates as fire amongst the chaff, as the furnace to the dross, so is the throne of Britain refining for the good of the whole Christian world. They will be able to set Israel on his throne, and the Jews will return unto them good and great deeds for their mercies.

DECEMBER 7th, 1834.

I ADDRESS England and Ireland with my best love; I love the people and the king. These islands are as two sisters to my soul; and though they are possessed of many beloveds, who can speak with them in finer language than I am possessed of, yet from the overflow of the mind, or the abundance of the heart, I have undertaken to do a little. They are like kindred I never saw, yet they are the home inheritance of my king, the land of my progenitors, the objects of my love. In all the Christian world no islands unto me are beloved like these. I am neither courting favours nor casting frowns, from the throne downwards to the least subjects of our earthly lord the king. I am speaking with these in the fear of the Lord about the things of God and the deeply affecting deeds of sin. Ireland will be quick in apprehension and zealous of good works; England will be extensive in power as the diadem of the Christian world, till the Messiah reigns, in whom all nations are alike. She has been the island of deep sorrows; she will be the mother of joys, and foreign princes will draw wisdom from her breast. Her present shepherds are lost from the fold; for under their administration of law and gospel, the souls of her children are not at rest. England will be tried as gold in the furnace; there will be a perpetual turning and turning again, till the gold is clear, and peace is found on Britain's shore. There will be a change of princes, a refining of laws, a building up and pulling down, till the mind of England is still as the quiet waters at God's command.

The House of Commons and the King is my hope in earthly things; but the speculative powers of Britain will pass away. Woe to that man that maketh the law of sinners a wealth to his mind.

These are deeds that are not done by the master builder, and the hand of the Deity is rising against these that make the sinner's bread a golden store. How many thousand have made themselves rich in England by administering laws to the poor? More than can be measured in a span, or counted in an age. Why should I speak from the wilderness, when present help is at hand at the doors and gates of England? The wilderness hath its blessing, the cultivated lands and the sea, all show forth their maker's hand, and all his deeds do give him praise.

I may have some peculiar ideas, and some small part of the mind to improve in Britain; and who will excuse me from the work? The Lord maketh not his servant to be idle, nor sleep in the time of day, lest the nobility should ride over him while he is asleep. The great, the noble and the wise, have tried their talents, the seminaries have afforded their best means, and yet there is no peace below the sun. Think it not strange that other labourers are called into the vineyard of the Lord. The day is coming, and now is, when there will be no sales of the Gospel; and administering men will observe the same rule, and the nation will be at peace. When the peace of the people becomes the interest of the nation, then will the inhabitants be at peace, and every subject embrace his government with love.

Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world! Nothing is more needful for the nobility of England than this direction; for in him we see all things we need. That which is not of God will pass away; this world will have an end. The world passeth away and the lusts thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

To the lords and crown of England I write this simple address, from my best respects to them. As no station is clear of sin, none should be above doctrine. I have not undertaken to address the throne of England as a particular object, but the ruling and governing men in Britain's laws. There is but one bread that satisfieth the soul, the true comfort of life; there is but one living spring that satisfieth every mind under the sun. How much happier would our king be, if his administration and constitutional forms were well pleasing to all his subjects on Britain's shore and the distant islands of the sea. This is impossible; the sinner cannot be satisfied. There was a shepherd and prince Christ Jesus, and he sent out an army of seventy warriors at one time against sin and satan, and no fee was collected for preaching the Gospel, but yet they returned with joy to their Lord. That which has been is possible: the Lord had twelve servants, and he *took their goods* and gave them to the poor, and they loved their prince unto death, and were faithful servants of the Lord. Moses was one of the best legislators in the world, and never appointed a fee to himself. He said the Son of God should be like

him, not an expensive legislator. By the one came law, and the other gospel; but both these were the administrations of good will to the world. Behold the Lamb of God! is the direction. Should he not be more than gold in our eyes, and his love more than the spoil of nations? for the whole earth is at his command—the sea and the storm—the crown and the subject. He took the poor from the net, and enlightened the mind. He did not leave them inferior to any thing in life; he called them from the borders of the sea; he sent them out to preach the Gospel to all nations, to the prince as well as the people. One bread satisfieth the mind. He hath not refused to be lord of all; he careth for his people. Hath he reserved the best bread or Gospel for those in high estate? or are his gifts not equal to all that will receive? We are under no obligations to be learned in letters to receive the Son of God. He has proved his mission on the weak, or those that were low in education; and it was effectual to the mind: as the leaven hid in the meal, it leavened the whole heart, and the remains of the love of the world was not in them. The world passeth away and the lusts thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

I cannot change what is written or communicated to us from the sacred writings. The world must pass away, and the love of it, but he that doeth the will of God shall abide. The memory of Christ and Moses is forever, but that which is of the world or the lusts of it passeth away.

How many hired servants are there of the Lord my king that hath bread and to spare, while others perish with hunger? Almost all the servants of our king are hired servants, and the poorer classes supply their wages; one church is tributary to another; and almost every man is a servant of his lord, and he that is the priest liveth on the spoils of the people. England is scourging for her good, and the revolt against the clergy is for peace on earth. The servant has become as his master, and the disciple as his Lord: the commonality of England know as much as the priest, and are crying for justice in the world,—the reign of that good prince, that maketh the tribute light to his people, and sendeth a free gospel to the world. Every priest should live on alms given because of love; and until that day cometh, they will be a public nuisance on earth. The hand of the peasantry is moving them out of the way; they plead for bonds and do not set their subjects free. If the churches are free, why are they under tribute to the Apostles? Such a thing never was in Israel, neither will it remain, it is of the world and the lusts thereof, and will pass away. Christ paid tribute to Cæsar, he was not a priest, but a prince, to whom Israel was in bonds, and he fared with his brethren. Behold the Lamb of God, he is that bread that satisfieth the mind, and maketh peace on earth; he comforts the poor

and he maketh the rich happy by dividing the spoil. Will he not do as he hath done? Or look we for another? 'Tis he of whom the Prophet spoke, that did this. We learn his disposition from his deeds: his deeds were loving, merciful and kind, and so his heart must be. He that hath the mind of Jesus but in a small degree, will accordingly bear witness of his soul, but our nobility bear the image and superscription of Cæsar, they take more from the poor than they give, and the poor disciple of Jesus Christ had to go a fishing to get the money, and many of our poor are doing likewise. It is not a light thing to bear with a heavy hand on the poor, it is spoken against in the books of God's revealed will, and it is ever succeeded by a curse on earth. There is great generosity in England, but oppression far exceeds; and there will be a suffering atonement for what is already done. When the poor began to cry, the gathering hand should have been withheld. The world passeth away and them that love it, but the will of God and him that doeth it, abideth forever. The blood of saints and martyrs that opposed this hostile and oppressive race, will arise fresh in remembrance, and what was designed by them that were godly hearted men, will yet be done in England; and then will she shine like the diamond stone in righteousness. The sword of the Lord cannot be turned backward, nor the axe taken from the root of the tree; that which beareth not good fruit will be hewn down, and cast into hell or the fire. Tithe gathering hath not borne good fruit in England, extortion in office, or high tributes to our king. With such things as these the Lord hath a controversy and he will perform his oath. He swore or revealed unto us by John the Baptizer that every principle that did not bear good works should be hewn down as with an axe and refined in the furnace of conviction till the chaff is separated from the wheat and burned (recollect) with unquenchable fire. The dross shall be divided or be separated from the gold and the good remain. If England is worthy of chastisement she is the object of God's love; she hath been the place of beginning of much good; but like Israel of old, much evil hath arisen in her. Her lords are troubled, and the pillars of the earth tremble; the little flock will obtain the kingdom, and with a thousand blessings crown their king. England has not to flee to republicanism to make herself happy, she has wisdom on her own shores, and it will shine to the western world when republicanism will tremble like a leaf. Christ is appointed of God to be a prince and shepherd in Israel, the just principles of his soul, may appear in the mind of a thousand kings. while he reigns on the throne of Judah in the heart or mind of his father David, from whence by birth he personally did arise. And if you should say that thrones and kingdoms shall have an end, and go after the kings and kingdom of Israel, I will venture to say they will rise again, for it is the appointed reign of the Messiah, to set upon a

throne ; that which hath been blessed will be blest again, neither can it pass away forever, for he that doeth the will of God is established here below, is there not a peculiar service for a king, as well as the subject ? and till all is fulfilled it will not be well with us. Who would lift a hand against a throne, administering mercy to the poor, and justice to the whole world ? Improving the mind of the weak, and leaving the widow's tribute in her own hands ? None ; but O England it has not been so with thee ; thy fishermen were not improved with the nobility, but had to go and fish tribute for Caesar and his household, and their mental abilities were as so many talents buried in the earth ; with little or no improvement, they died as they were born into the world. Was the Son of God in your courts ordering this ? No, the British government and gospel hath not been of small costs to the subjects ; and discontent to your own shores. Behold the lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, without money or price, and administering to his own all they need without a standing tribute of his people. It is time to turn the scale, and though men would not, the Lord will, and bring past ages to remembrance, ever since the gathering hand was reached to the poor. The Lord is in the rumours of the earth ; and although his voice is small and still, his name will be heard in the day of events, and until that day his breath will trouble the mind as the tempest doth the seas ; but when he speaketh " peace be still," we shall know that his hand hath been in all his works ; and from the least to the greatest shall they all know the Lord, for the poor are objects of his love. It is not a day of rest to the shepherds of this world. The Lord is moving as on deep waters, and who knoweth what will be the preceeds of the mind, till the sun of righteousness arises and lights the earth ; then will he not shine on the poor as well as on the rich, the simple as the wise, and reveal his will to the babe and suckling, and from the humble mind ordain his praise ? His wrath is not finished—he is not received, nor his end accomplished, neither hath he passed away, till he maketh this world his abiding place. He will rule over us with a scourge in Israel, the rich and the poor shall feel the stripes thereof, the great and the small ; and in that day he will not pass by the pulpit of the priest, nor the throne of the king. There is no hiding from his presence—it is not in the power of the hills to hide us from his sight, and as ancient Israel is naked before the Lord, and without a cover for their sins, so shall all the nations of the earth be.

Sing my soul and praise his name,
 He's in the earth the sea and skies ;
 We're falling to exalt his reign,
 And as we bow the Lord doth rise.

He's come, to trouble and distress,
 From the least subject to the throne ;
 He's come to scourge, and then to bless,
 He's come to make the worlds his own.

Monarchs shall tremble and shall fear,
 And princes bow in worlds below ;
 Thus our redemption draweth near,
 My troubled soul doth tell me so.

Exalted thoughts doth rise in vain,
 And thrones are but a bubble here ;
 Their pillars tremble in his name,
 That makes my soul to dread and fear.

How can my soul his anger shun,
 That's spread his hand so far abroad ?
 Sure tokens tell me he will come,
 And be Emmanuel our God.

The knee shall bow, the tongue confess
 That we, as sheep, have gone astray ;
 Like children in the wilderness
 For the good shepherd cry this day !

DECEMBER 12th, 1834.

Britain may hope in the salvation of God ; but be assured of deep and affecting baptism as we are that God is in heaven. The mountains will be brought low, and the valleys be filled up ; the rough way smooth, and the crooked way straight, and all her sons and daughters shall see the salvation of God. There are too many extremes in Britain for a day of peace ; equality is the pillar of peace and many ten thousands will build thereon. I need not say that God careth for the poor as for the rich ; the coming of the Messiah hath proved this to the full. He also cared for poor sinners with such love that he imparted unto them bread from heaven ; and they are heirs of the mercy of God, both in spiritual and temporal things. The Son of God is Lord of the universe, imparted the rich man's bread by command, and gave it to the poor. He commanded his Apostles in a peculiar manner to do this ; not that they might only comfort the poor of their age, but preach their Saviour's command to all the ends of the world, and

be themselves an example to every gospel minister that should live after them. It is by command God saveth the world from sin ; at his command the sun arose, and the stars of heaven gave us light. The Son of God hath said, his ministers were as a city set on a hill, that could not be hid, the light of the world and salt of the earth, adding, if the salt hath lost its savor it is henceforth good for nothing. When our ministers have lost these saving virtues, they are only fitted for the earth, rather than salvation to the people of God ; these were exalted as the mountains in England, and all the little hills and valleys were tributaries to their high estate. They have preached written gospels to our King, but not salvation to his people. The mind of England is a troubled sea, and long will her thoughts like billows roll, before the Lord will say, "peace be still," and a general calm appear. England is not blessed with contentment under her present administration ; who was at the helm of government ? the Bishop, where he ought not to be ; but preaching the gospel to the poor, going from house to house crying unto the rich in the name of Jesus to give unto them. They have went from house to house indeed gathering from the poor and giving to the rich ; this practice must abate ; these mountains must come down, if not so, we may bind a millstone to our faith, and cast it into the midst of the sea. John the baptiser preached unto the people a division of the garments and the meat, and cautioned the tribute gatherers not to take more than their due, and the soldiers to be content with small wages, for all they needed was added unto them, and to be careful to do violence to no man. Query—if the Bishop had divided his income with the poor till he possessed no more than they—would he not have expressed in his example the law of God, "love thy neighbour as thyself?" If the tribute gatherers for the priest, or the priest himself, had taken no more from their brethren than the Son of God, their professed Lord and Master, had commanded them—would not their tribute have been light, and the commonality of England seen the laws of the Lord written on the minds of their priests, and printed in their inward parts, and the priest acting from New Testament laws as though the Saviour was in the soul ? But from the soldier to the priest, those that live on tribute love the wages that England doth afford ; and many a soldier has enlisted for the spoil of his brethren ! there hath gone the General, and all under him, that he might make plunder of his country's fees. Here the mountain is above the valley, one must have thousands while others must live on a groat. So in the civil powers of England—so in the priest's office, the place of the gospel, the direction of all ; and the priest loves his fee as well as the General, and is less deserving. The General serves at the expense of his life, and all his servants under him ; if any are deserving of high fees it are these ; but extortion

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may be found in almost every office in the British Empire. The priest clothes himself with soft clothing, and reads the traditions of his fathers, with small, borrowed additions of the same kind, and is exposed to nothing but the temptations of extortion, and that seemingly has become the law of his mind. He reaps where he hath not sown, gathers in property where he has spread no gospel.

My plain way of speaking is offensive to a polished mind, but I am possessed of but few words, and I have to use them for every purpose, to convey the sentiments of my mind to the world. I am not hired, neither have I earthly lords to offend. I love the order of a monarchical government, it is designed to the Son of God, and the throne of David for him to sit upon; he is a prince of mercy, and I trust he will arise from small things and ascend to the heart of our king, and that his judgment and justice will be seen to all, descending from our king and Britain's throne to all the world. To promote this reign, as a lover of my king, I extend my best means to the least subject in the British Empire.

A revolt against government would be the destruction of the land, and attended with a double cursing from heaven; an improvement of the government will save the nation from sin, our brother's soul alive, and his blood from the ground. Ye that are sitting in the place of stars of light to the British nation, and you that preach gospels to all the ruling subjects of our king, consider that all souls are the Lord's, and he doeth with them as he will: he setteth up one, and casteth another down; he abaseth the mountain and filleth up the valley, and who can stay his hand? Harken to the cries of the poor, the Lord hath made them poor indeed, he hath prepared them to cry for bread in a plentiful land. The Lord has a controversy with sin in all people, and the New Testament is his revealed will, and must therefore be our law. The Son of God said, follow him, and so we believe. The poor in England hath been of bad economy, and caused want, but it hath not been so with all that cry: who is he that withholds bread from the poor in a needful time? Whosoever they may be, their heart is harder than Pharaoh's, and the stewards of the treasure by far worse than Joseph. In such a case what is the poor profited by the coming of the Son of God? I do not think in this age of the world that Christians give more to the poor than was given under the law, and that did not satisfy the Lord, for he sent his Son to preach salvation to the poor in temporal and spiritual things. If a man has two coats, and gives one to his naked brother, the two extremes have met—the mountain and the valley has become equal; and he that hath most, said John, "let him do likewise," loving our neighbours as ourselves, equalizes the world; and this is the prince that is wanting in England. And he that preached this doctrine is the prince of peace, and before his coming

in spirit to dwell on earth, the hand of "John" will be reached forth to the nations full of good tidings, saying, do justice with earthly things ye that are stewards of them; for it is well pleasing to the Lord. His eye is upon small things in earthly matters, and he careth for the poor, he hath prepared them to cry, and he will hear them and visit a revenge according to their deeds upon the enemy of their just rights. Priests and prophets were ever sent to plead their cause, and gather for them! But now our gospel priest (as he would be called) stands in the gate as a sentry keeping them from their just rights by the law of his lips. Here is a cause for baptism; there will be a restoring of that which is taken away, and a law to set the poor free from Church tribute, as the Lord hath commanded, and the priest shall go out to meet them and divide his bread and clothing with those that are in want: then can the tender hearted bishop say, follow me my prince! and my king! and every double-coated man, and of extortionate tribute in the whole British empire; then will the Prince of peace, ascend to the throne, and make a quiet home on Britain's Isles. Oh ye mountains of this world, how hard it will be for you to come down and dwell with these you have made your footstool! It is not the priest, but the poor that has supported the great Church of England; she will come down and sit with her sisters, and her shepherds in the dust—they have sheared the flocks, and clothed their little ones with the spoil, but have not preached the gospel to the poor, for this is glad tidings of great joy, salvation to them that are in want.

Now, my good friends, the mountains and little hills, the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew; the more you oppress the poor and lower orders of the people, the stronger they grow against you, and the more enemies you make; the more you make the stronger is the army you have to conquer to retain the hills and mountains above the vales that are below. The mountains shall be brought down and the vales shall rise; that is, meeting together as brethren; and the sooner it is done the better, and more glorious for Britain's name, for that which is ordained will come to pass. Britain doth not ask a new government, nor to borrow abroad, but improvement at home; the prayer is just, and in earthly things will satisfy the mind. Let reason take place. With our judgment we must measure according to our understanding, we must believe in the gospel, or otherwise practise infidelity. It is the gospel, accompanied with present events, that inspires us to believe there will be a change; and to accomplish our hope, we rise and labor—stoop down to remove these stones out of the way, which are the cause of stumbling to our feet. We expect no salvation without service, and from the principles of equity, truth, and justice, invite the priests to come over on our side, and plead the cause and preach

the good tidings of salvation to the poor. The poor are rising and the mountains will do well to bend, or be assured they will be overthrown, not by revolt, but by the power of reason, the principles of truth and justice—the issues of an understanding mind. If things must remain as they are, the tenets of the gospel must be shut out from Britain, without which no nation can be happy. We have the form in some measure, but not the practice. I am not writing against the doctrine of the churches, but the inconsistent practice of life, with the revealed will of God, or gospel of Jesus Christ.

Crucifying has not only been done in England in a Redeemer's name, but the goods of the poor have been taken and given to the rich, till the clergy in this age have as many enemies as they can stand against. If they are not able with ten thousand to stand against twenty, they had better send to the common people ambassadors of peace, and stand against reform no more; I add my witness, they will be overcome at last, for the flocks are as wise as their shepherds, and have become inspired judges of right and wrong, and the poor, according to the gospel, are demanding of the clergy their right, and all that rule above them in church and state affairs. No more shall Britain impose upon her subjects. The laity seeth with the eyes of the Clergy, and statesmen have become as wise as they; and because of the omission of the Clergy have arisen to plead the causes of the poor, and restore unto Britain her right, which long before this day should have been a free nation from tithes and excessive tributes. She is an old sister in the Christian world, so are her islands. Why are they captives or in bonds to a tribe of hireling priests? Have the Levites found the way to her shores? No, but a singular disposition for which there is neither law nor gospel, hath long filled the pulpit in England: as is the father so hath been the son for ages past, and little or no improvement there. But government is falling into the hands of the people and their king, and they will make peace together. The valleys are rising and the mountains; the king will go out with love to embrace his people; he will clothe the poor and put shoes on their feet; they shall perform the service of the Lord, and jewels or rings of the king's love shall be seen upon their hands.

The commons in England have arisen to fulfil the priest's office, and they will prevail; for truth, mercy, and judgment will be with them till all is done, and the throne of our king is established in peace. Then will the Lord say "peace be still," and there will be a calm, and all Britain's subjects in earthly things will be satisfied.

'Tis hope inspires my soul to sing,
To love my God, and bless my king;
In these alone my soul doth trust,
That all my kindred shall be blest.

'Tis but the evening of the day,
When setting suns doth pass away,
And glimmering stars of light arise,
To light the mind and bless the skies.

It's near the dawning of the day,
When these will come that went away;
The spirit of the martyr slain,
Will rise on Britain's shores again.

The glim'ring lamp they will renew,
They'll legislate and precept too;
But few hath been such suns as these,
(England destroyed their bearing trees.)

The trumpet calls them from the tomb,
Their spirit cannot rise too soon;
Oh God of heaven! no delay,
Return those souls that's past away.

The soul of Britain for them groans,
'Tis for their blood our grief atones;
Oh had they never passed away,
We'd shunned the sorrows of this day.

Oh could I reach the Bishop's ear,
Or cause the Clergy all to hear;
From my poor soul I would express,
The way that sorrows may be less.

Take up, I pray, the orphan's cause,
Remind the poor when making laws,
And count from whence your tribute comes,
That should be stars, and should be suns.

Oh Clergy if your virtue's lost,
The ship without the helm's tost;
The sheep are bleating far astray,
As flocks without a guide this day.

A shepherd when the savor's lost,
Is like to nothing for great cost;
A scattered flock and trembling throne,
So is the land of Britain known.

The Lord's preparing to repair,
He's heard their cries and Britain's prayer;
And prince and subjects will arise,
To meet their shepherd from the skies.

DECEMBER 18th, 1834.

THE EVIDENCES OF TRUTH AND ERROR.

I LOVE the inhabitants of the Isles, and pour out my spirit in this way, for the salvation of the soul. Men hath not given me abilities to address the ancient Islands, England and Ireland. They are as the pillars of wisdom, and the most popular part of the earth. But I have an impression of the mind to do these things in my low style of writing, and if it is not accepted of the more learned part of the world, it may be as a blessing from the Lord to the poor, and comfort some thirsting mind. I am not taught by the mind of the Deity, from which I trust I draw these few broken sentences, to fear an image of clay; they are perishable like mine own, and must soon go down to the dust. The child is as innocent in his alphabet, as the most advanced scholar in life, and possessed of less craft and policy in his mind: he is not exalted by his education, nor able to deceive the more ignorant part of the world with polished mantles. He is unprepared for tribute and knoweth not that he is above his fellow men; he is ready to receive by every means, and increase the abilities of his mind. I am willing to give and receive again, for gifts are the tokens of love between sisters and brethren. If the nobility of the Isles should give me a few stripes by the way of hand writing it will not be extremely offensive, or grievous to my soul. If I am thought to reach too high with my blunt pen, I trust I shall not exceed the bounds of sin in the human mind. The whole creation hath a right to the Deity, and he is not bounded or limited in the revelations of his will; he also hath a right to great and small, to direct their purposes as he will, and who can dispute the title of our God? The priest has been at the helm of Government—the shepherd of the British nation, and as Lord in the church; these have been the chosen and qualified souls in Britain. As they are but clay, why may not the lower orders of the people, the peasantry speak with them about the Deity, and salvation of the mind? We are all created to be the servants of God, but not to remain in bonds or subjection one to another. We have read, it is the principles of the gospel, to “set the captives free,” that one God may rule and govern all that hath the alone undoubted right to the souls and persons of men. Though we are not skilled in the dead languages, and can speak but a few sentences in the English tongue; yet God has given to every rational being a book of reason in his mind, some more, some less, as necessity may require. The Lord calleth on his servants to know if they have read the book and fulfilled the pages

of it, for our judgments and mercies are written in the mind, and there we meet the eternal Judge of quick and dead. The earth is the Lord's and all it contains, and he hath power over it to such a degree, that there is no contending with the Deity in the tempest, neither can the prince of nations cause the herb to grow—stay the rage of famine, pestilence or disease. In all these we see the superior hand. Heaven is the Lord's, and all that there abounds; and from thence he governs the world as he will. The happiest station that ever man was in, was lost, the Eden or paradise of the mind. The man was made steward of it, but he inclined to take too much to himself, he took his own part, and also what the Lord had reserved for his own. The most happy Isles in Britain cannot exceed this; the highest offices are not so high as our father Adam, for he was made heir of the whole earth, and Lord in paradise to do as he would. He makes me think of the British Clergy, they take what they will, and give to whom they will, and on conditions, they *crown themselves a king*. The crown of England is theirs to give, and the people have no voice in the matter; but all their mental faculties must bow to the priest, and the Crown,—their persons must serve also, and the priest will divide the spoil. So much for information, to preach the revealed gospel to the crown of England and his subjects, which the Son of God and his Apostles gave for nothing, save they were to obey the word of God. The Lord chose his own servants in that day, and appointed in soul and body to all the purposes he would. Hereby we learn the independent mind of the Deity and his government over the mind. I never have said that I was his disciple, but that I possess a small share of reason, which I esteem as his gift to the mind I will not deny, it is the book of my education and from this small volume I have to draw all the lines of my life. When I pour out my spirit upon the earth, the heads of England will see my soul naked before their eyes, save clothed with such a covering as I am writing this day. I will not withhold that which I think is given, nor leave my master's will undone. A man has to answer to his own soul, and if his deeds are not equal to his mind, then a man is not reconciled to his own works. If I had never heard of a Saviour, reason teaches me to know that the mind is the mediator between God and man. God is greater than the mind, but our measures are there, and it is required of great and small to fulfil them. The shepherd is accountable for the flock; and they that govern for the subjects; and the rulers of Britain have much committed to their trust in earthly things; they also have had good ministers from the Lord, as stars of morning light. These they have slain in abundance. What would have been their proceeds we cannot tell, but, like John the Baptist, they were cut off in early life before it was known what fruit the tree would bear, and others took dominion and government

from their hands, and it is strongly impressed on my mind to call to remembrance in England the many martyrs that have been slain on that island; and though it hath been done ages past, the Lord requires an atonement for their blood. They were slain like John, to promote the earthly joys of some priest or king, that thought themselves more worthy than their bleeding brethren. Their blood, as a cloud, hangs over the superiors of England till this day. Now the high stations have found a match; reformers have arisen in too great numbers to burn, and I believe will one day effect that work from the ashes of the dead which the liberty of the Gospel would have done by these martyrs ages ago, and England this day would have been a more happy land.

There is no turning the will or mind of the Deity backward, and then promote our own in the stead of it. But a man may defer his own salvation; and so has England obstructed her appointed or ordained blessings, which, through the purchase of deep sorrows and long tribulations, will come to pass. I wish from my soul that the nobility of England and Ireland would make use of the written gospel for the rules of life; and I believe if the priest would step in first, the flocks would follow, as Israel passed through Jordan. That priest that is not just in earthly things is not worth hearing. Who is he that thirsteth for his brother's blood, and names a Saviour's name? He is the brother of him that reaps his brother's soil, and gathers tribute for his own. How hard is his heart, how unfeeling is his mind. He hath taken his neighbour's bread and turned it into wine, and the garments of his children to clothe his own with the silks and satins of the earth. He has turned the sweat of his brother into the coach and splendour; it is drawn by the toils of the poor over the banks of England. This is a day to be rewarded on Britain's isles; this proud and abusive and unjust spirit will feel the effects of it. Oppression has become the education of England, and sons and daughters are sent to school to learn these heart-felt affecting lessons, viz: how to oppress. Do you believe the martyrs gave up their lives and stained England with their blood to effect such a purpose as this? I am as free to think as the king on the throne, or the bishop with ill-got gain, but no power to practise, because no servant is committed to my trust. But I am a servant, and must fulfil. I am indebted to both God and man; I must serve my king and fear the Lord. Mine eyes have been fixed on my earthly sovereign, and I have beheld no such spots on his garments as the priest's name written in italics there. Reformers will wash the garments of our king, till they are white as snow. If he will lend an ear to their cries, his throne will increase, and love to him be multiplied, and the pillars thereof be established forever. One God is Judge of all. The tender parent will hear the least cries of his household, and stoop down to quiet the supplications

of his youngest child. The last means are the best, my sovereign, the elder shall serve the younger, lift not thine hand against improvement in thy land, is the most sincere desire of my soul; lest in reaching forth thy hand, it be stained with blood when it is withdrawn to thy breast, and the blood of the king's subjects be visited upon the king's mind in his latter days. I am far off, but would my prayers would reach the heart of my sovereign, because of love. A distant inhabitant of the wilderness may pray for the king with as much sincerity and effect as those at the foot of his throne. There has been blood enough shed in England for reform. Let reason and justice take place and the sword be still; that which is gained by the sword is frequently lost again. We cannot establish peace by persecution, nor gain a blessing from our brother's blood: I mean that for which we sell our brother's blood cannot be a heart-felt blessing to the mind.

I have not made discontent on the shores of England; but it is so, and the clergy are at the helm of bad government. Their means will be hewn down, and cast into the fire, there is no doubt of it; because the effect of the present means is not peace to the subjects of our gracious king.

I find my harp in tune,
My heart prepared to sing,
For hope fills up my beating breast,
With blessings to my king.

Why should our friends impose,
That are but earth and dust?
Why should our priests become our foes,
The poor withdraw their trust?

How mournful 't is to hear
The little orphan cry,
Where kings do reign and thrones appear,
And Bishop's set so high!!

Oh lend an ear, I pray,
Although my means are small;
They'd take the king's reproach away,
And comfort one and all.

Bright reason is my guide,
Strict justice is my scale;
Where such as these are not denied,
A blessing will prevail.

A powerless worm of clay,
In a dark shaded land,
The winter's forest round this day,
I'm writing to England.

Sands of the sea are small,
God gave them shape and size,
And God above hath numbered all,
By whom the mountains rise.

A blessing may attend,
For God hath blessed these,
For he gave them the great command,
By sands he bounds the seas.

He equals great and small,
He bids the seas be still,
And there is but one God of all,
And we must do his will.

DECEMBER 24th, 1834.

THE PRINCIPLES OF LIFE.

THE heart is the table of the Lord, the book of life, because it is forever, the library of principles, the book of wisdom, the daily servant of the Lord. From the mind proceed good and ill. There is no human evil but originates in the mind; from the mind-proceedeth government, and it is the public mind endowed with power that rules the isles of Britain. The mind will admit of improvement. The Lord blotteth out and writes again, and this is the original order of all improvement that hath ever been made in the world. Man invents, God destroys; we partake and he taketh away. Like robbers we steal and come to judgment, so we and our fathers come to judgment for deeds that should have been left undone. Sin doth not go unpunished; all evil is brought to light sooner or later in life. The deeds of the father are punished in the son, or the Son of God hath not suffered for past sins. If a bad practice exist to generations yet to come, the spirit thereof will come to judgment, and the mind within suffer for these sins. The sooner we know the will of God and do it, the sooner the mind enters into rest. I am writing to my friends: all that believe with me are brethren, and all that receive with me

are at hand ; although the body I cannot see, their spirit is as mine, and we are one. I would not write these letters could I see them face to face. It is given me to believe I have a few friends on the isles of Britain, whose numbers I cannot know. I am far from designing to offend my king, or to lay a block of stumbling in the way of his ministering or administering men in state or church discipline.

There is no work done effectually without just principles in the mind. The house of Solomon was first erected in spirit, and then in practice. The intent of the house was good, but it was in some measure made bad use of ; and so I believe of the Church of England. Speculation has got within her walls, and church and state government is corrupted by it. In such a case the Son of God found a light scourging to be needful. He did not destroy the house, but removed the money changers, and upset their system. He did not find fault with the building, nor the purpose of it, a house of prayer dedicated to God ; but when it became a place of barter, and supplying the poor for money, he simply said, the people were thieves : they were robbing the poor of their right, and profaning the sacred name by so doing. Above and before all places in this lower world, the church should be a place of mercy and a mind of pity on the afflicted ; it is the most sinful place for barter that ever was invented. The Son of God was not so rash against merchandizing any where as in the church ; and whether small cords will do or the greater be needful I know not, but I fully believe the Deity is minded to scourge self-interest from the name of religion, and from thence through the extensive business of the state.

I possess neither power nor interest by appointment from my sovereign lord the king, and I am under no obligations to praise him or his governors for favours received. I am endowed with no fear that interest will be taken away ; I can only point towards the evil and acknowledge the good—die and be seen no more. It hath fell to my lot by adoption to be a subject to the British throne, and to Britain I owe my best means of reformation. If I speak from principle, it is worthy of notice,—if I serve without interest, my deeds are the proceeds of love to the British subjects of my king. I am an inhabitant of the wood and a cultivator of the soil. I eat honest bread, and covet nothing above my station. I have a *mind*, and that is my chief interest, it is that alone that will live forever ; this is the time of good things to them that receive them. It is the mind that the Son of God came to purify with baptisms ; it is in the mind the Lord first builds his house, as in the heart of David, and then sheweth the building to the world. The mind is the house of God ; the table of the Lord is there,—thereon he engraves just principles of judgment, mercy, and truth. If the heart of the money changers had been clean, they would not have made merchandise of the house of

the Lord. When the inside is clean, the outside will be also. Till the mind of England is right, her subjects will not be at peace. The Lord hath a controversy with money changers in the church, and I most earnestly advise them to go out while the scourge is small. The Lord Jesus Christ will not leave them there. He came to baptize the mind; but such deeds as these are no honour to the baptisms of the Son of God, neither will he leave them there. All that I can do can be no more than the evidences of the truth, but if errors, I have done these things to my own shame, and from the false conceptions of the mind. If the evidence and the substance proceed from one source, then these lines will be an honour to God that I believe gave them, whose words are forever true. The priest is the foremost man of the flock in England; from the pulpit he is teaching the whole world. Then government must be the proceeds of the priest, both in church and state; for his subjects govern the soil, command the sword, and the army is at his word. The king adheres to the priest, and the common subjects to the king; the proceeds of the church govern all the British isles. The priest hath not rebelled against the people for bad government, but the people against the pulpit—not the throne. Why is the scourge drawn on the priest's back? Because he is a money changer in the house of the Lord, and sells his offerings to the people. Sin will not go unpunished. How many ages these things had existed in the temple I do not know, but they were shamefully scourged out at last, that all church officers thereby might know the heinous sin of church barter, and the disposition of the Son of God with such a practice of life,—to let us know it is the greatest sin under heaven. These were the only kind of people the Son of God lashed with a scourge in the whole earth. From thence proceed the grossest evils in the British name: *i. e.* the love of money hath destroyed the peace of England, alienated subjects to our king, and disquieted the British throne; and the priest is at the helm of these things in church barter, collecting his revenues from the poor for his offerings. His disciples are like himself, but less blameable. They have set too high a price on their abilities in every office in the British name, with but very few exceptions. These practices have run England in danger of a fall, and have disquieted the nation. Nevertheless I am glad in one thing, *i. e.* that the hearer sees beyond the practice of his priest. It is in vain to flee from the British constitution for a better, or from king to congress. The storm has arisen *there* that is not yet seen to abate. Self-interest is of one effect every where, destroys the name of religion and the peace of the nation. Well might the wise Apostle say, "Money is the root of all evil." Scourge out the priests' practice from the house of the Lord, or, according to tradition, they will not move without a few cords, and the upsetting of their system. Give church

and state government into the hands of honest and just cultivators or mechanics, and we will have a peaceable world. There was more sense in one old shepherd in Israel than there is now in the whole British clergy, and the United States republic teachers added with them; for Moses gave law both to the priest and the people: and there was more peace in Israel than in the clergys' reign in England. Behold the virtue of a shepherd! The Lord wrote on his mind, and he administered to the people of temporal and spiritual administration, and the Lord blessed his work. He took no tribute in the house of the Lord, neither was he ever scourged out of office for the love of self-interest. I would that God had written his name upon my mind, and it would be ever present with me, and then I would know on what principles I should serve my brethren, that my deeds might be blessed by the Giver of blessings, and my back never smart with his chastising scourge. Moses was a man; he was not like one tree in a forest. His heart was as the library of the Most High God, and has exceeded all the old history there is now in England, for his mind was a present help to Israel in their needs; but what do old books now for England? By these we cannot abate the storm nor bid the seas be still. The mind of England is agitated with priests' measures. These that should have been peace-makers, and beloved as the children of God, have introduced these practices that have disquieted the whole Christian world. England requires a new heart from the hand of God; that mind that hath long made disturbance and dissatisfaction with tribute money will not make peace. Some small things will yet be raised up to do this; the proceeds of the college have failed in the attempt. A heart with small desires for earthly things, and great with justice, abounding with love and peace for their brethren, will do this. I believe the mind of God is bent towards England, neither is he minded to cast her throne away. The throne of England is not at the root of evil, but her clergy and their proceeds have disquieted the world. They have lost their office. Babylon has fallen, and become "the habitation of every unclean bird." The Lord hath avenged the blood of his people at her hands. Sin shall not go unpunished; the deeds of darkness shall be brought to light, with every spirit that is evil. Truth is rising—error is falling, and great will be the fall of it. That which is not according to the word of God is on the sand; and the Lord will try the house whether it be good or ill. I write to remind England of past days, how many have wept and groaned and died in England for reformation. Their blood will be raised up and it will come to pass.

BEHOLD the morning sun arise,
And death's dark shade doth rend in twain;
The night that's long obscured our eyes,
No more shall over England reign.

The pillars shake, the staff gives way,
The Son of God the sceptre holds;
The star of light, the dawn of day,
Is spreading over flocks and folds.

The mind hath risen from her rest,
Her load was more than souls could bear;
And she is with new garments dress'd,
The hand of her Redeemer's there.

Her little ones around her cry,
With tax and tribute long oppress'd;
Their prayer has come to God most high,
He's promis'd, and they will be bless'd.

Oh isles of Britain, happy shore,
Your lusts and pride in haste subdue,
And you will know no want no more,
No islands will be blest like you.

Britain is nam'd the seat of sense,
And your best wisdom's rising there;
Jehovah will be your defence,
If you'll rebuild the house of prayer.

Put merchants from the pulpit's stand,
Religious barter far away;
And God will bless your happy land,
And learn your subjects how to pray.

Speak peace around your happy king,
With blessings crown him on the throne;
From thence he will good tidings bring,
He'll bless you and your house and home.



JANUARY 24th, 1835.

ALL who are great are not wise, neither are all things that are common right. Custom hath become an impressive law on the mind of princes and potentates, and the son walketh after the father, and many there be that mourn behind. The promise of the Lord is to those that weep; and many times hath he delivered the captivity of Judah and of Israel. Sincere mourning is a well-formed prayer, and the Lord boweth his ear to hear them, and a Providential hand turns in favour of those that mourn. I address the European Islands from a low estate of mind, and in a language or form unworthy the prince of nations to look upon. But the truth hath been found in low style; and what has already been, again may be. The Lord requires that which is past. I write not for money nor favour, but from the impressions of the mind, that my heart may be clean before God, without which no soul can be at rest. I have not received the petition of my friends to do these things; but what I find in my mind, uninfluenced by friends or foes, I communicate to the world.

My love to Britain I have expressed, but my mind is not full; my soul yet receives, and I continue to reveal. Britain may be a star of light to the whole world if her princes and potentates will reform in those measures that cause the subjects of the throne to weep; otherwise the throne of Britain will fall, and her inhabitants become totally destitute of the royal name. Britain is inclined to support a monarch with honour, but the back that feels the burden alone knoweth the weight of it. Kings and priests, I pray unto you this morning from the depths of my soul, make the burden of your subjects light, and save the crown of England: If not so, your crown will be cast into the dust as a load of oppression, and men never will raise their hands to crown a king again. O king, my father! hastily unite with thy loyal subjects and those that wish grace, mercy, and peace to thy soul, and they will save thee from the spoil of nations: they will be a wall around thy throne that cannot be broken; they will crown thee with love and bless thee with peace. Lift not the sword against thine own; for, if thou doest so through the influence of those that are called great and yet are not wise, thou wilt pierce thine own body and die with the wound. Look down into the dust for things that are lost: thou mayest find the truth, a pearl of high price, near unto thy feet,—truth secreted in the bosom of meek, low-hearted, and humble-minded men. But, if thou wilt not hearken unto them that cry unto thee as a father for bread, and thou givest unto them a stone or scorpion, thou wilt cry when no one will hear,

neither will the Lord show thee pity from Heaven. Thou art a man in great trust—as the staff of nations—the pillar of princes, commanding great things. Harken to thy subjects while they cry unto thee like children, and weep with tears at the feet of thy throne. How unjust is that scale which taketh from the poor and giveth to the rich, and to those that waste the bread of the poor in pomp and vanity! The Lord is weighing Britain in a scale, and the balance will turn in favour of the poor; for the Lord hath a controversy with the pride of nations. Bow down, my king, and incline thine ear to the mind of those that are thy footstool: These know the burden of thy throne, and that it is not light, while they see the deeds of their hands divided by thee, and thy councils so contrary to the will of God in Christ Jesus the Saviour of the world. But if thou wilt only advise with those that ride on the shoulders of men, whose backs feel not the burden, they will advise thy throne to ruin, and thy crown into the dust. Make a royal decree from thy throne, by and through the advice of thy humble-minded subjects, that the priest's hand shall be bound as with a cord, that he shall withhold his iron hand from his neighbour's bread. For, the bishops of England, by their decrees, are advising thy crown down into the dust. Write the laws of the Lord Christ Jesus upon thy sceptre, and sway them abroad to the nations of the world, and thy name shall live for ever and thy throne stand as the pillars of the earth.

Then every tongue shall sing thy praise,
And every ear attend to hear;
Peace and great glory crown thy days,
And God will cast away thy fear.

The tears shall cease, and smiles arise,
And little children bless thy name;
Thou wilt be humble and be wise—
A crown from God and man retain.

Thy gardens round thy feet shall grow,
Thy sword shall moulder and decay;
For nations round will love thee so,
Thine hands may cast the sword away.

JANUARY 27th, 1835.

THE SORROWS OF THE LORD.

MOURN for England, all ye righteous; and, ye souls of just men, make supplication for her name! Her pride hath slain her thousands, and her crown hath been stained with the blood of saints; the just hath bled in her cause. The Lord hath bought England with a price, and she is indebted to Him for all His sorrows that He hath mourned for her. England, thou must repay the Lord for all the spoil thou hast won, and all the blood thou hast cast into the sea; and the blood of the field is crying unto God against thy name. Thou wast made thy brother's keeper, and thou hast ruled over him with the sword, and divided his bread with thy little ones. Thy bulwarks have been the bodies of men, and they have poured out their blood on the ground to support thy name and the honours of thy king. Thou art indebted to the Lord for all thy victories: he hath made thee the pillar of nations, and he will build thereon and have a throne in Britain that will not decay, and a king showing mercy to his people. The king shall receive strength from those in low estate, and those that have been his servants will become his lords and rule over him—and advise their king, and he shall live, and they will uphold his throne in their hands. The king will do well to lend an ear to the day of small things, for England is turning in the balance, and as she hath been, she will not be any more. Her crumbs will be divided with the poor, her orphans cease to cry, and her widows forget to mourn; for there is a day of great blessing prepared for England and for Israel. England will change her garments as a maiden; she is washing by the water course, and will become altogether clean. The Lord will place his feet on England, and teach many nations by her decrees. He will give wisdom to the heart of her king, and he will spread his hands abroad in mercy and gather praise to his own soul. He will reap the soil in love, and in justice will he divide the gathering in of his hands: he will hearken unto the cries of those that mourn, and his eyes shall have compassion on those that weep; his name shall rule *when priests shall be no more*. They have sold the life of a Redeemer to the world, and made servants of the king's hands to gather in for them. The Lord hath sold them for a groat; they are gone for ever, neither will they return. The Lord Jehovah ariseth in his strength, he giveth grace to the king's heart; and he will be strong as the lion in the battle, and as the lamb in the day of peace: as the dove in the morning; and in the

evening of the day he will rest from all that he hath done. He maketh war with his foes ; his sword is wisdom and the Almighty is the arm of his strength, for the Lord is visiting the earth with his love ; he will pour out the blood of those upon the earth that rise against wisdom ; he will bury their bodies in the sea, and they shall arise no more. The hand of the Lord is stretched out against pride, and will not be withdrawn till he hath conquered his foes. He prepareth the earth for his feet, and he will stand on it ; for the latter days draw nigh when he will spoil with the sword no more. He will save the mother's son and the father's child from the battle. The day cometh when the families of England will be no more separated in her cause, for the Lord hath sworn he will have peace on earth as in Heaven above ; and, through wisdom, nation shall lift the sword against nation no more.

England, make thyself clean as the bride for the bridegroom, for, behold ! thy Lord cometh in a time thou lookest not for him, and from whence thou knowest not. These lines are as a word of prophecy unto thee, cast upon thy shores, and many shall gather them and treasure them up in the House of the Lord till Shiloh be come. The heart will receive them, and the remembrance of England retain them for ever. England, O England ! wash thine hands from blood, and make an atonement to God, through grace, for thy brother's blood thou hast cast into the sea ! and that whereby the field hath been replenished ! It is a day of sorrow ; the righteous mourn for thee, and the souls of just men make supplication at thy gates. The Lord heareth,—they pray for thy arising from unjust things and from all that the Lord's sentence hath pronounced unclean in the written Gospel. Let the princes of Europe become as children directed by a father's counsel, and the Lord will ordain praise from their lips. They have sat on high for many ages of the world ; but the poor have now arisen to teach them wisdom and bless their name ;—priests have arisen from their footstool that are able to do them good, and add grace as a healing balm to their sovereign's mind. These are they that are crying,—O Lord my King, do justice with the harvest of the field, and show mercy to the poor that are within thy gates ; for these are the crown of thy head and the strength of thy throne. Deliver all thy captives ; help Judah home to his own country,—he has long been thy servant and a captive at thy gates ; thou wilt not be wholly blessed while thy children are in prison, or slave or captive sets his feet on British ground. The Lord will assist thee in every good work. Raise no controversy with the poor, lest the hand of the Lord shall rise against thee and cast thy crown into the dust, and give them dominion over thee that have long ruled with an iron hand over them. Let their cries soften thine heart, and their tears wash thy

soil from blood and thy throne from the spoil of nations; for these things are found unjust before the Lord. For which cause he has come, and is coming, to judge the earth; and bond and free shall know his name, and with great fear will they flee to escape the vengeance of the Lord. The throne shall be no covert for the king, nor his footstool a hiding-place for his servants; all shall know Him from small to great.

Seek the peace of nations, O England! and, O my Prince! spread thy hands abroad in love. He that is against peace is against thee, and, if thou inclinest thine ear unto him, he will cause thy throne to swim in blood, and he will drown thy name; for he is unjust before the Lord. Believe him not, nor receive him. Incline thine ear to peace, and the Lord will clothe thy mind with a blessing. Cause the poor to hope, and make glad the heart of the widow, and the Lord will visit thee with his love. Keep the sword within the sheath, lest it pierce thine own bowels; but if thou wilt unsheathe the sword, the Lord will take it in his own hand, and it will return unto thee stained with blood, and it will remain thereon for ever, and thy sword shall be victorious no more. Raise thine hand against those that are against the poor, take the trumpet in thy right hand, (not the sword,) and cry aloud to the oppressor from the throne of thy strength; thy voice shall be strong, and the sound of thy trumpet be heard afar off. The King of England is blessed with compassion on the poor, and all the princes of this world must bow the knee and confess his decree; for grace, mercy, and peace are sent abroad from the throne of England.

The widow's song 's a song of love,
Her orphan babes do cease to cry,—
For God has come from Heaven above,
That heard her groans in misery.

He's blessed our "William" on the throne,
And those that may hereafter reign;
The widow and her cause he 's known,
And all the blood the sword hath slain.

He 's placed His feet on British ground,
Or there has sent His Loving Son;
Our ears do hear the trumpet sound,—
Our pride is fallen and peace has come.

O that the measures of my love were filled up for Britain, and the desires of my soul accomplished!—for, from hence, I would express my desires by the pen no more for the Christian world. My soul is as the living spring, or well of deep water, in Britain's cause. I draw from the secrets of my mind, but my prayer is not accomplished,—my love is not all expressed. I return as the thirsty to the living spring, and draw out line by line: The Lord knoweth when the end will be. I have cast the pen away, and sought after it again as a piece of silver that is lost. Is Britain the field of high price?—or why am I, the least of the king's subjects, thus straitened? Britain, thy cause is dearer to me than the life which I possess, and I would lay down my life for thee if my blood would blot out thy stain, or if, in my days, thou couldst see the decrees of the Lord. Anger against thy throne hath not inspired my hand to move, but love to thee hath quickened my soul, and I shall see the fruit of these things on thy shores, and the vine Christ Jesus bearing the grape to my sovereign lord the king. I will not despair till death closeth up mine eyes, or till mine hand can move no more in Britain's cause. What the Lord requireth must be accomplished. The truth is not limited, neither is the Son of God a respecter of persons. If I have reached my pen too high to please the world, I have not done it in mine own name, for a fee of gold or a reward of silver, but to please our Father which is in Heaven, the Builder and Maker of the Earth. If I err in the apprehension of great men, I will sacrifice all in their presence, and give my errors for their truths; but, if they are silent, then am I free, and this little book is given from the hand of mercy to the children of men. We can offer no acceptable excuses to God for services required; we may err, and be sincere. The great and small are prone to evil; we are one blood and of one mind. The origination of our sinning degrees is in the mind of our father Adam, but it hath pleased the Lord to make kings of his blood and servants of the same. I am not about to chastise my Maker for his choice of the creation; all are his, and it hath pleased Him to make my body the footstool, and the king my head to rule over me; but the feet are the strongest members of the frame, for they bear up the whole body: so do the lower orders of life. But the feet are not, without the Lord, more than the head, and all must perform our several appointments, for the whole earth hath but one God. The feet are accountable to God for strength given, and the head for how he maketh use of them. So is the throne of Britain, and the head thereon accountable to God for every subject that stands below, looking up to the lord our king for parental care. The head is not without the feet in the day of battle, neither are the feet without the head when the sword is drawn

from the sheath. The express desires of my soul are these, that great and small will agree, for we are one body and blood in this lower world, without partiality or respect by him that is in Heaven. He hath appointed one end unto all men. "There is a time to be born, and a time to die," and who knoweth it? The king reigneth a day at a time, and, of a truth, cannot boast of to-morrow; and so it is with all the subjects of his throne, and last of all with me also. I am doing the king's service by the Lord's appointment, and so will I fulfil on the morrow, if time and strength are administered unto me from that throne that never will decay; for I am resolved to serve no other throne but the throne of Britain, nor serve another king but him of England by the allegiance of my soul.

Sing, welcome are the days of peace,
Lord, haste the blessings of our king,
His subjects sing and never cease,
And ever praise him when you sing.

The Lord hath spread his hands abroad,
His throne hath made a good decree,
His servants all shall worship God,
And all his captives shall be free.

Hosannah in his presence sing,
Peace and long life to all abroad;
Great are the blessings of a king
That loves his own and praises God.

His flocks and folds are all at rest,
He's cast away the hedge of fear—
From great to small his flocks are blest,
And share the harvest of the year.

The dove is quiet on the bough,
Her spreading wings from far withdraws,
For Britain's throne hath made a vow
To please her servants with good laws.

JANUARY 28th, 1835.

THE LOVE OF GOD TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Thou art the mistress of many nations, or the mother of many dissenting bodies ; thou art almost as the eldest in the family, the Church of Rome excepted. Thou art the mother of children, and thine husband the king, father of decrees. Thy bishops are as lords, but not servants in thy cause. Thou hast shown a little mercy in these latter years, and obtained from the whole earth great honour. Thou hast been prosperous in war, and nations have bowed down to thee for peace-sake, and sheathed the sword that was drawn against thy name. Consider, my mother, how great thine honours are ; all thy servants support thee, and hold a crown upon thy head. Increase in mercy, and God will increase his love to thee and all thy dominions, and thou shalt wear the crown without the violation of blood and war. We are all servants of God that fear his name ; we cannot rise above his judgments, nor descend so low that mercy is not there. Thou art as the compass of the British nation, and thy clergy stand at the helm ; for thou hast committed power and trust unto these. All dissenters bow their knee to hold thee up ; why shouldst thou receive two shares among thy friends ? thou hast a double portion in spiritual and temporal things. Thou art the queen of nations, and, according to thy decrees, none can be equal with thee. Thou hast made thy mother, the Church of Rome, subordinate with the sword, and then made the feast for thine own, as though thy priests were Sarah's son, and poor cast-off Ishmael can have no part with thee. In Isaac all nations are to be called into one. Ishmael and Isaac were one in their father's loins, and both are the children of Abram. Ishmael is a little disagreeable (for his spirit is in his children) till this day : his birth-right was taken away, and he was cast into the wilderness a hungry and a thirsting soul, with a poor, despised, weeping mother by his side. It was the desire of good Abram that he should live, but not that he should be cast off. In Isaac we hope, and this was the comfort of Abraham that strengthened him to bear the loss of his son, the offspring of his own loins, cast off from his then great estate. He had enough for him and his mother ; but Sarah, unwilling he should enjoy, made a decree, (and the Lord commanded Abraham to bow to it,) that there might be peace between him and Sarah, the spouse wherewith the Lord appointed him to dwell ; but a living hope that he should return to his father's blessing, that was then cast off, remained in Abraham's breast and comforted his soul. The

promise of the Lord is good to all people ; he shall return unto Isaac and break bread with him, heir his brothership, and live in peace ; for neither of them twain shall be lord or master over his brother, for these are both good Abram's sons. Our Isaac was born in Bethlehem of Judea ; his mother's name was " Mary ;" she is of Isaac,—blessed Mother,—but her Son is of God. We all have but one God, and Christ is our Shepherd and the lawful heir of the head of the Church, the Saviour of nations, and Redeemer of the world. Mary might have said with confidence,—None shall be heir with my Son ; He is the Father of all, the wisest that is born of a woman, greater than Solomon ; and " of the increase of his peace and of his kingdom there shall be no end. On the throne of David he will order the house of Israel for ever." Careth he for Ishmael ?—or hath Ishmael another than the offspring of Isaac wherein he may hope ? No ! He is the Saviour of the world, Esau's friend, a father to the afflicted and the poor. Do His decrees, or old Sarah's, rule the Church of England ?—I presume Sarah's ; for none are heirs with her, either in temporal or spiritual things. Ishmael was jealous, and was angry to see his father's estate so divided between his two sons that were brethren in their father's loins ; but Isaac could not retain the blessing his mother conferred upon him, for Isaac's children have been very poor since that day, and cast into the world, as Ishmael and Hagar, to the wood. Now is the time for Isaac to remember his afflicted brother, and hope, in the promise of God to their father Abram, that Ishmael will be called in to share the land and the equal blessings of God. Every church is jealous that hath not an equal right to heavenly and earthly things. But Isaac's Son has come to call Ishmael and share the blessing. This is the home, or domestic difficulty with the Church of England and her dissenters. If all have to support her crown, why not all share her blessings ? From the promises of God to Abram, we all have cause to hope we shall one day, through Christ Jesus, (the saving Isaac of the world,) be brought together as the children of one father, or the offspring of one mother, and share temporal blessings alike. As for spiritual gifts, they are at God's command, and no bishop is lord over them ; but the earth is given in trust to us that inhabit it, and God has given us laws, through his great Legislator his Son Jesus, how we should divide the harvest, or lord over the soil below our feet. For all we are accountable ; for that which is given the Lord requireth again, whether spiritual or temporal ; all are his. Why, Church of England, should thy sons be lord over their brethren ? If this was the Lord's decree through Christ Jesus, there would be peace ; for " all his paths are peace," and all his ways are pleasantness. Your land is now in a family quarrel ; to the mother's shame do the offspring

disagree. Have they been brought up in the way they should go? They have not; and hard it is for them to depart from their education. Let us make use of the judgments of the Lord to make us wise: There is captivated Israel at our gates, and for our sakes suffering captivity for our great information. They had a country—the garden of the world—a lawgiver, and a king. And the Lord sent prophets unto them, to declare unto crowns and princes their errors face to face. Is it not as hard for England, or the Church of England, to reform from manifest unfriendly and unjust errors, as it was for the Jews to repent of their sins? In time they wearied the patience of their God, and slew the last prophet that was sent unto them, (our professed Saviour.) They lost their country, their kingdom, and their prophetic friends. There they are at your gates, waiting for the mercies of God. They that could once wield the sword with as much power as yourselves, and cause whole nations to bow the knee, sheathe the sword, and be at peace with the King of Israel,—are now as helpless children; and, as for their own deliverance, can do nothing. Learn a lesson, my mother the Church of England, while the day is young. The wise king hath said there is nothing new: the dispensation of God is without error from the beginning to the end with the children of men. That which is, “has already been,” and God requires that which is past. Dissenters do not ask the crown from thy head to place it upon their own, nor thy bishops to be their footstool, but their brethren. This is Ishmael’s right with Isaac, and it will be obtained; this is the right of the Church of Rome and of all dissenting bodies. Now, my mother, make peace with thy children. It is but a shame to thee and a stain to thy Christian covering, to have quarrels in thine own house, through the decrees of Sarah, when the Lord hath promised through Christ all shall be made alive, and, as we obey his voice, be saved from our sins. Did the Son of God divide temporalities like unto thee? Did he give more to James than to John?—or did he anoint Peter lord over his brethren? No! Then thy decrees are not of God, for thou hast done so; thou hast set one of thy children above another, and thou hast made some their brother’s slaves. Are these the sinful sons of Noah thou hast with thee in thy Church?—that thou hast bound their hands to the ground, to earn their brothers’ bread? Ishmael will ever mock and envy in the days of feasting, while thy decrees are so; and if he is found speaking against these things, he is *styled as a rebel to thy throne*,—unworthy of trust: He must take his loaf of bread and his bottle of water, and be off from the feast, the office, and the bishops’ board. Now, my kind mother, the Lord hath done much for thee, and committed nations and generations to thy trust; do not be hard with Ishmael, for there is a cause, and the Lord hath remembered

Esau in his grief, and hath sent one Saviour to us all. Could you bear Ishmael's fate and be still? If not so, it is wrong to impose it on your brethren. There is a blessing for the poor, and peace for thine house and thy kingdom, if thou, as a Church, wilt receive it as it is the decree of God to give. Follow Christ: let the talented man do much, as Peter had much to do; but do not make him his brother's lord, for the Son of God hath not done this in spiritual or temporal things. Call all thy children together, and make a feast for them. When children are of age, they act for themselves. Why dost thou assume the lordship over thy neighbour's goods, and take from John and James and give unto Peter? Thy throne is in danger because of these decrees, and thy Church is stained with spots of partiality with the children of men. Thou hast reached the king's hands into the world, to gather into thy bosom, and then hast thou fed thine own with a partial hand from thine own breast. These things have evilly affected the mind of thy subjects against thy name; and, when no nation is against thee, thine own house is quarrelling at home about the tribute thou hast taken from the ground. Change thy decrees; call all to thy table, and give all an equal share of thy mercies while it is in thy power, and they will bless thee from head to foot; for these are the decrees of God unto us through his Son Jesus Christ.

Join hand and foot and sing this song,
And let the king attend to hear:
Injustice in religion 's wrong,
The cause of many a groan and tear.

The Lord hath placed his feet below,
His holy body stands to plead,
And he is strong against his foe,
Impartial where his hand doth feed.

My mother, drink of his decrees,
As oil and wine they 'll heal thy breast;
There's none on earth so good as these,
They give the weary laden rest.

O mother! rise and spread thy hands
To all that are around thy throne,
Be all impartial in command,
And God will bless thy house and home.

Per Contra.

It may truly be said that the Church of England hath rebellious servants against her decrees, and a family of many difficulties wherewith to make peace, and the rod is the only means convenient in her hands. Fear causeth the sword to be drawn from the sheath, but the sword will not be a continuing wall around the Church of Christ; it was the wall trusted in that hedged in the city of God, Jerusalem. But the Lord is stronger than the wall can be; he threw it down, and made Jerusalem a prey to her enemies. The like again may be—(I do not say it will be;) you may lose the city, and your sorrows be very great. It is better to give a little than to have a large sum taken away. Bend the knee, bring the ear of the Church and the crying child together; give not the stone in place of the bread, nor a scorpion when the fish is desired.

Now, my brethren, subjects of the throne, hope in patience. The promises of the Lord are sure; till he giveth, we cannot obtain. Israel was long reaching the promised shore; sometimes near and at other times far away. Pursue the desired object of reform no faster than the light of Heaven goeth before you: That which God giveth, none can take away; it is ever his own. Jerusalem fell by his decrees, rather than by the strength of men. Pursue just reason, and pray for an understanding heart: Reach not the sword to blood, else thy brother's blood will cry against thee from the ground. Give not the Lord a cause to judge us, or the children of Israel, any more; all their sword victories are lost, because the Lord hath taken them away. They will obtain their country and freedom in peace, and it never will depart from them; so let us obtain every privilege we hope to enjoy, and they never will pass away. Wisdom exceedeth the sword in skill, and is stronger than an army of trained men: she never was conquered, nor ever will be.—Draw the line in wisdom, and build with the utmost skill. The calling is of God, and the prize is sure, if we will honour his Son Jesus, and keep him foremost in the battle: He will plead with the priest till he is ashamed, and weigh him in a scale, the justness whereof he cannot deny. He, Jesus, is a friend to the king, and a father to the people: his love is to England and Ireland; these are as the pillars of his feet, and he will do many things thereon, and bless the nations of the world.

He'll teach the captives how to sing,
And give them oil and wine in store;
He'll learn them how to bless their king,
To dry their tears and mourn no more.

With equal balance he'll divide,
He's made these distant Isles his own;
With love will he subdue their pride,—
Through grace rebuild the British throne.

His weeping eyes have seen the grief,
His troubled soul their burdens bear;
His name is coming for rel'ief,
To build his throne and glory there.

For the reader's information, we give the following few brief hints to elucidate in some measure the character of the Author:

His disposition is to patiently hear the cries of the young or old, and to perform any kind of labour or service in the church—preaching the ways of salvation to all mankind, through the blood of Jesus or his sufferings. He has given the whole of his time to religious service for rising of twenty years, although a man in limited circumstances, and he would never receive any remuneration for this service. He is of a charitable disposition, beyond what has appeared in our day—having instituted a “Monthly Sacrifice,” or contribution, (voluntarily offered,) for the benefit of the poor or afflicted. He has given gratis to his brethren his services as a builder, also the ground whereon our three buildings of worship stand. And although he is a man not versed in science, yet his pattern for building will stand the test of the most strict scrutiny, and we can say the house (which he designed) for our Monthly Sacrifice has obtained the character of being a modern structure for chasteness of design unsurpassed.

He is not in connexion with any of the sectarians in the Christian name,—himself standing alone in his public testimony. His mind appears to be fashioned by an invisible hand; ready at all seasons to do good, and communicate, sensibly feeling with the afflicted.

Signed, for the Village of Hope, where he resides, by

MURDICK McLEOD, SENR.,

WILLIAM REID, SENR.,

JOHN DOAN, SENR.,

SAMUEL HUGHES,

EBENEZER DOAN.

THE
ACTING PRINCIPLES
OF
LIFE.

BY DAVID WILLSON,

EAST GWILLIMBURY, COUNTY OF YORK, AND PROVINCE OF UPPER CANADA.



TORONTO:

—
1835.

TO THE READER.

I HAD thought to close up the preceding work in this place, but my mind being impressed with a few things contained in the following lines, respecting "the acting principles of life," I have given a few representations to encourage virtue and suppress vice, which I trust the reader will find to be just representations of truth.

D. W.

FEBRUARY 20th, 1835.

LOVE.

Love hath no beginning nor ever will have an end. Love is the revealed will of God, and the saviour of nations. Love is the conquering sword of God, the peace-maker of the world, the blessed of God. She bears his own image, and is forever. She ariseth in the east as the light of day. She is the bride of man, and the bridegroom of the soul. She binds together, and none can part those whom she hath joined together. She hath connected limb to limb, and joint to joint, since ever her name was known to the human mind. She is ever in the presence of God. She conceals her mind from those that disbelieve her name, till sorrow shall enable them to embrace her hand with a smile. She is as the queen of the Deity; as male and female, she is one with God. Love is not without God, neither is the Deity without love. Love is the spring of life and the pillar of the world. Were it not for love, we should be drowned as in the depths of the sea; death would run lawless, and disease would prevail over us. I am of a depressed mind, and would know the cause of it. My sorrows are without sin, and my burden is that which guilt hath not brought upon me. The Lord measures our iniquity in a span, reveals our sins to our souls. He causeth us to smart for them, and he taketh them away; as a stone cast into the sea, they are seen or known no more. Sorrow and grief remain when sin is gone; but these are attributes by which we shall know the Lord. Love is a stranger to sinners; she walketh alone in the world till she findeth the partner of her choice. She embraces with joy, and her covenants are forever. She forsaketh not the beloved of the Lord; she bindeth together those whom he loveth, and is in the midst of them. She cometh from the east, clothed with the light of heaven; her breasts are as two rising suns by the morning light. She is without clouds. She walketh as a maiden from the wilderness. She mourneth, but I know not why; the name of sin is not engraven upon her mantles. Her eyes flow as streams of living waters. Why doth this fair one weep? Her covering is dark as the night with mourning, and she lifteth not up her eyelids to behold the morning. Her bosom is bare, but without embraces. Her eyes are bright as the diamond covered with clear water; so are her weeping eyes with tears. She is coming! she is coming! a cup of gold is in her right hand, and a sword in her left. Her cup is filled with bloods that were of old, the life of her children that have deceased in former days; she seeketh a covering for them. She seeketh a husband to

drink of her cup, and her children shall be clothed with flesh again, and become as the stars of heaven. Peace is engraven on her sword with letters of gold. She showeth the hilt to kings, but keepeth fast hold of the blade of it. The point is dipped in blood for a short space, and blood droppeth from the point of the sword on the nations, and it is as rain on the ground that maketh the tender plant to grow; so doth peace follow the sword through all the nations of the world. Her breasts drop with milk and wine, and there is none to retain the oil of her love, and like precious silver or fine gold that is lost, this ointment wasteth away. Now, I know why love mourneth as a maiden without a lover, why her tears run from her pitying eyes, as streams of living water, and why her coverings are dark with mourning as the night. And the Lord gave unto me a pen of thick darkness, and I gave my right hand unto the Lord forever, and I sat me down at his table, and he commanded me to write the sorrows of love, and the morning of her days, and give the same to the souls of men to be remembered by them forever; and I drew near unto her, and saw that her feet were clothed as with gold, and she walked upon the mountains and upon the rivers, and I saw none to follow her; and I arose and walked after her with my pen in my right hand, to record the steps of her feet, and reveal that she hath shewn unto me. And she beheld me afar off, like one seeking in distress for that which is lost; and she hailed me with a gentle sound of a trumpet, and she said, Come near unto me, and I will clothe thee with mantles of mine own, and thou shalt mourn for all flesh below the sun, and these sorrows shall be heavy upon thee, but mine shall be more light, when I impart to thee my cares. And I saw why I have mourned without sin, and wept for a cause that hath been to me unknown. And she showed unto me her hands, and I saw they had been wounded, but they were healed again, and she spake gently in mine ears of things that will not be revealed, till Israel is restored; and then they shall be seen and heard by all the nations of the world. She took hold of me in her right hand and placed the cup of gold in my left, and bid me write with the blood of the prophets, and drink thereof and be filled, and I should see as they saw, and write as they had wrote, and mourn because of love to Israel. And she set her right foot on the sea, and looked toward the east from whence she came; and all the nations of the east smiled to see her breasts, and rejoiced with a sound of great joy. And I saw the kings of the east come unto her with their crowns in their left hand, as the covering of the head of a child, and vessels of gold and of precious silver in their right hand, to receive the flowing milk and wine that ran from her bosom, and had been lost on the earth and in the sea; and they returned with thanksgiving and praise to God, and divided their milk and their wine and their oil with those that mourn. And I saw the

sun arise, clothed with a mantle of blood ; and when he arose to the height of a man, love, that did stand with her right foot on the sea, raised the sword in her left hand, and drew a line on the covering of the sun, and the mantle divided into four parts, and fell upon the ground and upon the sea, and the raging thereof was still, and the voice of the billows did cease, and I heard them no more. And the inhabitants of the world became clothed with blood that was of old, and Israel arose from his captivity and visited his native home ; but there was no temple in it : the hedges of Jerusalem were broken down, and there was great sorrow in the heart of Jacob, and such as hath not been since the foundations of the world ; and all flesh mourned with him, for they saw he was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, through the remembrance of past things. And love spread out her hands over Judah and Jerusalem ; and she commanded me to mourn for Israel, and she would weep with me, and we mourned together in a solitary place, where none beheld but the eye of heaven. And the Lord gave kings and priests unto Israel, and such as were of old, even David their king, and Jonathan to sorrow with him, and priests of a goodly kind ; and they rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem and the house of the Lord, and my sorrow ceased, and my burden was taken away : and love changed her mantle, as by the water course, and she is the heart of man that God has given, as the angel of his praise, and there will be peace on earth, and the terror of the sword shall cease. The husband will be no more taken from the bride after these days, nor the son from the mother's arms. The blood of the prophets will overspread the nations, and sorrows that were of old will abate the fiery indignation of the sword. Wars shall cease and peace abound ; for these are the virtues and effects of love. There shall be but one prince in Israel, the Lord of Hosts in the heart of his servant David ; and all flesh shall become as Israel in the latter days, and greatly love and fear and serve the Lord. The Most High hath spoken it, and love hath become the visitor of my soul, revealed unto me the cause of sorrow, and why the nations mourn. She hath conquered death. He shall no more walk in darkness with diseases in his hand. His distressing mission shall be fulfilled, and he shall be no more.

SORROW.

SORROW, thou art my sister. Thou hast set all my limbs and joints apart. Thou hast divided the world. Thou hast come unto me through the gates prepared for thy feet before the pillars of the earth were laid. Thou art in all my bones; my whole heart knoweth thee. Thou hast become the heir of the whole earth. Thy bosom is broader than the sea. Thou art stronger than the mind. Thou subduest princes by thy name, and ledest kings captive down to death. Thou dividest apart all that the Lord hath put together. Thou art the powerful and terrifying servant of the Lord. Thou walkest on the highest hills, and the humble vales are not free from the burden of thy feet. When wilt thou release me from thy bosom? When will crowns and princes cease to walk after thee? I am weary of thy groans by night, and flee the shadow of thy name by day; but from thy penetrating eyes there is no hiding place. Wilt thou leave me alive to mourn till the setting sun? or wilt thou take me away before my mourning cease? Oh thou visitor of the Most High, my heart doth fear and tremble because of thee! Why hast thou come unto me to increase my tears, multiply my sighs, and increase my groans without number! Oh kindred sister of my soul, depart from me and send death unto me, and I will cease to mourn, and mine eyelids will be closed up. Why dost thou walk in the earth where no sin is? Why callest thou on my soul to mourn? Thou art ever ready by the morning light. Thou walkest with me all the day; thou art not weary by the setting sun. Thou continuest sighing in mine ears through the still watches of the night, and when mine eyelids close, I dream of thee. Thy hand has been heavy upon me, and love has come from heaven to share my grief. My sighs have brought mercy to my bosom, and pity from the Most High; but thou art not willing to depart till thy days are filled, and all my soul mourns with sorrow, and every limb and joint crieth because of grief. Thou art unseen by those that are in the high ways; but thy snares are laid in the midst of the street, and none shall escape the net thou hast set for the feet of all men. Thou standest in the street corner unseen by the young. Thine hands are spread abroad as a mother to gather them unto thy bitter breast. Thy paps overflow with wormwood and with gall, and as vinegar are the words of thy lips. Oh that I had died in infancy, or that ever I was born to know thy name or write of thee! Thy wine is the blood of those that were of old, and thou hungerest for the grave to cast the present in. Death is on thy right hand a shortened space from thee, and diseases are in the breath of thy lips. Thou fannest the world with sighs of sorrow.

The mother mourneth for her first-born because of thee. The bride is taken from the tender husband for thy sake. No pity is in thy ways; thou art without respect to names below the sun. Thou hast clothed nations with a cloud, and drawn the sword in the dark, and slain the offspring of the world. Thou art the heart of man chastised of the Lord. Thou walkest without a covering; thou art without shame. No pity is in thy ways; thou causeth the little ones to weep. From thee there is no hiding place, neither can any close up thy secrets from the world. Thou walkest before the Lord day and night, neither can sea or land part thee from thine own. Thou hidest in the valley for a moment; again thou art seen on the mountain top. Zion is not free from thy mourning, neither is Sinai without thy name. There is no just law-giver but hath known thee. Thou hast first enclosed him in the bosom of thy cares. Thou strewest the blood of saints upon the earth. Thou makest their veins to become as rivers in the east, and thou baptizest all nations in them. Thou makest thy name to be known to the most distant hills in this world; and where the babe is not born, thou art waiting for the birth. Oh that my soul hath ever known thy ways! Thou makest me to mourn all the day, and my burden heavy to be borne. Hast thou no end, or where is the curse or the purpose of thy coming? I am weary of thy ways, and still thou holdest fast on me as though thine hands were iron, or as though I am debtor to thy will. My evenings are not without sorrow, and my noon-day droppeth as with blood without the skies. Thou providest no shade for thine own, nor a covert from the storm. The billows mourn because of thee, and swalloweth up the dead thou casteth therein. The mariner dreads thy name, and landmen fear thy ways. Thou standest at the brink of the grave all the day; at the setting of the sun thou closest up the dead in thy bosom, and seekest again for mourning kindred that are yet behind. Thou art almost as old as the hills, and art not satisfied. Thou hast been with man almost since he was made, and yet thou art not weary in thy steps. Thou waitest for every one that is born into the world. Thou art as the mother of all to feed them at thy bosom, and quickly part the parent from the child. Thine age is as nothing before thee; the sea is full, but thy days are not yet accomplished. I will make a covenant with thee my sister; I will mourn as long as thou wilt show a cause, and then shall my sorrows cease. Thou art as the garments of Israel that were of old. Thou wast with Jacob in the days of his youth. Thou leddest Israel into bonds, and through deep sorrow they came away. Thou leddest Pharaoh into the depths of the sea, and drownedst him in deep waters; thou fulfilledst thy mission with him and followed Israel. Thou didst throw down the temple of the Most High, and overcamest the walls of Jerusalem. Thy name shall be blotted out under heaven, and thy time shall be no more.

Thou hast been with me from a child till I am of old age, and now thine hands are multiplied upon me. Thou hast increased my sighs, and caused mine eyes to flow as streams of living water. But love hath embraced me when thou sawest her not; she came unto me by a way thou hast not known. Thou cannot follow after her. She is as the eagle in the air, or the ship in the sea; she hath left no way behind. Thou canst not find her out by the marks of her hand, and her embraces are where thou never sawest. She followeth after thee, and beholds all thy ways, and her ointments heal all the bruises thou hast ever made. She will show thee naked to the world. Thou shalt be ashamed of thy ways, and return to death from whence thou camest; and these twain shall go together down into the grave, their remembrance shall be forever. The inhabitants of the earth shall rejoice over their end, and all the dead shall live and be at peace with God.

FEBRUARY 25th, 1835.

H O P E.

HOPE, thou art the bride of the living, the staff of the afflicted, and the pillars of life. Thou art everywhere present with those that serve the Lord. Thy departure from the mind is despair, which none can endure and be at rest. Thou fleest as the dove from the bough; thou returnest again with renewed strength. Thou art as wine to the thirsty, and comfortest those that mourn; none can do the will of God where thou art not, but sorrow with unceasing pain till thy fair hands open the prison doors, unbind the prisoners, and set the captives free. Thy hands lead the way from earth to Heaven. O, how shall I write of thee, and do justice to thy name! Thy merits are past finding out; the line of thy ways is unknown to man; thou art unequalled in the balance, unweighed, and unmeasured in the scale.

Lend me thine hand, thou fair one of the East, thou companion of the sun, and I will draw a line of all thou deliverest to my soul. Thou art from earth to Heaven, before the worlds were made or the measures thereof weighed in a balance. Thou wast with God when darkness was, or ever the sun arose. In thy name the pillars of the earth were established, and for thee did all living come into existence to accomplish the measure of thy days. Thou built as the hand of God to comfort thine own bosom, and to satisfy the seeing Eye with the glory of thy ways; thou art with the living,

and beyond the mansions of the dead a living spirit of the Most High—and, with us, the presence of God. Thy hand is fair, thy presence is without spot. Thou deceivest by thy absence the wicked that trust in thee. Thy wings are from the east to the western skies, and thy name is written in the midst of Heaven. Thou deceivest, and thou healest again; thy absence turns the sinner from his ways, and thy presence heals the weary soul. Thou art rest to the afflicted; but, without thee, crowns and princes mourn and cannot be comforted. Thou art the fountain of living waters, the everlasting bread of life, and every taste of thee is more to come. Thou strengthenest the weak and givest courage to the weary; by thee his trembling steps are increased, and thou art with him always down to the grave. Thou bearest up his mind beyond the tomb. Thou takest away the covering from the skies, and revealest Heaven to his soul. Thou retest with him by night, and waitest with patience for his waking eyes. Thou showest unto him the cause of his birth, and biddest him pursue, and thou walkest before him all the day. At the setting sun thou removest his landmark a day before. So we travel and enjoy thy breast, and still thou commandest our feet to run; there is for ever more to be obtained, and thou art also our present joys. Take me in thine arms, and show unto me the prize that is afar off. Let me draw the wine of thy bosom, and I will write of the steps of thy feet, and know thy soul within, and the spirit from whence thy bosom flows. Thy days are as a hand's-breadth to the wicked; thou art as the light almost extinguished; and Despair pursueth, and wasteth thy name away. Where thou art not, life decays; there is no bridegroom for the soul; she mourneth in lonesome places; she seeketh, and findeth not: To these thou art gone, and hast left no space behind that man can follow thee. Thou art the independent visiter of our God. There is none can bind thee with a chain, or by invitation command thee to tarry here. Thou art older than the sun; before the angels of Heaven were assembled together, thou art the inspiration of the mind,—the gathering arm of God. The Lord drew out the lines of the creation in thy name; and all that He hoped for, He saw arise. Thou art the pillar of pleasure,—the light of a coming day. Thou risest early before the sun, and providest for thine own, as a mother of the righteous. The saints draw wine at thy bosom, and are comforted; thou art never weary by the setting sun; thy presence is for ever new. To those that love, thou inspirest life, and bringest the income of labour to the breast. The righteous drink of thee, but thou art not exhausted: thou art the wine that is never spent. Heaven is thy treasure, and the earth the deeds of thy building hands: thou walkest up and down in it, as a maiden in the garden of her joys. Thou art ever in the tem-

ple of God : thou singest with the righteous, and comfortest those that mourn with the pleasure of thy lips. Thou embracest the little ones ; and, as the tender mother, thy breasts do flow to those that love. Thy covering is changeable as the evening and the morning : thou changest thy covering as often as the day. Thy mantles are never worn ; they are for ever new from the Lord. Thou art the bride of the soul, and as the bridegroom of life : for thee all things were made, that thy spirit might be full and thy treasures for ever. Thou leadest the soul in hidden paths : thou embracest when alone in the secret watches of the night. Thou givest wine to the thirsty when all are still ; the righteous drink of thee with a composed mind. Thy cup decayeth not away, neither are the righteous drunken with thy joys : they are life to the mind and spirit to the soul,—oil to the joints,—blood to the veins,—light to the eyes,—direction to those whose eyes are dim,—a lamp in the night season,—and our rising sun by morning light. Thou art never conquered with the sword, nor slain in the battle. Thou forsakest not those that put their trust in thee ; neither dost thou despise the infant's name. Thine hand doth write early on the tables within his breast : his eyes are early taught to see thy name, and all his little limbs do toil for thee all the day, that he may enjoy thy bosom by the setting sun. Thou art with the widow, a parent to those that mourn ; thou anointest our eyes to see beyond the grave ; thou hast written thy name in worlds to come ; thy storehouse and thy treasure are there. Thou art with the servant and with the great ; the minds of young and old are clothed with thee : thy mantles are as the clouds of heaven : within thy gates is eternal life, and the afflicted have their dwelling there. Thou hast been in the midst of the flame ; and, as life consumed away, thy presence did increase in their minds, and the saints were strong in death because of thee. Thou defiest the arrows of the wicked, and abatest the anger of the unjust. Martyrs have slept in thine arms, and received death in sweet repose. The conquerors will be conquered : with despair they shall weep where thou art not to comfort them : thy absence is the terror of a coming day, and the cause why the wicked shall mourn for thee (in thy absence) where there is none to hear. Thou art stronger than death, and swifter than the wind : thou fleest where none can pursue : as the ship in the sea, as the eagle in the air, thou leavest not a way behind. Thou canst not be overtaken by the horse and his rider. Crowns shall seek thy name in vain, and many high priests shall fall prostrate at thy feet.

Continue thy direction, and I will pursue, my sister ; and, when I am old, I will overtake thee and enjoy thy love. Thy presence waiteth for those thou seest coming, and thy love embraces with a

smile : thou art in the desert and in the city. Thou art ever with the righteous : thou makest a certain covenant with them : thou fleest for a moment, to visit again. As a maiden changeth her garments in secret, so thou renewest thy life, and returnest to those that love. Thou blessed of the Most High, O that I could see all that is within thy breast, that I might declare unto man the purpose of thy days, and why thou art sent into the world to live with us ! Thy bosom is as the heavens above, covered with a cloud ; so art thou to those that look not upon thy name : thou art more virtuous than all the maidens of the king's house, or any of them. Thou wilt not expose the secrets of thy breast to those that love thee not ; and to those that despise thy name thou art afar off. Thine eyes behold our necessities : thou waterest, as we thirst for heavenly things. Thou deceivest in the coverings of this present world ; thou wearest crowns for a moment, and castest them away. Thou clothest thyself in costly apparel, and then despisest them as the unclean rags for men to wear. Thou settest landmarks in the earth, and removest them again ; and no eye seeth the marks of thine hand. Thou buildest cities, and castest them down : thou buildest thrones and fallest therefrom, to disappoint the world in deeds like these. Thou enterest into the merchant's ship, and swiftly passest from sea to sea as on the wings of the wind. Thou disappointest in trade, and fulfillest—to bring to nothing again. All these things the God of Heaven hath given thee, and hid the powers of Heaven in thy bosom, and shadowed Hell within the mantles thou dost wear. Thou fleest at an unexpected time, and leavest the soul to mourn for thee without a covering, and to thirst without a cure. O that my soul knew all thy ways ! I would speak of thee through years to come, and teach my soul to believe in all that will come to pass. From the earth thou art gone, and hast left this world as an empty habitation to mourn for thee for ever. The solitary place knoweth thee no more ; many are seeking the paths of thy feet where they cannot be found. They flee from hill to hill—from valley to valley : all are covered with a gloom of despair. The light of the sun decreaseth, and the lamp of the wicked hath gone quite out, because of thee. Thou hast arisen ; the bright cloud is thy covering ; the sun is in the midst of thy bosom ; who shall remove the cloud, that I shall see thee shine ? Thy heart is in the midst of the temple of the Lord, and thy spirit in all his dwelling-place. Thou art gone where I cannot see : the Earth mourneth for thee, as the mother for the loss of her first-born. The Lord hath borne thee from the earth : the hills are desolate ; the valleys are without a shepherd, and the flocks are scattered abroad. The fields mourn because of thee, and the bridegroom is without the bride, in his distress, his fair one is lost, and hath no compass to her soul. She walketh in

the garden where the flowers grew : they are fallen : the bush is without the rose : the flower and the stem is gone. The gates mourn, and there is no pleasure within ; Hope has gone to her rest, and all her guests are there. She rendeth the cloud and parteth her mantles, but she is afar off. She appears as a shepherd in the skies, feeding her flocks as on the side of a hill. There are deep rivers between us and the fold of rest. Her sun never goeth down, neither doth the oil in her lamp decay. She sitteth in the shade all the day ; her oil is not wasted, nor her wine spent : she is with the Most High, and her absence will change the whole world.

DESPAIR.

DESPAIR, thou art as the dark cloud that receiveth the setting sun. The stars of heaven were never set in thee, nor the moon known to change within thy breast. Thou wearest a mantle of deep mourning. Thou hast taken fast hold on mine hand, and I cannot put thee away. Thou art the bride of kings, and princes will slumber within thy breast. Thy gates are open to the whole earth ; the way is broad, and none can pass thee by. Thou spreadest thine hands abroad through the dark watches of the night. Thou hidest thyself in the chambers of the rich before the setting sun. Thou art under the king's pillow, and he knoweth it not ; he cannot pursue, for thou hast left no way behind. Thou makest all thy mantles of the night, and thy garments of the midnight hours. All thine house mourns because of thee ; thou art as the mother without wine, thou hast nought to lend to those that would borrow of thee : thy breast is empty, a doleful sound is heard in thy habitation, the flocks cry for a shepherd : thy sons are bound in prison, thy daughters are gone out, and the pathway is closed from their return. Thy little ones cry at thy feet, and thou shakest the rod over them ; they look up to thee for pity, thou frownest upon their desires and fillest their cup with tears. Wormwood and gall are in the treasures of thine house ; thy sun hath gone down, and all thine household are in the night. Hope hath forsaken thee, and left thy gates to mourn ; thou art the terrors of life, and hell to those that seek thine habitation. There are none to close thy gates ; there is no lamp in thee by night, and all thy helpless kindred are mourning. Thy beds are as rods of iron. Thy garden produceth the thorn and thistle to the young, there is no pleasure upon the stem ; the rose doth neither bud nor blossom there. Thy walls are as hills and mountains on which the sun hath never shone. Thy rivers flow with thick darkness ; thy brood is unknown

to wine and oil. Thy cups are filled with blood; they are bitter to my soul, and the bonds of death are in thee. Thou art the prison; but the keeper of thy doors cannot release: thou art the endless pit that taketh the stranger in, in thee his time is never fulfilled, nor his desires accomplished. Thine house is never filled; thou art ever thirsting and never satisfied. Thou art the mother of all the afflicted sons of men; thy daughters walk abroad with a false invitation, but thou art ever before them to take their unthoughtful lovers by the feet; thou layest the snare in darkness, where none doth see thine hands doth labour, for shame doth cover all thy works.

Thy prince is like the rock, he changeth not by feeling; death is in his ways; to comfort he is a stranger, nor pitieth those that mourn: he hath no hiding place from the presence of God; the sun of righteousness hath shone upon his garments, he hath compassed him about with wisdom and bound him with a chain; he is unknown to the heart of a man, but the sun of righteousness hath sought him out, discovered all his dwelling and revealed his ways. His covering is the shadow of death; the music of his house are deep sorrows, and his time without end. His habitation was builded in the east; his heart is the house of sin, and he repays his servants there. Oh thou bride of distress, when will thou release those that are bound in thee? When shall thy little ones behold the deception of thy ways? Thou hast removed to the western hills, but the rising sun hath followed thee as the shadow of the night; he hath withdrawn hope from thee, that the world may know thy temple or dwelling, and all thou canst do alone. Hope hath forsaken thy bosom as the setting sun, and thy clouds are spread over the whole earth. Thou art the gateway of nations, and all flesh shall pass through thee, and thou shalt be left without a son to keep thy doors, or a servant to serve thy name. Sorrow in thee shall cease: the dove shall visit thy habitation and return to the world. Death shall depart from thy gates; the dove shall fulfil all thy sorrows, and death shall be no more. Thou art the habitation of the lost, and the comfortless of the Lord. The dove shall mourn in thee, till there is no cause found in thee to mourn, and then shall sorrows cease. The blood of the martyrs are in thy treasures, and the soul of those that have done wickedly since the world began; this blood is for their drink, and the wages of past sins are united in thee, and thy garment is dark as the covering of the night. The whole earth are at thy gates, and a voice is heard in thee as the "voice of many waters;" all Israel doth mourn for the desolate city Jerusalem. The sins of Sodom are in thee, and Gomorrah mourneth in thee as thy first-born; thou hast not wherewith to comfort these that weep, and by thee none shall be satisfied; thou art the left hand servant of the Lord, the sorrows of sin, the dwelling of the proud, thy sun shall never rise, neither shall a lamp

be seen in thee. In thee there is no stepping stone, the weary make no progress there. Thy time is drawing to a close; thou art the offspring of sin. Sin is the pillar of thine house, and all thy builders labour in the dark. Thy walls are without square or cubit; thine house is without direction, built by the invention of the man; thy stones were never squared, neither was the line of the Almighty drawn upon thy work; thou hast built without hope, and thy soul is never satisfied. Oh that my soul may descend to the depths of thy dwelling; Oh that I may drink all thou hast to give, and mourn where none can hear, that I may write of thee, and reveal thy mind to the world. Thou art as the hidden mystery of life, all flesh fears thy bosom, and none are willing to dwell with thee and know thy ways. Thou art forsaken of hope, thy sun hath gone down, and thy lamp is extinguished; thy candlestick is removed from the pillars of thine house, thou art in darkness, and the worlds know thee not: hold fast on my hand while thy strength doth remain, lead me downward to the lowest hell, and I will speak with the prisoners there, and those that have been alive in thee since the foundations of the world. Thou habitation of sinners! I fear not thy gates nor thy lowest pit. I have been with thee from my youth, and have known all thy ways; the Lord will set me free from thine iron bands, and many will he release with me. Thy mind shall pass as a shadow from the earth, and the Lord will discover thy nakedness to all the world; thou shalt be ashamed of thy deception; priests have gone up and down in thy name, frightening people with the shadow of thy cause. They knew thee not, they have won gold in thy name; in thy presence they have scourged the captives, and bound those that were free, they are the last that shall mourn in thee, they shall weep and be still, for the Lord will set all thy captives free, and the priest shall be without tribute or fee any more.

Thou art the habitation of the afflicted; thou art appointed for a time, and then thou art not to those that mourn. The sun of righteousness has come from heaven to destroy thy gates and burst thy bonds, and free those that are in prison within thy walls. Thou art deception, and reality is not in thy ways; thou hast become the priest's garment to frighten the world from sin, but love hath appeared before thee, and hope hath established her feet in the earth. She hath gone upward for a little season, but she will return with the flocks of Israel in her bosom, and her servant Jacob at her breast. She will put thee to flight with the brightness of her wings, and sing a pleasant song to those within thy prison doors. Thou art the dread and fear of death, thy dwelling is dark as the grave, and many have made their tomb in thee; but they shall hear the voice of God's everlasting truth, and thou shalt be conquered by the servants of God, and to those that believe thy dwelling shall be no more.

MARCH 4th, 1835.

F A I T H.

FAITH, thou art the eye of the mind, the spring of action, the oldest in existence,—the life of man, and the mind of God. Thou art clothed with the sun : by thee the moon doth cast off her garments, and is clothed anew. By thee the planets move in the atmosphere, and the constellations of heaven are still. By thee the sun doth rise and set : the shadow comes and goes at thy command. By thee the tempests rise and fall, and all the waves of the sea obey thy name. By thee the rains descend and the grass springs upward : the garden is implanted in thy breast, and every rose and flower is set by thee. The earth is concealed in thy bosom, and covered with a mantle, till thou unfoldest thy vesture and showest thyself naked to the mind. Thou art as the moon and stars by night : the righteous are illuminated by thy lamps till they come to the perfect day. Thou art a light to the feet of the righteous ; and those that walk by thee place their feet in safety through the dark watches of the night. Thou art never still : thou art ever increasing or decreasing the abilities of the soul. Thou art the hand of God, by whom the line was drawn, and the earth arose from still waters, or an inactive mind. Thou art the line of the comets in the heavens, the pathway of the sun, the varying courses of the moon, and the bounds of the sea. The tide ebbs and flows by thee, and its coming and going despise the king's command. Thou liftest up the mountains from the depths of the sea. Thou commandest our sorrows to remove and be seen no more. Thou callest the bud from the tree. In the change of the atmosphere life in the root adheres to thy calls, and springeth upward from the ground. Thou biddest the infant move his hand ; he spreadeth out his arm by thee, and obtains the prize thou biddest him seek. Thou art with the aged down to death ; thou wailest his soul beyond the grave, while here the trembling body still remains. Thou hast provided the unseen habitation for the just, and compellest the soul to believe there is a rest for the mind of man. Thou dwellest in secret, but thy deeds are naked to all the earth, and none can clothe them with a cover, or hide thee in the cloud that thou art unseen by the human eye. Thou bearest up the cloud upon the wings of the wind, and the moving cloud in the atmosphere is a shadow of thee,—an indisputable evidence of thy name. Thy rest is in the mind : when thou hast builded thy house thou enterest into rest, and none but thine own can dwell with thee. Thou art immortal unto man,—the life of the

soul that never was extinguished : thy light never goeth out : thou art the conqueror of Despair, and changest the midnight watch into noon-day. Thou art the way of the righteous, the stumbling-stone of the wicked, and the everlasting recompence of the just. Thou judgest by thine own might ; thou measurest unto man, and recallest again for that thou hast given. Thou coverest thyself as with seven garments in life ; seven nights are contained within thy span. Thou art the light of seven days : by thee the worlds were builded and the Deity is at rest. Thou art the Spirit of God given unto man,—the light, strength, power, might, and glory of his days, whereby he may do all his work. Thou sittest as on the highest hills below the sun : the moon and stars set and rise in thy presence : kingdoms fall and change by thee. Thou recordest every birth as in a book : the records of all living are in thy bosom, and the righteous read the deeds of the Creation there. Thy heart is hard to find ; it is as lost silver to the wicked,—as gold hid in the bowels of the earth. Thou clothest thyself as with a man, and the maiden flatters to deceive, for thou art not within the covering of these, thy clothing is the mind of the righteous. The bosom of maidens is not thy dwelling-place, and thou art but a deceiver to the hearts of wicked men. Thou hidest to bid the exalted seek ; but, when they seek, thou art not found, for thou art not clothed with the earth or bodies of clay. Thou art not satisfied with the harvest of the field, neither is the rising wealth a store of thy joys. Thou art the offspring of God, the line of his direction : thou art beyond the grave, and present with the mind. Thou bringest together that which death hath strewed apart. Love is the partner of thy breast, and you twain are one in the deeds of the Almighty. Thou art known in the sea and heard in the storm ; but thy abiding place is beyond the human eye,—the space that kings and councils never can command. Crowns are but dust before thee : thou wearest them as a covering, and castest them down to the earth. Thou settest thy feet upon the wings of the wind, and fleest from nations, and buildest thy nest in Heaven above. Thou art more worthy to be sought than gold or precious silver. Cities are but as a bubble to thee ; they rise by the might of men, and are cast down by the breath of thy lips. Thou takest the infant into thine arms, and showest unto him the ways of life : by thee he moveth his feet, and directeth his hands to the cultivation of the ground. By thee he planteth a vineyard and gathereth from the vine : from thy hand he receiveth the wine from the grape, and is merry in heart : in all this he has only parted thy mantle, or unfolded the most extensive covering of thy mind. In all this he is not content : he thirsteth again, and crieth like an infant for the greater portions of thy love. Thou takest hold of his infant hand, and impresses

his infant mind by the light of the sun: thou pointest his active fingers to the stars, and showest him the hand of God in all the lights of heaven. Thou commandest his infant soul to obey all the impressions these engrave upon his mind: thou directest him to believe, by these magnificent displays, that there is a God—and to fear and tremble before the Builder of such an extensive frame, that cannot be measured by the mind of man or imitated by his works. Thou leavest the rising young, for a moment, with a law engraven upon his mind: thou hast bidden him read and practise, and he will see and know the event of it. Thou art the inspiration of the limb, and the strength of the mind. Thou hast written memory upon the heart: he soweth and he reapeth, and his joys pass away with the gathering in of the event of the deed. The soul is not content: there is a world unknown, and the mind thirsteth after it as the travelling pilgrim for a home. It is from whence we come, and happiness is not decreed this side of the return. The man seeth a mountain afar off: he taketh all that he hath, and removeth to build his habitation there: he has been twice disappointed; but, by thee, O faith! he removeth again: He bids adieu to the hope he had in former joys, and he places his feet on earth as the young weaned from the mother's breast; and, after seven days' journey, he reacheth the expected hill: he begins to ascend, with confidence that Heaven is on the height of it, and his joys are all concealed on the top. He ascendeth with weary steps and a heavy load, and beholdeth weary pilgrims leaning on a broken staff almost ready to give way. Disappointment for the third time hath led them near to despair: Hope appeareth pale in the visage, and the weary soul joins the mournful few—but hath no seat of rest, no shade to hide his weary limbs from a scorching sun. A maiden, as dark as the watches of the night, ariseth like one from the tomb, and putteth a cup of blood to the lips of those that thirst. She covers them with a mantle of despair, and declareth unto them there is no spring of joys upon this rising hill: it is the place of the dead, and she watcheth over the tombs lest the wicked would enter in with the righteous and be at rest. She bindeth the feet of pilgrims with a chain, and biddeth them to stand still till these iron cords shall wear away. She consumeth their staves in a flame, and she is no more. She is Despair upon the mountain top, or the impressions of the mind of the exalted. The sun ariseth anew in the east, after a scorching day and weary despairing night; and behold! in the light of the sun, the soul beholdeth Jacob feeding his flocks upon the plain. The chain parts, and the soul beginneth to move again for the tents of Israel. Faith directs their way down a steep place, and this is the third time that Faith in earthly things hath deceived the soul. The garments of the mind become worn, and are ready

to fall to the earth as a broken vessel for want of care. The mind of these begins to descend the hill, but the iron hand of Despair hath written upon the mind a law that cannot be forgotten, and they return with a heavier load than when they did arise, and the remembrance of sorrow is ever with them. They behold Jacob afar off in his tent-door: they hasten their steps for mercy, trusting salvation is in his ways, and that, under the shadow of his vine, they will be at rest. But he beholdeth them coming: he closeth his door, and sendeth messengers unto them, forbidding them the fruit of his trees, the waters of his well, or the grape of his vine; and their light went out at these words before they reached the habitation of their hope; and they had nothing to lean upon, for their former hope had passed away. And again, Jacob hailed them as with a trumpet, declaring unto them that they were not of his blood, nor heirs of his rest: they must go to the land of darkness where he had been, and where his offspring mourned for bread; and he gave unto them a lamp, and directed their way; and Faith showed unto them a city afar off, where the righteous did dwell, and he strengthened their limbs and bade them move forward for the gates of the city, and he would embrace them there. With weary and with broken minds,—the memory of disappointments and increasing sorrows,—they moved along: they drank of the cup of blood that Despair had given them: it is the life of former days; and, with repeated sorrows, and with one accord, they travelled for the city of their rest. Hope progressed before them a hand's-breadth: She could not be overtaken nor commanded to stand still. They drew near the gates of the city, and saw the king sitting in the gates. He hailed them with a pleasant sound, and they made haste to the city of a great king. They cast down their burdens before him, and prayed for a crumb of bread, and a drop of cold water to quench their thirst. He said he had not these things to give: the meat of his household was measured by God above, and he had nought to give unto those that were hungry or athirst. He called them, to inquire of them of a far country that he knew not of, for his household began to be in want, and he was taking thought to remove. They informed him that Despair was on the highest hills on the earth: the dead are buried there, and she inherits the tombs. And he gave his crown unto them, and bade them travel to a far country eastward, and tell the inhabitants that they were sent by a great and mighty king, to seek for rest for the kings that are in the earth; and, seeing the crown, ye shall obtain favour: and return, and ye shall go with me, and we will enter into the city of strangers; and ye shall serve, and I will rule and give you meat. And they took the crown out of the king's hand as the hope of treasure, and travelled away towards the rising sun; and Faith was as a lamp burn-

ing before their eyes, and Hope walked with Faith as a maiden in the hand of her lover ; and the mind of the weary bore the crown of the great king upon their shoulders. But Jordan came in their way, and Faith and Hope stepped over before them ; but they could not pass the baptizing stream with the crown of a king upon them ; but they cast it into the waters, and, as a stone in the sea, it was lost and seen no more. Hope waited for them on the farther banks of Jordan, but Faith passed away, and the light of the pilgrims was extinguished on Jordan's shore : the crown was lost, and Hope also vanished from their sight. Five disappointments were now to bear : the way was closed up before them, and man was alone. Here they parted, and every one went his own way, like sheep in the wilderness or children in the dark : like the flock without the shepherd, they had no communion nor guide ; and here society doth end. And life came unto me alone, (for I am one of these,) and Faith arose out of Jordan as a sun from deep waters, and stood over my head. The hand of God came down from Heaven ; and, as a father assisteth the child over the water-brook, so did the Builder of Earth and Heaven, by his love, set my soul over the troubled stream : it is never still by day, nor resteth by night. And when I was left alone, I saw that I was the workmanship of God, and I was not made the servant of kings, to bear the crown on my shoulders that is an honour to their head. And Hope, as a maiden, took hold of my left hand ; and Faith, as a bridegroom, of my right ; and Love, as the morning, was before mine eyes ; and I travelled eastward for the space of one day, and I rested by night under the shade of a vine that Jacob had set in the earth, and my companions with me. Through the night we all tarried and slept ; but, when the morning arose, I thought I was in Heaven : My mind was at rest, and, as the child, I rose up to play. I drank freely of the wine of the grapes, and I partook of them, and I hungered or was thirsty no more. But I saw Jacob coming with his flocks into the plain where the vine grew, and Faith said unto me :—We must arise, for Jacob cometh here, and he is heir of all these things. And the sixth trouble had come upon me, and I was exceeding sorrowful, because I had to rise from my rest and flee away. And Faith put a staff of gold in my hand, and bade me travel whithersoever I would till my feet did enter into rest ; and Hope, as a dove, spread out her wings and fled upward, till I saw her no more in the heavens above. A cloud received her of a light cast, and she was no more. Faith divided into two parts,—the one on the right hand and the other on the left,—and walked away. The one on the left hand is to lead the mind into earthly things ; the other, on the right, to Heaven and God above ; and these twain, as one, had been joined together, leading my soul through earthly things : But, until now, I knew it

not. And I beheld myself as one alone on a mighty plain or deep waters, for I feared Jacob as a thief that had partaken of his vine. And the billow arose, and the winds blew, and they wafted my soul whithersoever they would, and I was like a leaf driven by the wind. I was without direction; and my daily joys were like a bubble on the waters, broken by the wind or the breath of him I knew not; and I have returned to nothing, from whence I came; and Faith hath led me here to tell me that man is nothing in body or in soul, but God is all in and out of him, now and for ever; and this is the seventh day, the end of nights. Immortal and eternal rest, here desire ceaseth, and sorrows are no more.

IMMORTALITY.

IMMORTALITY, thou art without beginning of days, thine end is not, thou art forever, thou art the name of our Lord below the sun, the Deity is with thee, and thou art one with God; thou hast no abiding place in any form of clay; these fall and rise as the sun, but unto changes thou art unknown. Thou art the life of man that passeth not away: despair is in thine arms, and love hath fast hold on thy naked breast; thy feet standeth in the midst of the flame, thou holdest fast on the wicked, thou numberest their groans with a pen, and with their sighs thou dost increase the flame. Thou keepest the prison door, thou doth receive and release since ever a living soul was breathed into man. Thou art the habitation of the Jews, thou hast covered the head of their kings with a mantle; none can rend the veil and place them into dominion but thou alone. The saints are in thine hands, thou ledest their spirit as children in the present time, thou secretest their dwelling that they shall not be slain by the iron hands of death. The prophets partake with thee at thy table, the blood of the ancients are in thy treasures, thou hast gall and wormwood to impart to the world; thou art the treasure of sorrows that are past, thou hast a garment for the poor, and bread for the hungry, wine for them that thirst, and the weary draw at thy breast. Death is an arrow from thy bow, thou conquerest kings and princes in thy name, and ledest crowns captive down to the grave; thou art higher than the sun, deeper than the heart of the earth. Thou compassest the atmosphere round about; thou art the direction of the soul, and the bread of life. Thou art the treasures of God, his own habitation, and his name dwelleth there; thou art where the world never was, thou art the spirit of all things before existence

appeareth unto man. Thou placedst the stars in the firmament by thy right hand, and badest them never vary from their course. Thou art the mother of mortality, thou broughtest forth where nothing was; by thee we die and live again. The earth is immortal in her course, the planets never change their direction, the sun hath received thy decree to ever shine on the earth; thou coverest with a cloud, and takest thy garments from the sun. All thou doest is forever, because thou art to man an endless life; thou hast clothed man with a garment of clay, and whispered to him in the hearing of the ear. Thou hast said unto thy son, live, and his soul obeyeth thee. Thy mansion is beyond the grave, and thy dwelling in heaven with the saints; thou buildest below the sun, and it shall not pass away; thou art life to the soul, and the body is thine and all that in it be; thou art command, and the Deity is thy Father and thy God. Thou art a fair mother bearing twins, flesh and blood are the offspring of thy breast, thy dwelling and tabernacle below the skies; the earth is forever and all that on it be; thou art the mother of the east, thou spreadest out the shadow of the night, and it passeth not away. Thou numberest time with thy engraving hand; thou hast made a decree with day and night, and they shall be forever. Thou art where the sun never rose, where moon or stars never gave light; thou art the inhabitant of the mind, and the soul is thy covering forevermore. Thou lookest through the windows of heaven upon thine own that are on the earth, and thou waterest them with dew from thy breast, and anointest the soul with the oil of gladness, and givest hope to the bosom, which is life to the mind through years to come.

Thou hast ordered the paths of faith in this lower world, and drawn the direction of love in a line; thou hast bound despair in prison and set all her captives free. Thou art the ways of life, and the seven coverings of the mind; thine eye awaketh by the morning light; thou beholdest the western hills; thou sendest love abroad as a messenger to those that are lost, and this fair one to comfort those that mourn. I behold her coming, her footsteps are on the sea, the sun of righteousness is in her bosom, and his joys are extending to the western hills; she travelleth all the night, and is not weary by the rising sun. The ways of her feet are as cords of silver, and her footsteps as drops of fine gold; life is written on her forehead; she covereth it with her right hand, she biddeth her suns arise and shine to the eastern shore. She saith come, and the hills tremble; Zion and Horeb do bow beneath her feet; she sinketh them in the sea. The ways of men are equal, and she biddeth them arise and behold the coming of their God. She is as one forsaken of men; as a maid that seeketh for a lover, she is walking alone. And I hid myself in the cave of the hill, and fled to the by places in the rocks; for I

feared the steps of her feet, and feared that she was God that had come to take the world away. And she hailed me with a trumpet, and I saw I was not hid from her eyes; and though I feared death, her voice did pursue, and I saw there was no hiding place for man from the judgments of God, and I returned in the presence of the world. And she clothed me with sorrow, saying, I must live and place my feet in hell with immortality and eternal life, and my tongue should tell the afflictions of my soul, and write of the ways of truth to the nations of the world. And love embraced me with a smile, that had been long afflicted; and she gave me wine from her bosom, and the oil of gladness from her breast; and her heart was naked before mine eyes, and she bid me enjoy all things here below, and weep for these that mourn, and the dead arise and the worlds are comforted with the blessings of God. I saw all things as in a moment of time, and I reached my hand unto them to partake, and they fled as a shadow before mine eyes, and I wept before her, and said, she had deceived me with her tongue; and all my joys turned into sorrow, and she said unto me, these are immortal and eternal, and sisters to the joys of man. She turned her face eastward and bid me come; I saw I was alone, for all flesh had fled at her presence when her sun shone on the earth. And I saw her footsteps were marked from the western hills to the eastern skies, and she rose upon the wind and rode on the cloud, and I saw her no more. I had thought she had come with the Saviour in her bosom to leave the world no more; and I looked downward on the sea, but I saw not in deep waters, the lights had departed from the skies, and I was deceived with love, and immortality was unseen by me. I was as the child without the parent, as the lost without the shepherd, as the weary man without the Lord. And there was silence in heaven and on earth for the space of three days and three nights. And the dead arose from the tomb, and walked after me to the borders of the sea, and they became equal with me; and I saw Jacob embrace his young, and their flocks to follow them. And the sun that had gone down arose in the eastern sky, and love and immortality came unto me as one, and reached one hand to those that had been dead, and one hand to these that were living, and confirmed their stay with the living and the dead; and unnumbered angels followed them on dove's wings, and I knew them I had ever known, and sealed my covenants with immortality and eternal life. And there was a way for all men under heaven. The hills and the mountains had passed away. And we placed our feet on the billows of the sea; the trumpet blew aloud and maidens sang, the harp of David was in tune, and there is life on earth without end now and forever.

MARCH 6th, 1835.

L I F E.

LIFE, thou art the ways of man, and the child of God. God hath clothed thee with his own dwelling, he hath given thee garments of many colours, he hath made thy feet to walk abroad and return to his own dwelling. He hath placed a crown on thy head and thrown it down to earth. In thy name he hath built great cities, and consumed them with fire. He hath caused thee to flee to the mountain and hide in the by places of the rocks, to shun his name. He hath pursued thee with the sword, and caused thee to fall in the battle. He clothed thee with a garment by the morning light, and before the setting sun cast thy covering into the grave. He has made thee mourn with the mother, and rejoice with princes in one day. He hath enabled thee to behold the work of his hands: he hath placed thee in the human eye, and drew out the heavens in thy presence: he has lifted up thine eyelids that thou shouldest behold the sun, and see in him the image of thy God. He hath placed the stars in thy presence without number, and shewn unto thee his wonders in the sea. He hath caused the fowl to flee before thee, and the fish to shun thy presence. He hath clothed the wild beasts with fear because of thee, and given the shepherd's flocks to know thy name.— He hath mounted thee on the swift beast, and thou ridest as from place to place on thy own strength, as though thou hadst been borne on the wind. He hath wafted thee from shore to shore, over the broad space of the sea, in the deeds of thine own hand. Thou commandest and obeyest thine own name. There is none to equal thee for grief, and thou also art the mother of all our joys. Thou walkest swiftly with the young, and tremblest with these of declining years. Thou fleest, before thine own fears. Thou sittest as a king, and servest as a servant at his feet. Thou art of many coverings, the wise in spirit know thee not, because thou art with fools, and those that commit sin. Thou art alone known of God; and all I can do with the lines of the pen, is but a shadow of thee. Thou wast before man was made, or ever the hills arose from the deep waters. It is beyond the measures of the man to trace the steps of thy feet, for he knoweth not to-day what to-morrow will bring to his mind. Thou pressest the maiden to thy breast to-day; but on the morrow she is put far from thee. Thou lovest to-day, that which is loathesome to thee in future time. Oh thou unknown one that walkest alone in the earth: thou art the bride of the highest, and by thee he sheweth himself all-powerful below the sun. Thou darest the storm, and

rejoicest when the calm appears. 'Thou closest thine eyes by the midnight watch, and drest of things to come. 'Thou seest visions of which thou canst not tell, and supplicatest thy God for rest. 'Thou art weary with travel, and art glad with the rising spring. 'Thou art the house of hope, and faith hath a habitation within thy breast. Love warms thy bosom as with wine, and despair is the keeper of thy gates. By her doth sorrow enter into thy habitation, and causeth all thine house to mourn. Thine eyes are as the windows of heaven, through these thou seest the deeds of thy Redeemer's hand. Thy feet are placed in the flame, and consume not away, thou darest the flame, but defiest the effect thereof to consume thy being. 'Thou art with the saints, and sorrowest with those that mourn. The earth is thy habitation, and thou walkest in the space of it. Thy mind fleeth with the cloud, and returneth with the storm. Thou feelest all misery, and receivest all joy, but changest not. 'Thou art immortal unto man, and none can change thy covering. 'The mantle was made for thee—thou art the clothing of wisdom, and thy form is within this tabernacle of clay. 'Thou despisest no being—the Lord hath clothed thee with all things, and made thy rest and everlasting dwelling the mind of the man. The atmosphere is before thee as a garden to enjoy, thou seest thine own name written in it, and thou art every where present with the Lord. 'Thou bringest forth wisdom, thou art a saviour unto man, and the child is at rest with thee. 'Thou art in heaven and in hell : with the wise and with the foolish : near at hand and afar off. 'Thou art the bride of the servants of the Lord—the righteous embrace thee and are at rest. 'Thou hast made a covenant with this world, and written it within my breast. 'Thou hast made the hills and the vallies the place of thy stay. The sun shall rise and set in thy presence forevermore. 'Thou callest the dead as with a trumpet. 'Thou shalt answer to thine own calls, and clothe thyself with that which hath already been. 'Thou art immortal to this world, and never shalt decay. 'Thou hast broken off thine hand from thy afflicting companion, death, he is going down to the grave to rise no more : hell is under thy feet, and heaven in thy right hand : thou art the dwelling of the saints and God is in thee. 'Thou art the garments of the Almighty, and thine everlasting dwelling is in bodies of clay. 'Thou hast quickened the earth from the beginning, and made this world thy dwelling place ; and angels shall see thee there, and come down to thee. In thy name shall cities arise, that shall not be overthrown, and kings reign that never shall decay. The righteous shall shine as the sun forever and ever. Oh thou maiden of all my sorrows, and living spring of all my joys ! In thee I shall see all that hath fled away, and acquaint my soul with all that is past. 'Thou hast risen as the sun—thou hast shewn me thy covenants in thy right hand—thou art from the chambers of the

East and the city of God. Thou art ascending from the tomb, and coming down from heaven, the present and the dead shall meet in thee, and see a world of peace. Thou hast been afar off, but thou art returning to thy habitation, and where thou wast before man was made or the worlds began. Thou art clothed with all sensibility—thou mournest with the wicked, and rejoicest with the righteous,—thy feet have found the habitation of rest for all the sons and daughters of men. Thou hast clothed thyself the second time with thy first-born, and hast made a covenant with him to abide forever—man is thy tabernacle and house of clay, thou wilt be seen in all his limbs, bright in all his eyes, extensive hearing in his ears,—thou wilt taste of the vine on his tongue, and in his soul within thou shalt know the pleasures of his God. Thou immortal one! thou hast made the earth thy dwelling, and the soul of man thy hiding place—thou wilt be seen in all his limbs, his feet shall be swift in the race, and his arm strong in the battle—his tongue shall declare thy ways, and his pen mark down the steps of thy feet. Thou movest forever, and increasest thy name by wisdom and understanding: these are as twins of thy breast; they draw out the line from thee that cannot be broken, and build that which will never pass away. Thou art the mother of visibility. Thou enjoyest the sea and the land. Heaven and earth are drawn out in lines for thee, by thy Redeemer's hand: thou hast been sorrowful, but thou art comforted. The Lord saw thee alone, and embraced thee with his love—he hath entered into covenant with thee before the worlds begun, and sworn by his righteousness thou never shalt decay. He has stripped thee naked, and clothed thee again,—he hath cast thy garments into the tomb, and clothed thee anew. Thou art the companion of God; by thee he sheweth himself to all the kingdoms and nations of the world. He hath closed up the tomb,—thy feet shall never enter there—the sea shall not receive thy body, neither shalt thou flee from the earth any more. Thou art heaven for the soul to enjoy, and hell for the wicked to fear,—all the ways of the Lord are with thee, and thou art with my soul forever. The sea was made for thy feet—the cloud as shadows of thy delight, and the earth the habitation of thy everlasting rest. Thou feedest with the shepherd, and rejoicest with the young. Wisdom and understanding are the pillars of thy feet, thou bowest down thy breast unto them, and cheerest the little ones that are on the earth. The moon is thine evening shade, the planets rise and set before thee; thine eyes are filled with all things that God hath made. Faith with thee enjoys a perfect rest: she hath entered into the habitation that passeth not away; by her the sun doth rise and set, and all things move before thy seeing eyes. Thou beholdest afar off and callest home to thy bosom those that are astray. Thou connectest by love these scattered limbs of thine,

that are spread abroad in the earth, into one body : thou art the perfect image of our God, and by thy sensibility the Redeemer of the whole world. Thou hast come from God to change thy garments no more : he hath clothed thee with a mantle that will not pass away, that thy name may be established forever, thou Saviour and the joys of men.

DEATH.

DEATH, thou art the coverings of this wicked world ; the Deity hideth his name in thee, and the whole earth trembles because of thy name : thou art the gates of hell, and many go in by thee that see no release. By thee hath Jacob fallen asleep, and the prophets inherit the tomb. Life is concealed within thy garments, and the world know it not ; thou hast made the grave the hiding place of men, and cast their bodies into everlasting sleep. Thou walkest in darkness at noon-day ; thou art the father of diseases, and the sword is secreted within thy breast ; thou slayest and none can make alive again : thou hast clothed the whole earth with fear as with a mantle, and hidest thy footsteps in the dark. Thou takest from man the light of his eyes, thou dullest the hearing of his ears and layest him prostrate on the ground ; thou biddest his active hands be still, and all his limbs obey thy call.

Thy hand is upon all living, thou king of terrors ! Both bird and beast doth fear thy name : thou hast made the bodies of men as one of these, and swallowed them up in thy bosom, or cast the living into the grave. Thine hand spareth not the young, neither dost thou withhold thy hand for the crying of children, or the mother's tears. Kings bow down before thee, and princes come at thy command : thou sealest up the stars from the eyes of men, and spreadest a dark mantle over the sun ; thou wraps life in a garment, and hidest her from the human eye. Thy ways are unknown unto the world ; thou art seen and heard, but the measures of thy days remain in darkness to the sons and daughters of men. Thou hast no respect to time nor age ; all flesh is before thee as the grass before the mower, that knoweth not the appointed time to fall. Thou hast followed man into this world, thou hast slain him at noon-day and cast him into the grave ; thou hast taken the parent's hands from the young, and caused the widow's eyes to weep with tears. Thou hast clothed all nations with fear, and cast the righteous that were of old into the grave.

The earth loudly tells of thee, thy name is written on every hill, and in almost every valley in all the earth, the memorials of thine hands arise. The sea is not free from thine offspring, thou hast stained the waves with blood; but thou hast not seen it is yet enough; thou hast drawn out the sword to slay, nor will thine hand soon abate; the nations shall know thine hand as a thorn, and the heart of the living shall be pierced through. Thou art in the court of kings and those that make war; thou art the terrors of life, and the tombs of the dead: the sea is satisfied with the rivers, but the grave is not yet filled up. Thou committest the living to the heart of the earth; the righteous hath fallen asleep in thee; thou art the terrors of the Almighty sent abroad in the earth. Life is the first-born of God, but thou followest with a weapon all the day, and owest her by the rising sun. Thou castest a dark mantle over her eyes, and hidest her in the tomb, that she can see no more. Thou hast made the earth her covering, and her name to be written on the tombs of thy memorials forever and ever. But, Oh death, thou hast a master, and life hath fled where thou canst never come; she hath put disease to defiance and written her name with God, she is where thou canst not slay, thou dark and conquered servant of the Lord, thou hast been a deceiver of men; hell is secreted in thy bosom, but life hath descended into all thy hidden treasures and will expose thee naked to the world. Thou art conquered, and all thine arrows are put to defiance; life hath ascended upward where thine iron hand can never come; thou art an inhabitant of the earth, the bride of the wicked, and sinners fall asleep in thine arms.

Thou hast come from God to terrify my soul with fear, and put my sins away. Thou art the father of sinners, and the increase of their loins; it is thy hidden name in the flower of the field; the fruit of the tree, the rose of the garden, in flesh and blood that is before our eyes; but all thy hidden treasure is known. The Lord hath given the key of mysteries to the mind of man; by him whom thou hast conquered thy feet shall be bound and cast into hell, for thou hast sorely afflicted the earth; thy name is blotted out under heaven, and all that sleep in thee shall rise again. The body is thy prey, and with this painful covering of clay thou affrightest the mind of frail and trembling man, but thy terrors shall be erased from the mind, and thy name unknown under heaven. And life shall arise as a maiden from the tomb, clothed in the garments of a queen, and the presence of the Almighty shall be upon her forever, and the visage and visions of everlasting life shall be engraven on her breast with letters of blood: and the memory of the tomb shall be forever, but the grave shall be without inhabitants, as the hollow and empty walls of a house where the living is no more. All that is dead shall live, and all that are lost shall be found, and

every sinner and every saint shall know the Lord, the unrighteous forsake his sins and live. Life hath descended with great power, she is as the army of a king, her name is recorded in the standing castle in heaven with God to remain forever. She taketh her servants by the hand, she leadeth them through the chambers of death to the windows of everlasting light, and they shall stand in the presence of God forever. She hath made the earth the unchanging pillar of her feet, her fingers are amidst the stars of heaven: she placeth them in our eyes as at the beginning; in them we see the everlasting works of God. She upholdeth the righteous in her right hand, and showeth them afar off; she maketh them to drink of this world, and taste of the worlds to come; she clothes them with hope, and placeth faith within the vesture, and they walk beyond the eyes of death from the rising to the setting sun. Oh death, she hath made thy deeds to be in vain unto them, and thy name altogether nothing before them, she hath unclothed them from the fear of thine arrows, they walk naked before thee and fear thee not; they set their feet on the tombs of the dead, and look upward; they are unknown to the gates of hell, and the grave refuses to take their spirit in. Thy kingdom is lost, thine hands are bound; thou hast partaken of blood all thy days, and thy feasts have been the bodies of the dead. Thy mantle is rent as the cloud parted in twain; thou art but a shadow of things to come, the terrors of life and the paths of the wicked. Kings and princes are not at rest with thee, and within thy gates there is no peace. The dead are not satisfied with thy mansion, they are waiting for the sound of a trumpet to rise again and reign triumphant over thee; thou art the terrors of the Almighty name ceaseth with the deeds of sin, and with the soul of the righteous thou art no more.

MARCH 11th, 1834.

. RELIGION.

RELIGION, thou hast dove's eyes, thou lookest with pity on the world, and mournest for those that are lost. Thou art the ways of the righteous, the laws of life, and the paths of the afflicted. Thou art the comfort of the friendless, and oil to those that mourn: all sorrows are written in thy name—hell consumeth at thy feet; but thou wasteth not away. Heaven is present with thee, the hand of Omnipotence leadeth thee, and thou walkest in safety through the night. The oil in thy vessel never wasteth away; thou hast a

burning and continuing light. Hell giveth thee understanding ; and the flame of it lighteth thy whole heart. Hell is the fear of the Almighty, present and increasing pain. Wisdom is on thy right hand, and increaseth thy joys forever more. The sun is her mantle, and the spirit of the Almighty is at rest within her gates : her whole house is filled with his presence, and her heart rejoiceth in God her saviour. Religion, thou art the heir of the courts of wisdom, and none dwelleth with thee but the sons and daughters of the highest. Thou art the habitation of God below the sun : he keepeth thy whole house in order, and hath given wisdom to remain with thee. She builds her house upon seven pillars ; her lines, squares and cubits, are within her gates ; she weighs the mountains in a scale, and compasseth these with a line ; her guests are a household of virtue, and her walls do arise to save those that were of old from the tempest and the lion of the wood. David and Solomon are within her gates ; she is building the house of the Lord, but the kings and princes of nations know it not. She hath mourned with the dove many days on the hill of Zion, but Religion hath come to her breast ; she is no more alone. Religion and wisdom are in covenant, and are reaching out a hand to restore the world. Wisdom is active with the pen, and penetrating in thought ; she draweth the line, and buildeth upward. Abraham squareth the stone, and Moses bindeth together. She weigheth all in a balance, and trieth her servants in a scale ; she spreadeth out her hands as the wings of a dove, and gathereth those that are far away ; she hideth in the rock in safety ; she ariseth by the morning light, and buildeth her towers of hewn stone ; she buildeth her cities on a rock, and her castles on the sea. The name of pride cannot pass them by, nor enter into the cities of our God. Her hands hold the balance ; she trieth the hypocrite as with fire, and feeds her little ones with the milk of her breast. Religion is the order of her days, and she giveth wine to the weary soul. She hath planted a vineyard in a very fruitful field, and planted her trees upon the hill side. Even Zion beareth them, and Sinai and Horeb do bow at her feet. She hath room for the feet of strangers. Jordan proceedeth as from her bosom, and spreadeth herself to all the nations of the world. The windows of wisdom are as the Jerusalem of our God, burnished by the rising sun : her flocks are as the stars of heaven, and her Shepherds Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob that were of old : her guest beareth twins, and she increaseth in the earth. Religion is a living spring within her walls ; the weary partake and are at rest : her wine is ever new ; she inviteth strangers to the table of the Lord, and feedeth them with bread from heaven. She is a city below the sun, built on Zion, and Horeb mourns at her feet. She surpasseth all that is gone ; she bringeth home the living, and the dead, together at her flowing breast ; she

sendeth none abroad, never to return : her servants are as the rising and setting sun, they ever return from whence they come, and shine as the fixed stars of heaven for ever and ever. She spreadeth her hands abroad in the secret watches of the night, while her spirit resteth in the rock in safety, and compasseth kings and kingdoms with walls they never can subdue. The Lord hath crowned her with life, and made religion to be the activity of her hands ; she cannot be bound with a chain nor slain with a sword. The Lord hath made her course clear to all nations, as the streams of living water, that crowns nor princes cannot subdue. She cannot be obstructed with a wall, nor her feet cast within the prison doors ; she is the servant of the Lord ; she rideth on dove's wings, and looketh down on all the inhabitants of the world ; her breasts drop with blood that was of old : it floweth to the tombs of Israel. The dead awake at the rushing of the floods of it, for it covereth the whole earth. It is as wine for those that are thirsty, and she giveth her blessings without a price. She careth for the young as the mother that beareth twins ; she gathereth them under the shadow of her wings, and saveth them from the gates of hell ; she feedeth them with the oil of the olive, and speaketh peace to her own. She weepeth over Jerusalem, as the bridegroom over the tomb of his beloved ; her voice is heard afar off, as mighty waters troubled with a storm ; she re-buildeth, and mourneth for that which is to come ; she gathereth in, and seeketh again for that which is lost : her soul is like the bosom of the sea, that drinketh in all the rivers of the world ; her store is never full, neither doth her wine decay. She hath placed religion in the breast of man ; she hath given inspiration to the tongue, to declare her ways ; she hath a beginning in life, but her end shall not be. She is in league and covenants with God, that can never pass away ; she has come to make this earth her dwelling place, to set her feet upon the hills, and awake the dead with a doleful sound. The tomb shall groan with distress, and the dead shall arise at her call and come away. The bosom of the earth shall be closed up to receive her loving servants no more. Blessed is the man that is in love with wisdom, for she sendeth religion to his breast, and her lamp lighteth his whole house, and he walketh in the light of it forever and ever. Wisdom becometh his bride, and they lie down together in the chamber of joys, and he draweth wine from her breast forever ; he placeth his feet upon a rock by the morning light, and he walketh in safety all the day, and when the sun setteth he slideth not with his feet, for his soul waiteth for her that hath gone abroad in the garden of the Lord, and moveth not until her return. His oil doth flow as rivers, and his stores do feed the poor ; he partaketh and knoweth no want ; his cup is full, and sorrow hath fled from his breast ; he is able to comfort all he

seeth, and direct the stranger on his way to the city of abode, where the feet go no more out, and the Lord maketh a lasting covenant with his own. His joys increase by the morning light, and every rising sun renews his joy; his laws are written within, where storms can never come, nor the hand of the wicked blot out the laws of the Lord. His vine beareth and faileth not; his trees cast their figs in due season, and the pomegranate passeth not away; his flocks rest in safety, and he divideth the fleece with the poor; he delighteth in the naked and the hungry; he calleth them into his habitation; he clothes with a smile, and feedeth with his love; his eyes cast a tear upon the haughty, and he remembereth them no more. His groans cease in one day, and sorrow departeth from his breast: death fleeth as a shadow before him, and his soul is unknown to the grave; he setteth his feet upon the tombs, and seeth his God above: the billows of the sea roll beneath his feet, and he is not moved; he resteth in the storm, and loud thunders awake him not. The lightning in his eyes are as the rays of the morning; in these he sees the wonders of his God. He liveth without fear, and the dread of hell is far from him; he is led by the hand of wisdom, and religion is at home within his breast. His going out and coming in are as the rising and setting sun, his deeds are a light to the world. He setteth his feet in deep rivers, and they pass away before him; and at his command, the roaring of the tempestuous gulphs are still. He beholds all living before the rising sun, and counteth their footsteps by the morning light. He writeth the ways of life in a book, and giveth unto those that believe not the Lord. He awaketh death from sleep by his word, and calleth up captivity to judgment, and sets the prisoners free. These are the deeds of religion and wisdom, these are the gifts of God to man; the world may look upon them, believe, practice, and enter into rest.

INFIDELITY.

INFIDELITY, thou art as the stone never squared. The line hath not been drawn upon thee, nor the name of the Almighty written there. The Lord is not alone: the angels of Heaven bear up his name in the earth, and the spirit of the saints is within his breast. Deeds of old are recorded on the tables of his love, and immortality is in his right hand. Love is his continuing friend, and Faith readeth his name as in a book, and Hope leadeth us to the bosom of the Lord. But, Infidelity, thou knowest not these things: thou art as the building unfinished, as the tomb without the dead: thou art as

the tombstone of nothing, for all thou hast passeth away. Thou art unknown to Heaven or Hell: thou deniest wisdom her appointed place, and livest as the brutal inhabiters of the earth. Hope resideth not with thee: thy love is as a bubble broken by the wind, for all thou seest passeth away. Thou hast no faith to perform thy work, and thy soul actuates thy person as the dead machine driven by the hands of men. Thou hast no store but the present crumb: thou hast no way but what the sons of men have shown unto thee: thy soul remains as when thou wast born of thy mother, save that thou hast grown strong to disbelieve and curse the Lord. Thou canst not account for one thing under Heaven, or reveal to thy young how life came into the world. Thou seest no farther than the decay of thy frame, and all thy natural hope doth perish in the earth. Thou art a stranger to the soul of the living, and unknown to thine own mind. Thou art clothed with clay, and believest not that God hath given shape to thy limbs. Thou art the companion of brutes, and led by a halter in the hand of another, like the dumb ass. Thou knowest not why the sun doth rise and set in thy presence; neither doth the building hand of God give thee wisdom. Faith is a stranger to thy ways: thou art darker than Despair, for thou believest not in thy release. Thou livest, and knowest not why; but the Lord hath suffered thee to bear the sinner's name, acquaint thyself with death, and see no release, till God shall quicken thee with his presence in Hell, and put thy unbelief to flight as a shadow that never shall return. Thou waitest for thy immortal change, defying the hand of the Almighty, as the stone that knoweth not his name. Thou art confounded in building: thou beginnest with deism, and ceasest in the dark. Thou hast left the atheist to finish what thou hast begun: thou hast no cover to thy soul, and thy deeds are without immortal life. Thy building shall be as the house on the sand: in one hour it shall be seen no more: the dead shall rise, and put out thy decaying lamp. Thy name shall hide in darkness, and thine offspring remember thee with shame. Thy hand-writing shall be sealed in the dust: thy deeds shall see no resurrection from the dead: the moon shall cast off thy garments, and the stars of heaven despise thy name. The ancient memory of the Lord shall rise, and the sun shall shine on thy tomb to give thy children light. Thy bride hath been a harlot and a deceiver; and thy children are not the heirs of Heaven. The attributes of God rest not with thee, nor doth the believer rest his feet within thy gates. Thy walls are built of the winds: the thunders cause them to tremble, and lightning from heaven pierces them through: thou hast built thy rest within a span of Hell, and death is standing at thy gates. Thou tremblest as a thief when judgments are in the earth: in trouble thou hast no God to call upon: Death affrights

thy bulwarks as with a shadow, and thy walls decay as with an empty sound. The grave terrifies thee with darkness, and the sheet turneth thy visage pale. Thou art as the hindmost parts of the world, and all the earth is before thee as a cloud which thou canst not pursue; neither canst thou measure the deeds of the righteous. Thine eyes are blind to foresee their end: thy nights are solitary: thou liest down without hope; there is no lasting comfort in thy ways. Thou risest without faith, and foreseest not the wages of thy days, and thy soul and thou perish together in the prospects of the grave. Thou livest without fear, till death is upon thee. The earth is covered with a cloud in thine eyes, and thou hast no living direction for thy feet. Thou enjoyest not anything as the gift of God, but, as a thief, partakest of all as though it was thine own. The world itself despiseth thee, and the sinner seeth beyond thy name: he owneth his guilt before God, and Hope impresseth his mind that he shall live: Faith placeth his hands to the deeds of life: he seeth the income of his work, and the immortal man rejoiceth with God his Saviour. Infidelity! thou unknown space to the hand of God, thy mind is as deep waters before the worlds begun: no sun is seen in thee, neither have the stars arisen from their immortal rest. Thou art unknown to the Spirit of God, neither have the deeds of his hands been seen in thee from the foundations of the world. The Lord will cause light to shine upon thee, and teach thee that thou never wast quickened with immortal life. Thou art like the bubble blown up by the wind: thou knowest not thine own measures: thou art quickly to pass away. The Lord hath made a decree, and written upon thy dwelling with his own hand—Thou shalt not live: thou shalt neither enjoy the bride nor the bridegroom, the fruit nor the flower of the tree: thou shalt not be clothed with the fleece, nor eat at the table of the Lord. He hath beheld thee as one that hath despised him: he will pour out his vengeance upon thy name; he will quicken thee from unbelief, for he hath given thee life, but thou hast blasphemed against his name. Infidelity shall decay in the dust, but life shall come out of thee to deny thy deeds, and bury all that have been born of thee in the world. Thou hast seduced maidens to believe in thee, and led children captive down to death: thou art a denier of faith, unknown to thyself, and from the Most High thou art far away. He will increase the furnace for thy name's sake, and thou shalt cry as an orphan for his love, for thou shalt be without friends, and every tongue shall be still to plead thy cause. The terrors of the Highest shall come upon thee, and the dread of Hell compass thee as the bounds of the sea: thou hast but a time, and thou art no more.

MARCH 12th, 1835.

PIETY.

PIETY, thou risest before the day, and makest thy feet clean in Jordan; by the light of the morning thou preparest thine household to walk with thee to the city of thy rest. Thou drinkest of blood that was of old; it is wine to thy breast, and life to thy soul that is within. Thou embracest the day, and hailest life as a stranger, and biddest the saints welcome to thy breast. Thou numberest thy rising hours, and measurest life as in a span, and knowest thou art in an uncertain dwelling, and thou art not willing to leave thy name empty as the forgotten tomb, and leave no memorial below the sun. Thy hands are spread abroad to gather in the summer fruit, that the Lord hath prepared for thee; thou early gatherest the grape from the vine, and beholdest the ripening fruit; thou extractest the vine from the grape, and thine house is made merry with the wine of thy love. Thou feedest thy little ones with care, and thou beholdest no waste in the house of the Lord. Thou art shadowed with belief, and thou placest thy feet by direction of the rising sun. Thou makest a way in the sea that cannot be forgotten, and Jordan parteth for the steps of thy feet. Thy remaining household that are yet unborn, read the lines of thine hands with delight, and pursue after thee—they overtake thee in the bride chamber of the Lord; for there all thy daughters wed to the son of righteousness, and all thy sons receive in thy name.

Piety, thou art as the memorial arisen from the tomb of the saints,—thy mind is in heaven with God—hope directs thy hands, and faith beareth thee up as on dove's wings. Thou art never weary, thy wine is ever new, and thou drinkest before the setting sun, and enterest into thy immortal rest. Thy limbs may tire below the heavy loads of life; but thy mind is ever new, thou art the bride of the saints. Thy name is written by ages past, and thou hast come to enjoy the world. Thy sons were slain in the battle, and the flame hath consumed them; but thou hast come to provide a place for their everlasting name, and call thy bleeding martyrs to arise. Thou will set them over kings, judges, and priests, that have sworn their lives away. They have sworn in the chambers of death, and in the courts of despair have they slain thy little ones; but a cord shall bind them there, and Jehovah will close up their lips: they shall be silent as the tomb wherein the dead lieth. They have sworn falsely, and judged with an unrighteous judgment; but the Lord will blot out the iniquity of their hands, and he will judge his people.

Piety, thy name is written in the book of life, and sealed with a seal to remain forever. The Judge of the Lord's people hath become silent as the tomb, and his eyes are closed up from the cause, and children shall take the crown from his head, and cast it upon the sands of the sea, and it shall be driven to and fro in the tempest forever. It shall no more be established in the earth; nor the name of a man written on the diamonds of it: they shall grow dim in the eyes of all men; as the stars covered with a cloud, they shall shine no more. The throne of kings shall become a highway for the feet of strangers; for the Lord will rule over his people, and be their God. Judah shall be the garments of the Lord, and from the throne of Israel will he speak peace to the world. These are the paths of piety cast up before his eyes, and her spirit draweth near the holy City, and her feet shall enter there. She is crowned with love; and the name of David is a precious stone on the crown of her head, and all Israel beholdeth it afar off. She seeketh after the lost to feed them with the fruit of her vine; and invites them to walk in the garden of the Lord with her mind, and behold the hand of the Lord in the lilly of the valley and the flowers of the field. Her bright eyes see beyond the tomb, and behold Jacob afar off. The sun has arisen for her sake, her name rideth on the clouds of heaven, to the farthest parts of the earth. She hath placed her feet, and they move not: she hath found the chamber of her beloved, and goeth no more out into the street, to hail those pleasures that are passing by. Her soul hath received a new covering from the Lord—she dwelleth in the mind to depart no more. The flesh is an evidence of her building hands. She draweth her lines in darkness and sheweth them to the world by the rising sun. She waiteth at the gate for the feet of strangers, and halleth them that would pass her portals by: she declareth unto them there is no lasting joy beyond her gates, nor a rest for man without the walls of her kingdom—she hath become a lamp unto Jacob, and a way for the feet of Israel. Her house is ornamented with the deeds of her life, and her memorials are forever. The vine beareth in her presence: her flocks rest in the shade of it in safety,—the lion knoweth not her habitation, neither can the subtilty of the serpent enter there. Her house is built of hewn stone, the Lord hath given her the lines of it, and she hath built with her hands a habitation for the just.

IMPIETY.

IMPIETY! Sloth hath closed thine eyes: The sun hath arisen on thy habitation, and thou sleepest as in the clouds of the night: thine hedges are thrown down by a stranger; the enemy hath come into thy habitation, and spoileth all thy goods. The gates of thy city are open to the feet of strangers: the lion from the wood entereth there, and the serpent ascendeth under the pillow of thine head. Thy vine decayeth at the root, and the caterpillar eateth the leaves of it. Thy trees cease to bear for the want of cultivation, and thine enemies stand on Zion's top. The dove hath left thy dwelling: she found no place for the soles of her feet; she hath fled to the distant hill, and thy drowsy eyes behold her not. Thy springs are filled with mire, and thine cisterns are thirsty without water, and hunger without bread. There is no grape on thy vine, nor oil in thy store: thy servants have sold it, and secreted the price while thou slept. Thy gates are thrown down, and the feet of men go in and out, and despise thy name. Thy shepherds have lost thy flocks: they wander in a strange land to seek their former rest. The canker hath destroyed thy garden: the flower decays for want of dew, and the rose withereth away. The rain descendeth not on thy fields; another gathereth in thy scanty harvest, and divideth with the servants of the king's house. Thy maidens are in the arms of strangers, and their name perisheth for want of care: thy spouse hath made a covenant with another, and will not be redeemed for money, nor bought with gold. Thou art as a stone by the way-side; Sorrow and Joy pass thee by, and thou knowest it not. Thy city is taken with the sword, and all thine house are captives in a foreign land. Thine harlots have gone to the chambers of the deceitful, and the sons of men deceive them in their reward. Thy laws are trodden under feet in the highways, and there are none to keep the keys of thine house. Thy name is clothed with everlasting shame, and the world hath robbed thee of thine own: thou art poor, and hast not wherewith to cover thy shame. The judge calleth for thee, and thou hast nought to answer his demand: the prison-door is open for thee, and thou shalt lift up thine eyes in death, and behold Piety afar off in the bosom of the Lord. O thou slothful one! thou carest not for thine own chastity, nor mournest with the poor: thou seest not them that are naked of thine own house: thy sons and daughters are without law, and with the brute they go down to the grave. There is no harp in thy courts: the songs of the living are not there, nor one that was of old to plead thy cause. Thy feet stand in Hell, and the flame is near to thy soul: Wilt thou wake and come away, or canst

thou sleep in these burning regions of distress? Thine eyelids are fastened as with nails, and thy head lieth on an iron pillow. The trumpet soundeth, but thou hearest not to understand: thou raisest thy head for a moment to inquire the meaning of it: thou art weary with a moment's toil, and sleepest again. The judge calleth for thee: Death is at the bars of thine house, and thou must adhere to his calls: the grave is open; make thy feet ready; for thy reproachful name must enter there. Thine house shall be left desolate, without a hand to record thy name. Piety called within thy gates, and hath written these lines for thee: the Sun of Righteousness hath forsaken thy chambers while thou slept; but thou knowest not whereunto he has fled. He rideth on doves' wings, and departeth in the dead watches of the night, while the sluggard and unthoughtful are at rest. Thy windows are closed up with the clouds of the east: the sun shineth no more upon thy habitation, and thy spirit is bound in the dark: Thou shalt cry in prison for the keeper of the door, and shalt not be heard: he has gone to his rest, and thou must abide his coming with a groan, and await his coming with many a mournful sigh. Thy tomb shall be covered with darkness, nor shall the Sun of Righteousness shine on it for ever. A fire shall be kindled within thy breast, and the doleful sounds of Hell shall be heard in thine ears: thou shalt call on days past that never will return; neither will the hand of God come down from Heaven to comfort thee: Thou art a spot on the human name,—a stain that shall never wash away. Time shall be restored unto thee, but thy memorial shall be for ever: it is written in a book for all thy sons and daughters to look upon. Thy habitation is with the dead, and where devils weep for lost time for ever and ever.

MARCH 25th, 1835.

LIGHT.

LIGHT, thou art the covering of the world, the presence of the highest. By thee man was made, and a sun placed within his breast to give light to the inner man. Thou art without and within the soul; by thee the earth is discovered, and heaven, to the mind. By thee the plant arose from the bosom of the earth, and is clothed with many colours. Thou art the name of the Deity with us; the bitter and the sweet grow up before thee, and unnumbered virtues are extracted from the ground. By thee Jacob directed his feet and fled from the city of revenge. By thee the sea did part, and thy presence made a way for the feet of Israel. Thy garments

extend beyond the deeds of thy giver's hands, and compasseth all that is seen as with a mantle. Thou art the atmosphere of life; and all living move and have their being in thee. Thou art the way of the fish and the fowl, and the eagle spreadeth out his wings in thy name. Thou art within and without all vegetation; the flower and the rose are formed by thee. Thou art the order of life; thou art perfect in the brute, but wanting in man till all his deeds are accomplished, and his soul at rest with thee. Thou art in the grass, and the harvest of the field; and when the little one reacheth out his hand to obtain the discovered prize, the direction is by thee. Life is not without thee, nor any thing that groweth upward below the sun. Thou art connected with life as the husband with the bride, and life and light are one in all things.

Wisdom is the light of life, and with her she walketh always. Who hath seen wisdom without thee, or life without direction? Hope is implanted in thy breast, and faith is the proceeds of light, and bringeth life into action, and the whole work of God appeareth visible to the eye in thee. Thou art in the eye, and in the sun and skies; and when life departeth from the body light is absent also, and the eye is closed in the dark.

Thou, O Light! art the master of darkness; but the night followeth thee afar off, as the evil hath followed the good in life. Thy space is from the rising to the setting sun, and where life is thou art there. Thou commandest life as a trained band of servants. Thou art with the shepherd and his flocks, and where the Lord is thou art present with him. Thou art the lamp of religion, a way for the feet of the righteous, the direction of the hand, and the moving of the tongue. Thou art in hell, and convincest with the flame: thou showest to man by conviction the error of his ways, and converteth his soul from the night. Thou fashionest in darkness and bringest forth to the perfect day, and clothest all thy deeds with garments of thy love. How beautiful is the flower in thine eyes! the spreading leaf doth give thee praise. By thee the mountains were made, and the shepherd's flock beareth twins. Thou directest the soul to the baptizing place: thou art as a consuming fire in the heart of man, and the furnace ceaseth not to burn, till sin and darkness is no more. Thou art the way of the ship in the sea, the eagle in the air. The subtle serpent deceiveth by thee the unenlightened heart of the man: by thee he is overtaken and bound with a cord, and for thy name he giveth up the ghost, to convince us of the extent of thy power. The swift beast placeth his feet by thee, and winneth in the race. Thou art within all living, and direct the limbs in all the various deeds of life, thou lightest and succeedest again, and overcomest the deeds of thine own hands, and puttest away the dawn of the day by the rising sun. So thou dost within the soul; and suc-

ceedeth in the child from the birth to the perfect man. Thou didst put darkness to flight when the worlds began, and she serveth thee forever. By thee the earth was brought into motion, and the planets fixed in the skies; thou art the paths of the sun, and thou changest the garments of the moon to show unto man thy wondrous works. Thou ebbest and flowest with the tides of the sea, by thee the billows rise and fall again, by thee the spreading cloud knoweth her course, she gathers together and extends and is no more: the clouds dissolve before thee, and the rain is directed downward to the earth. The water-course hath found a way for her feet, and by thee the way of the rivers is clear to the bosom of the sea. By thee man hath seen his Creator God in all his works, he hath given thee to the world that the earth may know thy name and see his being there. Thou art the way to heaven, and the communion with saints. By thee the lines of Jerusalem were drawn out, and by thy presence cast down to the earth. By thy name God hath revealed himself to the world, and drawn out the heavens for thy rest. Thou hast directed the pen to mark down the paths of the soul and the ways of life; thou hast opened the prison doors and delivered the captive from his chains. Thou hast directed the living to the tomb, and become a way for the dead to rise. Thou art the bride of the living, and the Deity of the soul; man is thy servant, and thou governest over him forever. Thou makest an end of darkness and settest the sun in the skies. Thou makest thy abode with man to part with him no more; thou hast clothed his spirit as with a mantle, and no spots of darkness shall be seen in him. By thee the worlds were made, and the heavens drawn out in a line, by thee the heavens and the earth were rejoined together. Thou hast sealed thy covenants with the earth, and made a league with man that shall not pass away: thou hast taken fast hold on his right hand, and given his soul dove's wings; thou hast appointed his paths to the utmost bounds of the earth, and the farthest borders of the sea. Thou hast placed his feet on Zion, and by thee he beholdeth the whole earth. By thee the Saviour cometh, and by thee the parent of the earth is known. By thee is Jerusalem rebuilt, and by thee she hath a new name under the sun. By thee the Saviour hath seen his bride; by thee he hath embraced the Church of his love; and by thy name he hath sealed covenants with the earth to part no more. Time is enclosed in thy breast, and thou art prepared to bear twins to the sons and daughters of men. By thee the dead shall live, and the present be saved. Time will make known that which cannot otherwise be revealed. Thou art present with us, and art to come; thou ridest on the wings of time, and secretest thyself in the garment of future years; thou art the handmaid of the Lord, and showest thyself to the world. Thou art chaste in the court of kings, and goest not

into the chambers of the wicked, neither dost thou wed with the king's son. Thou art the bride of the Most High, and servest at the tables of the Lord.—his son is concealed in thy bosom, the Saviour of the world. In thy name he shall come to save all flesh. He is the word of God; but thou art the garments of his name: thou hast seen him before he was born, and brought out his name to light below the skies. Thou art fairer than the morning, the sun riseth in thy bosom; and is clothed with thy garments all the day. The day ceaseth not where thou art. Thou hast made no covenant with the night, and darkness fleeth before thee as a shadow. Sin departeth from thy presence and is known no more, the skies own thy talents, and the grave refuseth to take thee in, neither is thy tomb made in the depths of the sea. Thou walkest on still waters, and ridest on the storm. Thou hast led crowns captive and set the prisoners free; thine eyes have beheld the poor at thy gates, and thou hast clothed them with garments of thy love. Thy name is written in heaven and known on earth, the beginning and the end of all things. Thou art present with us, the name, effects, and presence of the everlasting God. Thou art unknown to darkness, neither hath the sinner entered into covenant with thy ways; thou waitest for him as the weeping mother for the return of her young, that hath gone abroad to gather flowers and is lost; thou art in the wilderness seeking, thou blowest a trumpet, but he heareth not. He is in league with death, and she fleeth from thy presence, for at thy presence she must give up the ghost, or be seen no more. Thine eyes run down with tears for the dead: thy cheeks are as the pathway of waters: thou seest, but pursuest not: thou waitest as by the river side for those thou seekest to come unto thee. Thou hast been to the wood, and marked the way to Jordan with thine hands; and here thou standest to heal their distresses through the baptizing, and cleanse our leprosy away.

DARKNESS.

DARKNESS! thou art where the hand of God hath not been in action;—like the shapeless stone, neither polished nor square. Thou art the mind unimproved, where the feet of a man walk without line or direction. There are no paths in it: he seeketh in thee after conviction to turn his progressing feet back to childhood again. The active hand of God seeth him there, and there he cannot go in peace to the grave. Thou art the hidden mansion of the dead, or those that have passed away in their sins since the worlds began. Their spirit is like that of the blind striving to see, and where the spirits of men cannot be at rest:—where a burning hell giveth light

to the feet, and the consuming flame converteth the soul. They shall see relief when thy bars are broken : they are in the minds of men, and continue to sin till life and light lead them captive from the dead. Light pursueth after her captured victims,—bursts the prison-doors, and biddeth them to come away, unwearied with trying, slothful to fulfil. Continue to seek longer, and increase the flame. So man pursueth his self-conceited joys, till he returns to serve the Lord. The Lord hath not made man independent in life, neither hath he placed the lamp of his life in his own hands ; neither can man make the light of life subject to his own desires. The Lord hath prepared man to sacrifice to his name, but not to govern over his own soul. The mind is the medium between God and the person, and, when the mind goeth astray, the man is lost : he hath forbidden his loving presence to shine upon the deeds of sin, but hath clothed them with darkness for ever. Hell ariseth about our wandering feet, to convince us we are astray, and far from Heaven above. The sinner's light is conviction to the soul, and Hell is a light to man that God hath decreed amidst the darkest night. When man is fully convinced of his errors, he will, through repentance, come out of this convicting, convincing, and converting flame, and resign his soul to God : and this is the full purpose of a burning and continuing hell in the mind. The sinning spirits are all in it that ever were ; but there is not a penitent but hath seen a release from these bonds : darkness is the space of it. The sense of man and God is clothed with a cloud, and man mourneth as without a cause till he knoweth his sins : these flames shall resign all the penitents of the world, and darkness shall be brought to light, and every ancient spirit arise as from the tomb, and the righteous rejoice in the flesh, and be comforted there : by the justifying presence of God their spirits shall live, and die no more. The wicked shall groan in the flesh, and repent before God ; for these are the operating powers of the Highest, and the way of his revealing his love and anger unto man. The righteous shall fear his name, and sin no more : the sinner shall fear and tremble, and dread the coming of his judgments ; for all souls shall suffer in the body, and in the flesh shall all spirits be justified. Man is the servant at all times,—God his judge and lawgiver, the justifier and condemner of the soul.

MARCH 16th, 1835.

MERCY AND CHARITY.

MERCY, thou hast spread thy wings abroad : the name of the Deity is written upon them. Thy ways are infinite and thy life immortal unto man. Thou inhabitest his bosom, and thy spirit is seen in the

deeds of Love. Charity is thy sister, and dwelleth with thee forever, As streams of living water united in the soul, ye are the principles of the virtues of life descending from God to make your abode with man, and live with him forever. Mercy, thine eyes do see the boundless pit ; thy spirit suffers with the wicked, and Charity sees a release from the bonds of death. Ye are the attributes of the highest, —the end of sorrow and the beginning of joys ; ye are ever present with the Lord,—the direction of his hands : ye unbind the cords in prison, and set the captives free ; ye are the lines of heaven and the direction of life. Your offspring remain not in hell. Ye are partakers of the bitter cup, that through your sorrows others may see, and the truth be revealed to those that are not yet dead in their sins. Ye were with God before the worlds were made, or the earth revealed to man. Ye erect the dwellings of the just, and enter with the righteous into rest. Ye measure out the measures of hell, and declare there is no end to these that sin. Ye bear unto us the decrees of God from heaven, and spread out your virtues before your eyes.

Mercy, thou art our Saviour, and Charity the forgiver of our sins. Ye are with us in our sorrows, and with the weary enter into rest. Ye are the garments of the righteous, and a covert to the weary in the storm. Take hold of mine hands ye loving arms of God, that redeemeth the sinner, and callest the weary to his breast ; without thy presence, the world is lost forever, and the captive remaineth in his chains. Oh ye spirits of life ! ye flee from the presence of angels in heaven, to the farthest sinner in the darkness of the earth ; ye paths that are for the feet of those that go astray, lead my soul to the City of God ; reveal unto me time to come, and clothe this world with a garment that never will decay. Ye are as angels from a Saviour's heart ; ye have been with God always, knowing all things past, present, and to come ; ye are the ways of life, ye have led death captive, and set the prisoners free ; ye are bread to the hungry and wine to those that thirst. Life is in your ways ; ye quicken the dead to live, and engrave your name upon him.

Mercy is the way to peace, and Charity the forgiveness of sins :—by these the dead shall live ; ye are the gates of eternal life, the pillars of heaven, and the living joys of the earth ; the light of the human eye, and a spirit in the mind that passeth not away ; ye are the justified of God, whose lamp shall not decay, nor your deeds perish in a storm. Mercy and Charity ! sisters of my love ! oh that I may be led by you for ever. Your walls pass not away, neither do your buildings decay in a storm. Your house is built on the pillars of wisdom, and your lamp is a burning and shining light to the present world.

JUDGMENT.

JUDGMENT! thou art the presence of God in the storm,—his anger on the seas, when the billows, as the grave, receive the despairing captives there. Thou attendest the diseased on the pillow: thou causest the father to mourn for the son, and the mother to weep over her departing joys. Thou sendest thy servants in the earth: Disease obeys thy command, and returns at thy calls. Thou openest the grave, and closest it again: thou turnest the sinner from his ways, and Mercy followeth after thee. Ye are as twins of one bosom: Judgment and Mercy are the proceeds of one God.—Judgment! thou art the consuming flame of the Almighty and the conviction of God: thy flame goeth not out by day, neither are thy bars closed in the dark watches of the night. The sinner on the pillow numbers thy pains, and flees to Mercy as a Saviour of his soul. Thou art with the sword, and feared in the battle: thou layest the living on the ground, and causest the spectator to dread his fate. Thou art Hell to those that sin, and there is no turning thy feet from those to whom thou art sent. Thou teachest the fear of the Almighty, and tellest the living to dread thy ways. Thou art the gates of Hell, and all the earth are passing thy portals through. Mercy is beyond thy ways: thou baptizest, and Mercy receives thine offerings cleansed in thine hands: Thou art the shadow of the hand of God upon the earth, and none can see beyond thy ways but those that know thy name. Thou art wearisome to the soul and the gate to everlasting rest: all the inhabitants of the earth are one, beyond thy ways. Thou consumest all in thy sacred flame, but in thee there is no rest: within thy walls is no abiding place: in thee the soul resteth not. Thou makest our nights to be weary, and darkenest the morning of our days, thou unconquered servant of our God! Crowns cannot bind thee with a chain, nor princes lead thee captive in a cord. Thou defiest the physician, and shakest the powers of the whole earth. Thou causest thrones to tremble, and crowns to pass away; the young are in thy hands, and from thy gates the aged are not free. Thou art the arrows of death sent abroad into all the earth; thou art the shaded space of the Almighty, no human eye can see beyond thy gates;—thou art established through sin, and thy griefs are forever more. Man was born to die, and pay the tribute of his blood in thee. Thou enlargest thy bosom as sin increases, thou gateway and space of all the inhabitants of the earth! Sinners draw at thy bosom and are not satisfied. Mercy is beyond thy ways, and liveth when thy flames abate. Thou art the sinners companion by night, the bride of his chamber, a champion slaying all his joys. Thou art the

oppressing hand of God upon the children of men, as the furnace, purifying the soul ; the way to the house of wisdom, in thee, is the fear of the Lord. Thou art a light to the feet of the sinner, a burning lamp to his darkened mind. The Lord hath placed thee in the ways of all men—the saints have not entered the portals of the skies but by thy name. Thou art placed as a pillar in the earth that cannot move ; thou art the decree of God since man was made, that all souls may fear thy name and be saved. Thou art the terrors of life, and affrichest the departing soul. Thy gates are as Jordan, and all men pass thee through ; thou art the delay of sinners, and those that obey temptation abide with thee ; thou art the house of the afflicted ever since the world began, the baptising hand of God, and the reformer of the soul ;—thou convinceest by pain, and convertest by thy chastising hand. Thy gates are open all the day, thou art ever present with those that sin ; he cannot turn his feet from thy gates, neither can wisdom lead him by. Thou art the lost city, the space of the dead ; in thee thy scholars are untaught to rise and come away. But there is one mighty in strength, and wise in direction, he hath set bounds to thy name : he shall lift up his voice in thee as with the sound of a trumpet, and all thy dead shall arise and come away ; in thy bosom all the inhabitants of the earth shall be converted from their sins ; they shall know the purpose of thy name, and bid thy gates adieu ; and the hand of mercy lead them to their God. Thou art the miseries of life, immortal in thy ways, and the curse that God hath placed on the earth ; in thy dark mansion the kindred of one blood divide, and a man becomes a stranger to his brother, and by thee doth curse his name. Beyond thy gates are the paths of peace, and the redeemed walk therein and see thy gates no more.

Judgment and mercy are as twins of the Almighty : by the one he doth trouble for our sins, and by the other abate the consuming flame. These are united by his convincing and converting power, by which he will redeem all the inhabitants of the earth into the presence of one God ; and the children of this world shall be as the children of one father : and heaven and God, and saints and angels, dwell here on earth with them forever. All shall be convinced and converted in the flesh : the mind is the habitation of spirits, heaven and hell is in it, and here guilt consumes the sinful soul ; it is where the dead shall live, and the sinner be converted and redeemed from all his woes, and his soul as the living stream seeking the bosom of the sea, flow to his creator God, and live with him forever and enjoy those promised worlds that are to come, which is a conversion of the soul.

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